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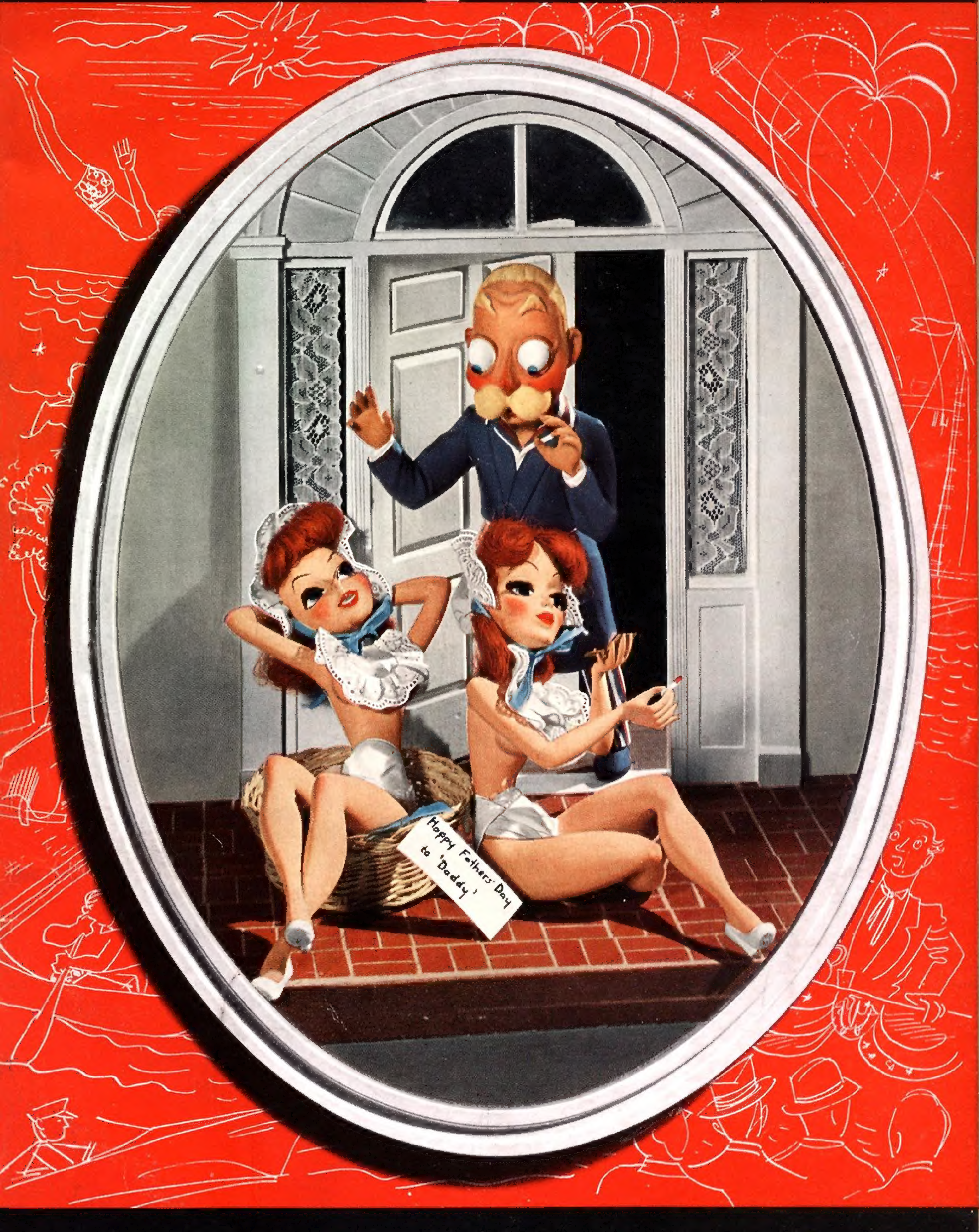
• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY, 1941
FATHER'S DAY ISSUE



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BARATHEA WHITES
SOLIDS AND STRIPES
COMMUTER TONES

The only duplicate of a Palm Beach Suit is another

PALM BEACH SUIT

AND HAVING TWO isn't a bad idea—for then there's one for town and one for country—and a welcome third or fourth can be made in a twinkling, (by mixing the coat of one with the trousers of the other). Two suits offer you four changes—

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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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IT'S the spirit of a toast that counts. For more than a century, men of good taste have pledged their goodwill with a round of Teacher's Scotch.

86 PROOF

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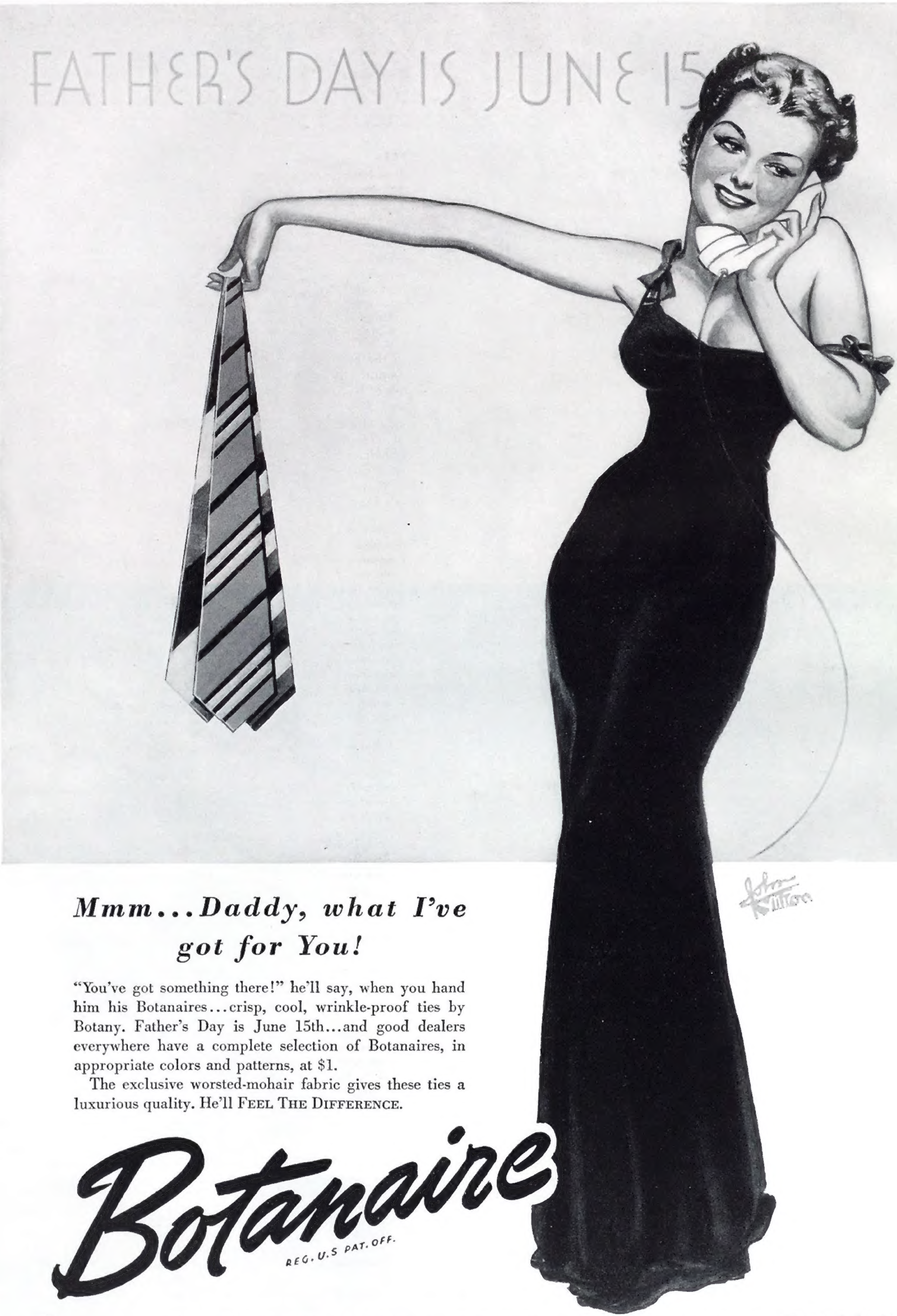

Mmm . . . Daddy, what I've got for You!

"You've got something there!" he'll say, when you hand him his Botanaires . . . crisp, cool, wrinkle-proof ties by Botany. Father's Day is June 15th . . . and good dealers everywhere have a complete selection of Botanaires, in appropriate colors and patterns, at $1.

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Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
July, 1941
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EDITORIAL: New Songs and old words for Fathers' Day

This issue is devoted in such measurable part to the observation and celebration of Father's Day that it seems hardly necessary for us to add our own two cents' worth on this page. If you haven't been led, by a cover to cover conning of this number, to think about your own father (and that's all that Father's Day asks of you)—why then you're a fit subject for Freudian treatment and we turn you over to the experts to stump.

So, as a day of individual and familiar observance, Father's Day certainly needs no last-minute push from this corner. But in looking over this issue in its dummy form, before seeing it to bed, the thought struck us that Father's Day ought to have national significance, as well as individual. In other words, that we as a nation ought to have one day on which to think of all our fathers, as a people, as well as of our own fathers, as individuals. And this wider aspect of Father's Day, putting it into the plural in addition to the singular, seems to have had scant attention in this July Esquire, varied as its treatment of the theme may seem.

We thought for a moment that we had come upon it, when an advertising caption caught our eye in the course of leafing through. This reads: "For the Fathers of our Country." And that's the idea, exactly. That ought to be the overtone of the occasion, the thought in all our minds over and above our personal and individual thought for the day. What this country could use, along with Father's Day, is Fathers' Day. Or, if punctuation quibbling annoys you, call it Father's Day and Fore-Fathers' Day and let it go at that.

But the people to be remembered on this day are the fathers of our country. Washington has his day, observed chiefly by the makers of party-favors. But Washington was not alone, or this country as such wouldn't be here today. There were plenty of other stout fellows, who deserve to be remembered now.

Just as all of us, as individuals, are inclined particularly at times when we find the going tough, to recall homely words of wisdom our own father gave us when we were waist high, so now when we as a nation are at a period of difficult decision we ought to bear in mind what our fathers told us when we were a young country.

Maybe this is the sort of thing that is better sung than spoken. But the words are all there, waiting to be dug up out of the dusty files of our history. There are a lot of them, to make a lot of good songs. And certainly Father's Day needs a song. But just as certainly the right kind of song for Father's Day should not be a sentimental ballad, not a Pappy Song as a sort of trans-sexed equivalent of the Jolson-era Mammy Song, but a stirring and inspiring type of song out of which all of us could take encouragement from the thoughts of our fathers.

The first thoughts that come to mind along this line are probably far from the best ones, because they're the too-obvious. But back of the better-known phrases left us by the old boys, such as "Damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead" and "Don't give up the ship" and "We have not yet begun to fight" and all the rest that you can think of as readily as we, there are many others, deeper buried but well worth digging for.

For that matter, there could probably be no more inspiring and encouraging song for Father's Day in our time than one built on the record of Washington's war years. Defeatists of our day ought to hear over every loudspeaker the story of the record of military set-backs that the father of our country encountered before the tide turned at long last in his favor. For the first three years of that war Washington lost every major battle but one, and it wasn't until after the French Alliance at the beginning of the war's fourth year, that things began to look up for our side.

Think what John Latouche and Earl Robinson, the boys who wrote *Ballad for Americans*, could do with that theme.

In fact, if the National Council for the Promotion of Father's Day (there *is* one, you know)—if they want to round out their job of selling the day to the hearts as well as the heads of all Americans, they couldn't do better than to commission Latouche and Robinson to turn out just such a song.

* * *

At this point we ought properly to turn you over to page 65, where Gilbert Seldes is this month holding forth on precisely what we have just been talking about. His subject is *Songs for Times of Jeopardy* and his main thought, as summarized by our subhead, is that the song form represented by the *Ballad for Americans* presents an exciting challenge to composers.

Maybe we ought to declare a five-minute intermission at this juncture, then, so you can go over to page 65 and see for yourself what Mr. Seldes has to say and then come back here if you care to.

Anyway, we share the Seldes "excitement over the new words to which music is being adapted." The phrase is correct, because such phenomena as the *Ballad for Americans* represent music set to words rather than words set to music. Something wonderful happens in the process, however you state it. For instance, we had often read the Lincoln dictum cited in the Seldes article: "This Government, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." Those are the words. We had often read them, understood them, related them in their proper place to our general comprehension of this nation's revolutionary origin, and yet we had never *felt* their meaning until recently when we heard Earl Robinson sing them to his guitar. That's the thing that music can do to the heart, in pushing understanding beyond the point attained by the head's poor power to comprehend.

Incidentally, the experience was not one that others failed to share. Earl Robinson had the whole audience in Chicago's huge Orchestra Hall joining in with him in the singing, as unselfconsciously as if they were an intimate little group of boys in the back room.

And speaking of songs for times of jeopardy, it occurs to us, unhampered as we are by any statistics of any sort to prove or disprove it, that community singing languishes, to the point of dying the death of a dog, between wars, only to flourish all over the place whenever the national mood is again one of tension.

Perhaps it's just one more proof of the old adage that misery likes company, but it does seem that at this moment people are ready to join in song at the drop of a hint who would have sat tight-lipped and squirming if asked to do so ten years ago.

That's a pretty minor consolation, we suppose, to derive from a world-wide feeling of impending doom. But personally we like it. It sounds nice and it feels good.

* * *

In a time of national name-calling, when such barbs as "appeaser," "defeatist," "isolationist" and "warmonger" are being hurled back and forth by every other person, it is wholesome and refreshing to pause long enough to listen to a dictum even older than the one of Lincoln's cited above:

". . . every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans—we are federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

That dates from the Spring of 1801, when it was voiced by one of the fathers of our country, Thomas Jefferson, on the occasion of his first inaugural as the third President of the United States, and it stands today, worthy of bronze or of music, whichever should prove the more enduring, so that it may stand forever.

* * *

We have never believed that this country would again declare war, although we have long felt that it would act, under a declaration of full emergency, in the implementation of its policy of aid to Britain.

But quite apart from what we believe or what you believe, we pass on to you the following statement on the chance that you may have missed it although it has been more or less widely published.

In one sense, you might almost call it a private declaration of war, made publicly. But on further reflection you would have to recognize it for what it is, a democrat's way of speaking up in a democracy. It was written by Mrs. Emmons Blaine as a letter to every Congressman and then published by her as a paid advertisement. We quote it in part:

> "We are the heirs of these qualities: initiative, independence, determination, courage. Our institutions are the outgrowth of these qualities.
>
> "We are the heirs of these objectives:
> Freedom for all;
> Opportunity for all;
> Education for all;
> Protection for all.
> These qualities and these objectives are being attacked.
>
> "It is not the land we live on; it is the life we live on it that matters. This life and the similar life of others is being attacked. We are being attacked.
>
> "We are an able people. We can accomplish great things. When we put our hands to a plow we do not turn back. We should now take our full responsibility.
>
> "For the instantaneous, beneficial effect for the world, in this course, I would rather risk the present effects of our former delays than the future effect of longer waiting for our complete action.
>
> "It has become clear to me that we should wait no longer but should declare war at once against those countries who have followed their rulers in the subjugation of free countries by force; and against those rulers who have betrayed the world by their falsehoods.
>
> "And that it should be stated that it is against the extension of these practices that we are declaring war.
>
> "I put this conviction which has come to me before everyone freely for whatever it may mean to each one and for such action in our nation for our nation and for the world as may be the judgment of the majority of our people."

Anita McCormick Blaine, as you hardly need be told after reading those words of hers, is a remarkable woman. If she had never done anything else with her money and influence than to foster the Francis W. Parker School through the first forty years of its life, thus permitting the practice and growth of the whole theory of progressive education with its incalculable benefits to the entire public school system of this country, her place as a contributor to the nation's welfare would still be secure. As it is, that is only one facet of her many-sided claim, not to fame which she has never sought, but to recognition as a public-spirited citizen in the broadest sense of the term.

With her conclusion you may or may not agree. That might constitute, in the Jeffersonian sense, a difference of opinion but not a difference of principle. For with her statement of this nation's qualities and objectives it seems unthinkable that any American could differ. That seems to us to constitute a major testament of the American faith. That portion of her statement is a dictum worthy of the best Jeffersonian and Lincolnian tradition.

As Mr. Seldes says in the conclusion of his article in this issue, "When the composers have set all the great words, maybe new men will rise who can create new words."

Or, as in this instance, not a new man but one who is, except for the unaging vigor of her mind, an old woman.

A Casual Column Supporting THE SATURDAY SUN

ENNUI is a distinctly unpleasant state of mind—and an inexcusable one. We have yet to see a case that The Saturday Sun couldn't quickly cure.

Each week this unusual newspaper sparkles with memorable information and enlivening entertainment. Of course The Saturday Sun is first of all a great metropolitan newspaper, reporting world news completely. But it's much more than that. No matter what your particular interest or hobby may be, you're almost certain to find it expertly covered in The Saturday Sun's 35 special pages and features. They range all the way from antiques and art to photography and—yes, tropical fish! Highlights:

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HOME SERVICE A fact-packed page to help you get more fun out of your home, edited by Roger B. Whitman, the foremost authority on home care and maintenance. He administers "First Aid for the Ailing House," Hilson Munsey reviews "Gadgets in the Home" and Julian Starr, Jr. tells how to "Make It Yourself."

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK A succinct review of the week's significant news—in the world, the nation, Washington, New York. Interpreting the news as well as recording it, this feature shows the pattern of events.

ACROSS THE SKYWAYS Plane design and construction; private, commercial and military flying; airline and airport operation; aviation's outstanding personalities; legislation affecting the industry! A big assignment for one writer? Not for Captain Sherman B. Altick, World War test pilot, 1939 TWA award winner and aviation editor of The Sun. When he takes you across the skyways, you're always on the beam!

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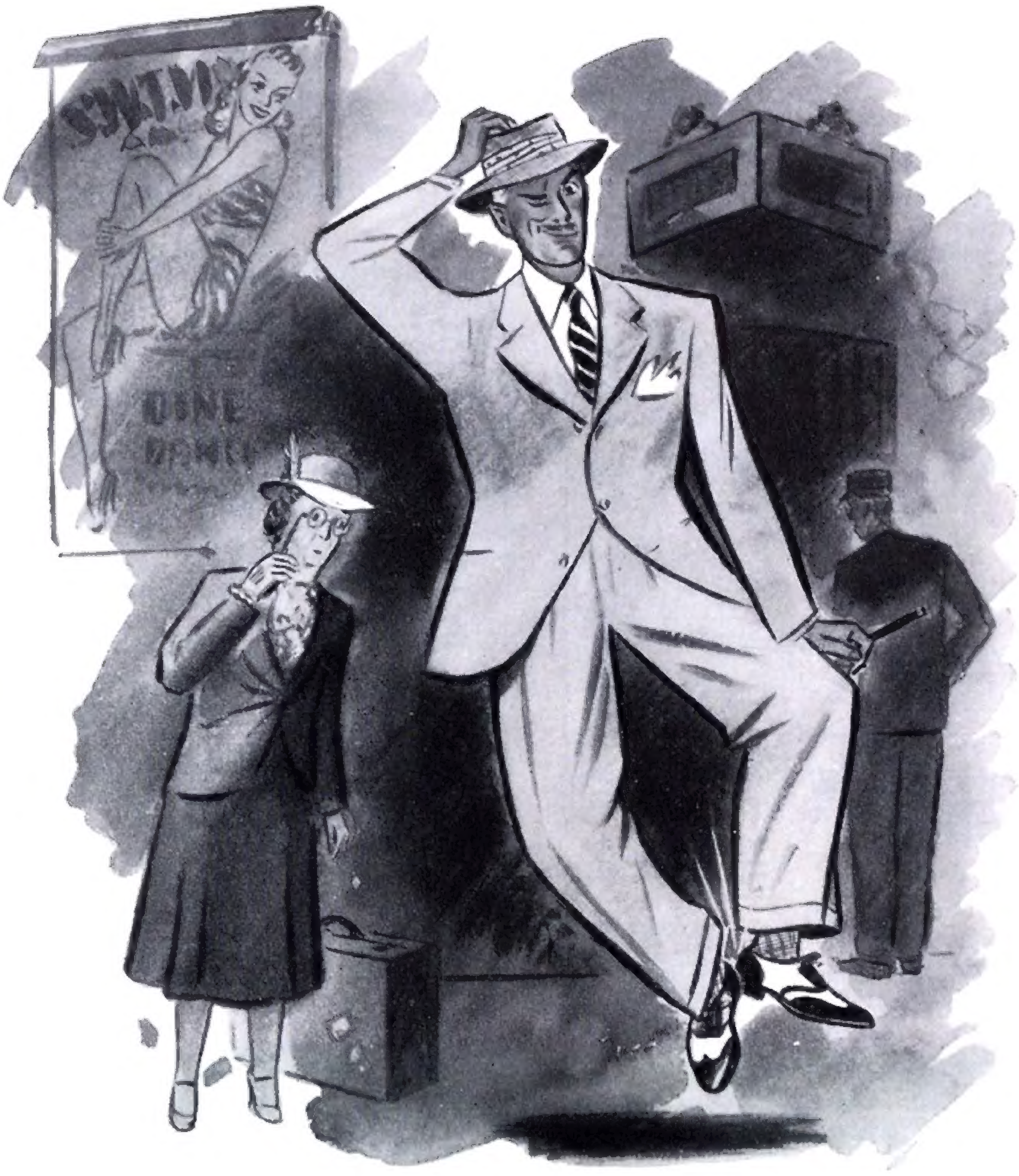

"MY WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY— HURRAH, HURRAH!"

Don't get me wrong. I'll really miss Connie. In a lot of ways I'll be helpless without her. But I'm tickled pink that she's going to get a complete change this summer. It'll do her a world of good.

She'll worry about me, of course. But there's one thing she *won't* have to worry about. Even though I'll be in town while she and the youngsters are enjoying mountain breezes, I won't be sweltering. She saw to that! She insisted that I get an entire new summer wardrobe before she'd even consider going away. And I'm glad she helped me pick it out because she always knows what looks best on me.

Connie and all wives like her are a men's wear advertiser's best friends. And it's easy to take advantage of their influence on men's buying. To reach the women as well as the men, use The New York Sun, the home newspaper of active families—the kind of families that account for 55% of all dollars spent for clothing in New York. At this time of the year Sun advertising gets your message across when your prospects (the best in town) are *hot!**

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NEW YORK

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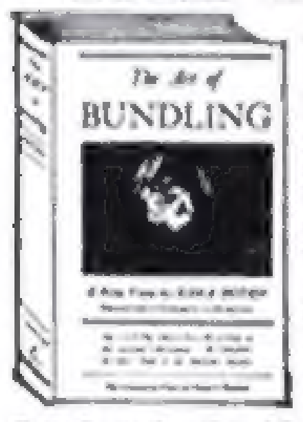

Laugh along with the author as he recaptures the flavor and rib-tickling situations in this piquant picture of lads and lassies bundling together, the long winter through—in this Colonial courting custom! Rich and rare—THE ART OF BUNDLING may set some folks on their ears—but it'll surely be a laughing matter to you!

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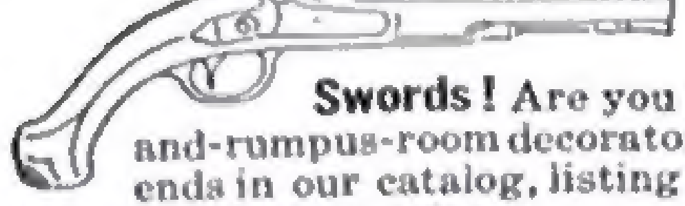

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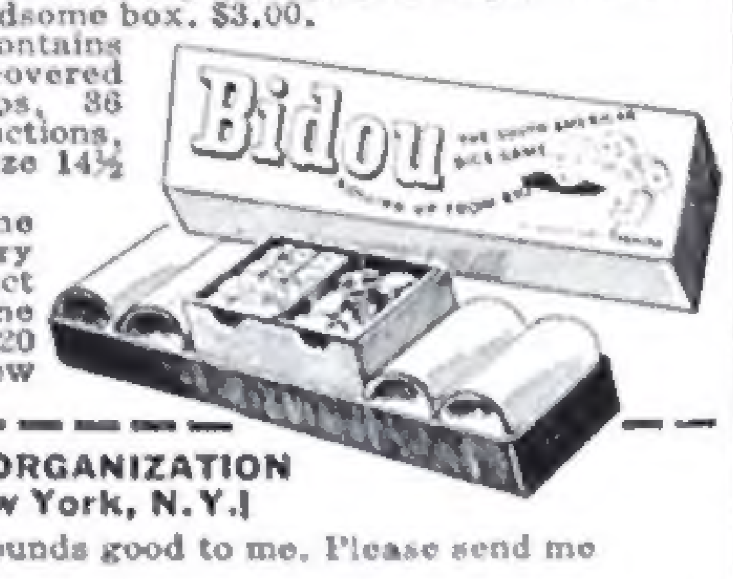
Rolling Up from Rio!

Here it is—BIDOU—the fast, furious South American game you read about in this magazine recently. Roll those dice, three at a time—and before you know it, you're in the midst of a battle royal, with bluff, skill and luck all taking part. Two or more people can play this smart new game. Order your own Bidou set today, and introduce your friends to this game of the gauchos. (P.S. Bidou makes a grand gift, too—for your week-end hostess, or that man with a birthday).

The Standard Bidou Set (for 4 players) contains 12 plastic dice, 4 genuine leather dice cups, 36 plastic chips, complete instructions, in a handsome box. $3.00.



The trial Bidou Set contains 12 dice, 4 skytogan covered cardboard dice cups, 36 chips, complete instructions, in a compact box. Size 14½ x 3½ x 2⅛ ins. $1.00.

If your favorite game counter does not carry Bidou Sets, order direct from A. A. Burnstine Sales Organization, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A. A. BURNSTINE ORGANIZATION
220 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Bidou sounds good to me. Please send me

________Standard Bidou Sets at $3.00 each.
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Check enclosed Money order enclosed
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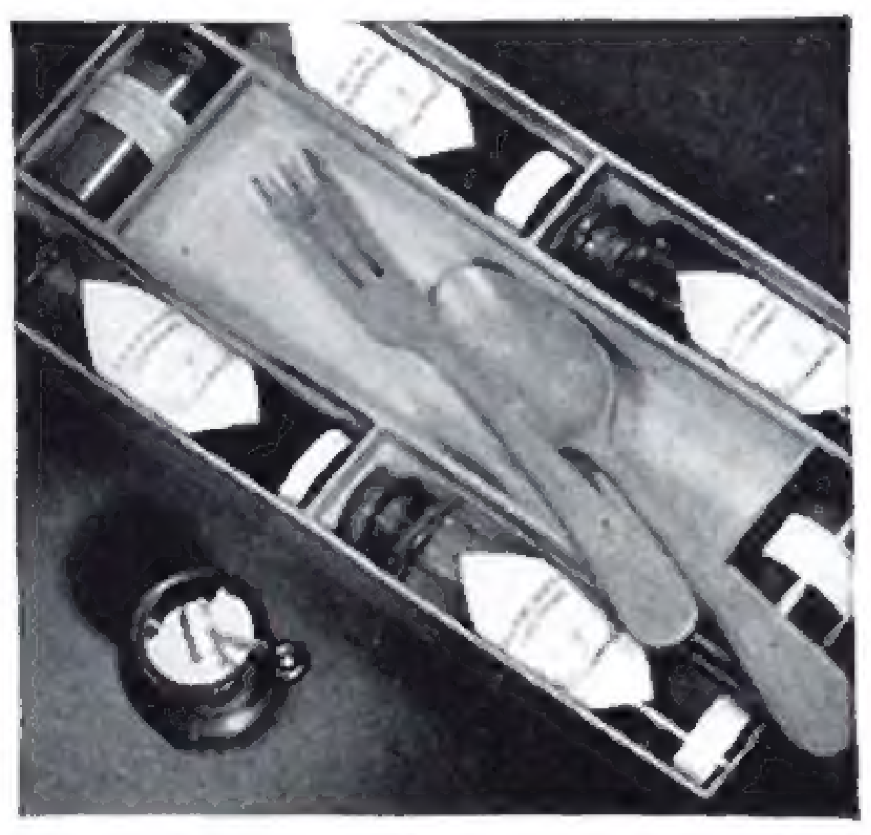
Father's Day Gifts

CRAZY OVER HORSES. The horse-head bookends are for the boots and saddle type, with your compliments. The steeds are hand carved in rock maple, come in natural and black . . . He can always use cigarettes—how about having them done up fancy in a chromium ash collector, decorated with life-like carnations.

TRAVEL TOPICS. Definitely a vacation asset is the fold-up suitcase in water-repellent gabardine. Three sizes; opens up into a sturdy extra traveling bag. The desk of many a prominent locomotive fan is decorated with one or more of the solid metal train models, accurately scaled. And for the whole family, luggage labels in different colors, with name imprinted.

ALL IN FUN. Fanny's shapely curves are solid bronze; she wears only a pigtail tied with a huge bow, which whacks against the back of Fanny's lap—and there you have a door knocker with a difference. News in poker chips is made with the doughnut-shaped catalin ones that are kept in place when not in use by means of upright poles on a brass stand.



FOR THE GOURMET. Amateur salad-mixers improve their gastronomical standing with the set of four differently flavored vinegars, a jar of special salad herbs, and one of Hungarian paprika. A wooden fork and spoon round out the salad bowl picture . . . Now made American is the pepper mill, long considered the ideal way to use pepper. Whole pepper corns are used, to be ground as needed.

MISCELLANEOUS FOURSOME. Reading from north to south: A silver "treasure chest" for used razor blades, with padlock. A key chain with gold-plated cigar-cutter on the gadget end. A classically simple bottle opener, the lucite handle being the extra added attraction. A self-winding, waterproof, shockproof, dustproof, non-magnetic, 17J watch.

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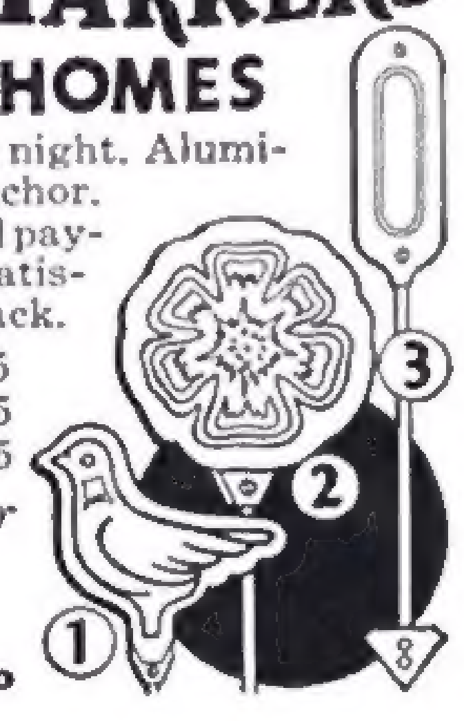

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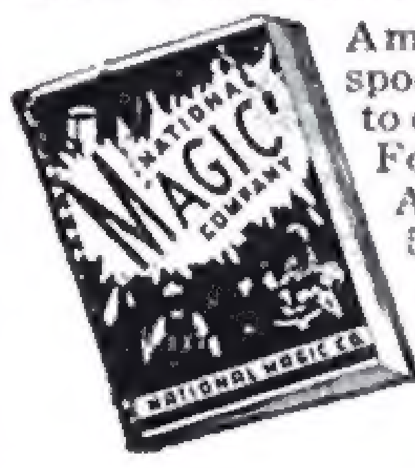

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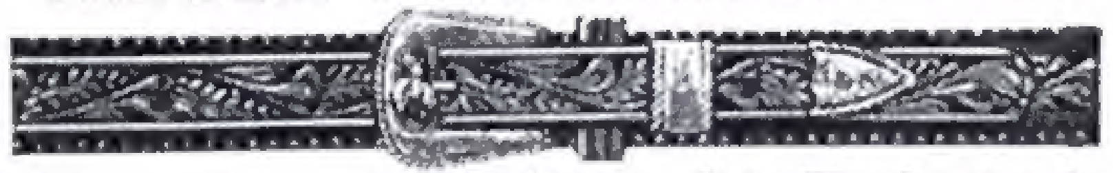

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Petty

● "Life," said the arch-cynic Baudelaire, "is a hospital, in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed."

Now, it would seem that men are consumed by this unnamed and unnamable restlessness, a nostalgia for the unknown, a feverish curiosity about the Sumatras of the soul, those lands of Cockaigne where the air is voluptuously laden with jasmine and frangi-pani, where languorous, long-limbed women lean against the heaving flanks of the Hippogriff, watching him champ his gilded oats.

For it is in the curious nature of life that night is more seductive than day, and the daughters of the night more seductive than milkmaids. It has been that way since " 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre," and probably ever will be.

But the Petty girl, like the hypnotic Manon—and the Helens, Circes, Loreleis, Clairamondes, is caprice itself; tender, tentative, and evanescent.

Every hour she is different. Her demands, her form, the movements of her rippling limbs, the spasmodic play of her wayward moods, give an infinite variety to her spanking beauty. When you tire of her, you tire of life.

All of which is a long preamble to a terse announcement: The Petty girl is about to come to you in a new and even more intriguing guise, prepared to go with you in your most secret moments, to guide your hand, warm your heart, and sustain your *amour propre*.

The details, like those of the ancient *droit de seigneur*, must wait until the appointed time and place (in this case, the August *Esquire*). Which reminds us, somehow, of the solemnity of that ancient communique, saying, "At the Eighth Gate the Warden stripped her; he took from her the last remaining veil."

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

READER WRITES & VICE VERSA

Quality must naturally be a matter of opinion, but in quantity and variety I think Jesse Stuart's accomplishment in publishing thirty stories in Esquire pales somewhat beside my own record. To date I have somehow managed to wheedle out of the accounting department of Esquire exactly fifty checks. As high as I hold Mr. Stuart in my esteem as a literary artist, I was of course somewhat pained to see his record publicized to the neglect of my own. Well, sic transit and so forth.

Sincerely,
Palo Alto, Calif. Louis Paul

P.S.—Besides which, my plaint also proves that I not only write for Esquire but read it as well.

PAMELA'S MEMORY LINGERS ON

May the old lapsed subscription make a plea and a suggestion?

How about giving George Hurrell an assignment to do a color photo every month and make your girl appeal a Petty-Varga-Hurrell appeal instead of just P.-V.? Mr. Hurrell's Black and Whites stink. Month after month he turns a girl upside down, pulls her golden, or red, or black locks over her eyes, turns on his single spotlight—and calls the result "Glamour." Maybe it was for the first few times we saw these dolls that way, but now they just "aint got it!"

We all know G. H. has a good studio with *plenty* of spotlights—and we've even had a sample of what he can do with color—(of Miss Pamela Randall, posed, or reclined, on steps which were covered by a bear skin rug). That double page spread, for my pesos, has Petty's best effort licked for S. A. and pure artistic feeling. Everything! It was your *best feature in 1940*—Give us more! !

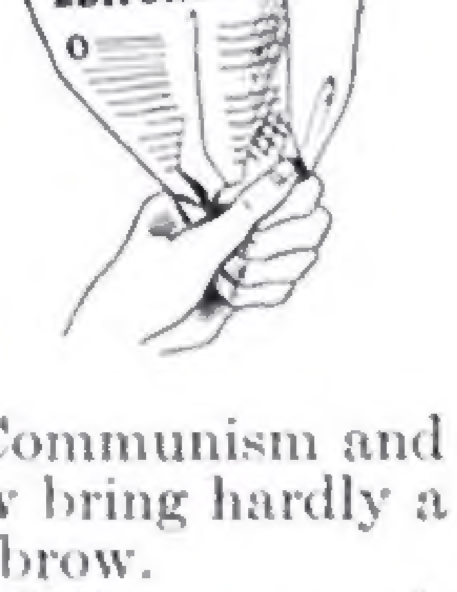
You will? ? I guess I'll have to renew my subscription then.

Sincerely,
Santa Fe, N. M. Richard H. Ray

PICKET LINE FORMS HERE

It has been quite a while since the stork dumped me down the chimney. I've had lots of time to sit back throughout the years and ponder the amusing antics of my balmy fellow creatures as they scurry scurrilously about hither and yon toward the inevitable destination.

Long, long ago I made up my mind to let nothing surprise me any more. I determined to drop that everlastingly amazed look before my distinguished features froze into an expression of perpetual astonishment. Even the world war, Communism and billions for Britain now bring hardly a ripple to my receding brow.



Monthly, however, I face a much graver problem than the aforenamed trifles. Here it is. Why do the editorials in Esquire always work me up to the point where I must masticate a stale stogie or dash to the corner taproom for a whole stein of bar milk to steady my jumpy nerves?

What puzzles me most after I try vainly to interpret your sapient gems is how you continue as the guiding destiny of that profound moulder of future history—Esquire—while men with brains pare corns, convert played-out "also rans" into glue, or even descend to law practice. And some, actually, are forced to the all low of fictioneering.

What is the big secret? I think and think until I develop a crick in the cerebrum. After the headache, I give up dejectedly with the sad conclusion that you either own 51% of the corporation's stock through inheritance, or rate a heavy pull with the boss.

Most cordially,
Philadelphia, Pa. J. Kantor

TYPIFYING TWO HUNDRED COMPLAINTS

In the May issue of your magazine (which is also the magazine for *Army* men), I noticed the map of the American Wilderness Areas most interestedly. One of the reasons for my interest was the slap-happy fashion in which your artist put the thing together. For instance: The Great Smokies should be in North Carolina and Tennessee, instead of Virginia and Kentucky. Also: If the Everglades down south of here in Florida aren't wild, then what are?

And what's more, my de-ah Esky, I (like a true Southern hill-billy, even tho I'm from the coast) had to go and lose a couple of bucks on the way you had "Tennesee" (which millions of people spell "Tennessee") spelled on that map.

Very truly yours,
Louis O. Parker
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

REFLECTING ONE READER'S INTELLIGENCE

On receiving Esquire five or six days early this month, I wondered what the hell had gotten into you. On examining the contents thereof, I soon found out.

Like some of the merchants preparing for a "Fire" or "Removal Sale," you excavated all of the junk out of the cellar and combined it into your May issue. Does your entire staff take a holiday during the month of April? One page of *Sound and Fury*, your best feature, for it reflects the moronic intelligence of your average reader. Two insipid dress-store dummies by your recent arrival, Varga (give me the life, fire and savoir faire of Petty). And a collection of meaningless and uninteresting articles written by some fellows named "Joe."

Esquire
APRIL
1

I suppose you'll be catching plenty from the rest of your readers, but, after all, don't you feel ashamed? You have it coming to you. Permitting Brother Komroff to waste his talents on Biblical translations when he can do a whale of a job on original material.

My ultimatum to you: Get off your fat and prosperous fanny and on the ball, or else.

Respectfully yours,
North Bergen, N. J. Joisey

PETTY POINT

The plethora of young Smoothies in the illustrations of your magazine, inspires the following—

"That girl with the telephone you oft portray
With chassis sleek and sporty
Will be more enticing than she is today
When she is *wise* and *plump* and *forty*
Swell piece of bric-a-brac—nice to see
Her real charm will come with maturity."

The old masters went for what I try to describe and somehow the taste still lingers—tho our modern artists seem to prefer adolescence both in form and evident mentality. Or do you dare to present the mature female figure only in caricature?

I'll sign this:
Detroit, Mich. Old-Timer

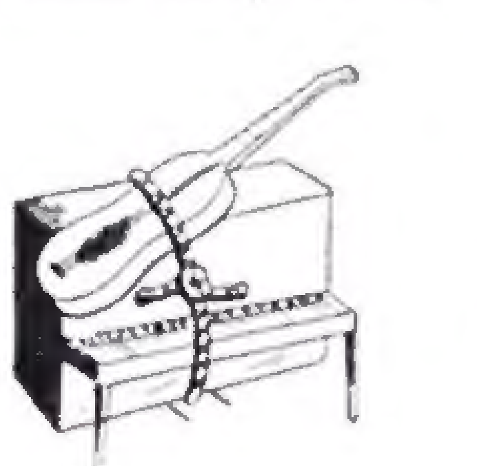
PATER FAMILIAS

This is the time when we celebrate Father,
The one who really has most of the bother.
Yet the female of the species has said it
That to her should go most all of the credit.
I'm not taking sides in this historic bicker
For compromise is less harsh and quicker,
And to become a parent, as everyone knows,
It takes one of these and one of those.

Ann Arbor, Mich. N. M.

POUNDING THE PIANO NOTE

Now look! When Hart Stilwell suggested that everyone should get a guitar he was striking a mighty blow, the mightiest possible, for the good of the piano industry. What has been wrong with that industry for many years now? Why are people getting along without pianos, although they are better and cheaper than they have ever been? (I'm talking about rural communities, which I know.) Because instead of making their own music, people are listening to the radio; *because there is now hardly any of the communal music that Stilwell recommends.* Even piano manufacturers must know that you can't pack a piano around in the woods, or take it out in a canoe. But they should remember that nine-tenths of guitar playing is done in the home; that although it isn't essential, many guitarists find a piano a great help in learning to play: that nearly all guitar music comes with a piano accompaniment; that with widespread use of the guitar, with almost any instrument for that matter, there would be a swing back to the piano in the formation of small orchestras. Even Stilwell will admit that an orchestra without a piano is about as much good as a rum toddy without the rum.



Years ago in this community I live in there wasn't a house that didn't have a piano or an organ, or both. In those days the people used to get together for sing-songs, they used to give concerts in the "Hall"—our community building—they used to meet at one another's houses to practice their violin solos, their songs, their orchestral numbers. But what do we find today? The organs and pianos are allowed to lie and rot and there isn't one accomplished musician on any instrument in the whole place. Here and there a child takes music lessons, but there's no heart in it; it's so much easier to throw a switch and get your music. In his enthusiasm Stilwell may have eulogized the guitar at the piano's expense, but I'm sure he would agree with what I say above. When the piano manufacturers learn to see it the same way, they'll be in a position to do something about it. I wish to God they would!

Cordially,
Bridgetown, N. S. J. M. Tait

In the honorable Gingrich ear.

I've been feeling rather guilty about sending in so many letters, to which you apparently feel that you must reply, and I thought I'd like to explain that I don't expect you to publish them. Naturally, if you find any of them interesting enough or important enough to merit publication, I'm pleased; I'd have died long ago if I hadn't had *some* ego. But I'm not so damn egotistic as to imagine that everything I write is of absorbing interest to your readers, and I really care very little whether you use them or not. Besides, I know that you get a considerable number of letters every month, many of them much more clever and better written than mine, and space has to be found for them too. Furthermore, I would like you to know that it isn't necessary for you to acknowledge each letter as you do; apart from the fact that I doubt if they can be as entertaining as you are kind enough to say they are, it makes me feel that I am forcing you to the bother and expense of replying.

SYLVIA LENDS A SISTERLY EAR

Esquire, you got me into this, now you get me out! You and your gorgeous Petty and Varga gals made me so jealous and envious that I went to work to improve my figure; and now I find that I can't handle men! A fine thing! I get into so many awkward situations out on a date when my escort wants to get too lusty that I'm beginning to wonder if it paid to become a Petty girl (and I do mean *Petty* girl!)

So I'm turning to you for some brotherly advice. Just what should I say when I don't want to kiss someone? (I know how to get kissed if I want that, but what about a reversed situation?) And what, oh, what should I say after a kiss? I always find myself in a very annoying pause then. Saying something clever might be inappropriate, and yet I wouldn't want to sound inane. So there you are, Esquire. Give me some of the finer tips to the wooing side of the facts of life, will you? Or perhaps some of those readers who fancy themselves as men-of-the-world can give me some hints.

It was tough to be a fat girl and get no attention, but now I wonder whether getting too much attention that I can't handle and still keep the honor of the Schusterow's intact, isn't worse? Oh, well, maybe you'll help me. Thanks.

Sylvia Schusterow
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

CONFRONTING FATE WORSE'N DEATH

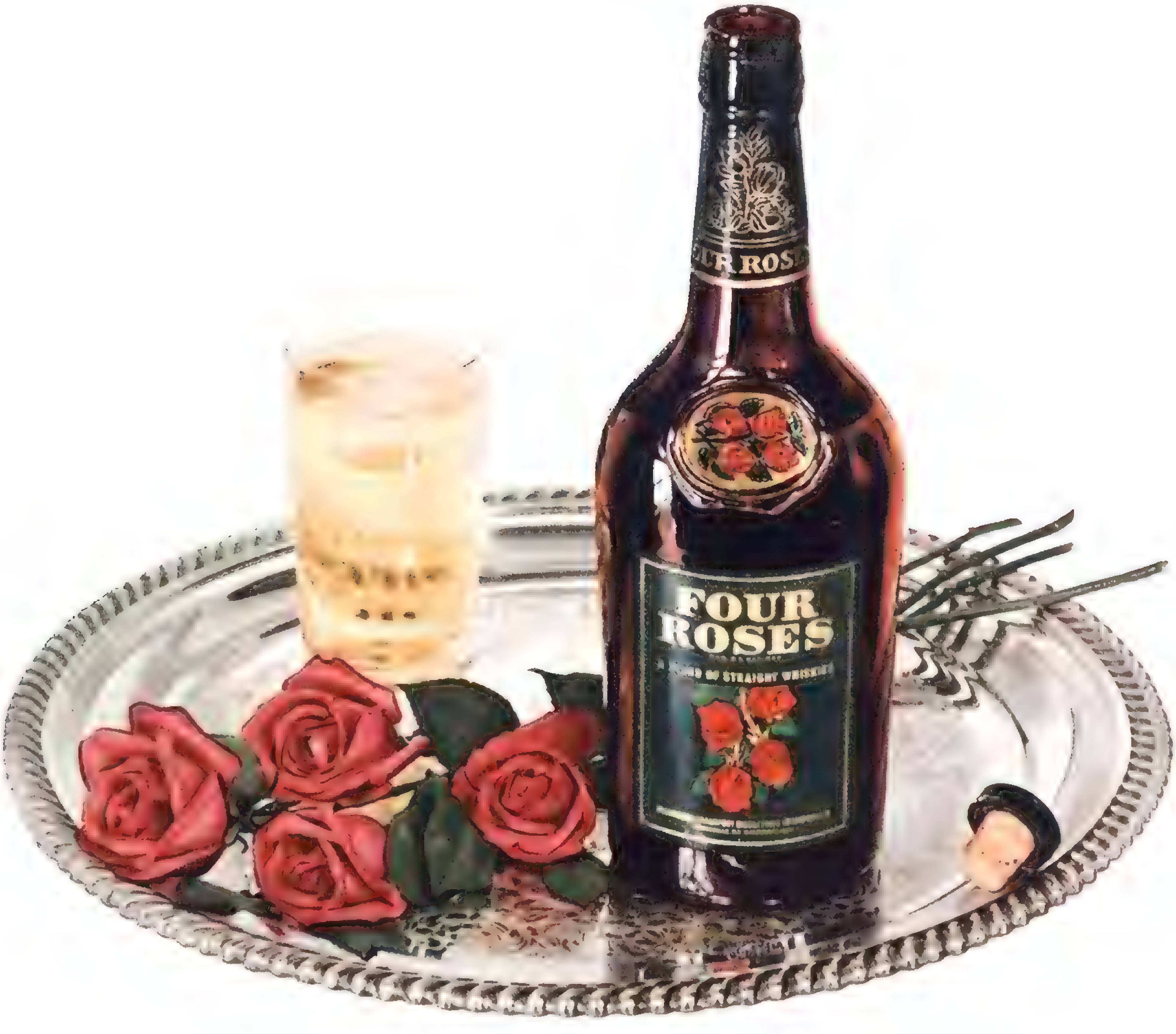
As a purchaser, subscriber and purloiner of seemingly interminable years I claim waste-basket exemption to record a protest of megalosaurian dimensions. Hellangoddam, how did Hollywood manage to blitzkrieg Esky's way of life and spread itself unashamedly across your otherwise virginal pages?

As a former inhabitant of darkest Africa I frittered away a year in Cameraville during which I acquired a condition which should appear in medical text-books under the name of "Dyspeptica Glamoristica." Is it not enough, I ask you, that the firmament's brightest scintillators everlastingly adorn the fulsome folios of Slook, Reek and Blic? Having distinguished yourselves for a decade by omitting the diet of half-wit nursemaids and paranoiac schoolboys, why oh why have you suddenly found it desirable to include in your more delicate curiosa such nauseating spectacles as Miss Bella Ballmat about to acquire an annuity from Oswald the Oscarowner? Or why, to continue the cross-examination, must we suddenly be regaled by a detailed biography of Susy the Sweaterfiller? Having left the precincts of Follywood, I thought it might be possible to live in Havana with a flask of rum, Las Cubanas and Thou. But o tempora, o mores! You have succumbed to the superficial and have but to degenerate one more stratum when I shall either have to stop stealing your damn book or be compelled to sweat thru the outpourings of Timmy Diddler and Wedda Whopper. Nothing doing, Esky—I'll go back to darkest Africa, believe me.

Yours truly,
Havana, Cuba A. J. Righthouse

So magnificent, we had to give it a special designation

—THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES



EVEN FIVE YEARS AGO and longer, when we distilled the special whiskies for today's Four Roses, we knew they would be exceptionally fine.

We knew it because of the painstaking care that went into their making . . . and because of the added knowledge and skill we applied to their aging, to bring them to mellow perfection.

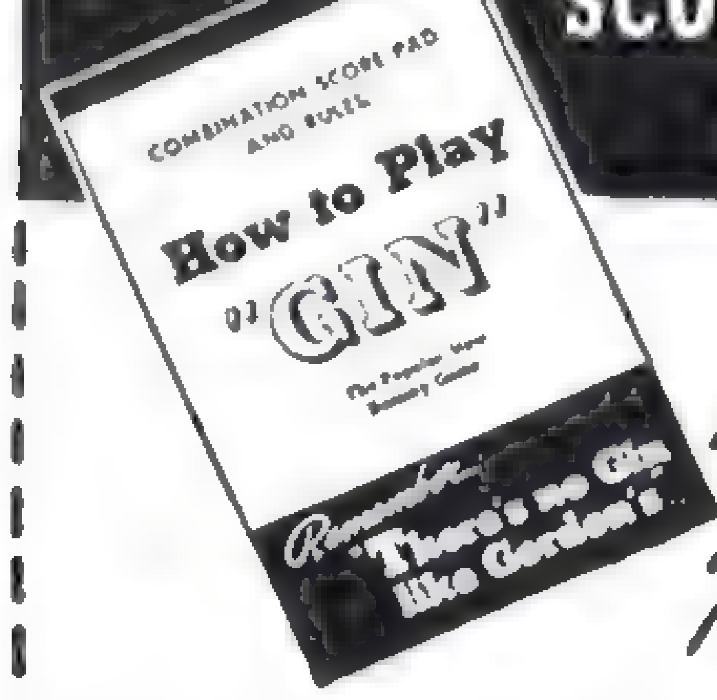
And yet, even we ourselves were astonished when we finally opened the barrels and discovered how truly magnificent these whiskies had become! No whiskies we had ever made or known—in all our 76 years—had had such softness, such smoothness, such flavor overtones!

So, today, we're proud to offer you this 1941 Bottling of Four Roses. No matter when you last tasted Four Roses, there's a new and thrilling experience awaiting you in the 1941 Bottling. Try it today—won't you?

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 or more years old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE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How to Play "GIN"
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Compliments of Gordon's Gin

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Gordon's Distilled London Dry Gin, 94.4 Proof, 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain, Gordon's Dry Gin Company, Ltd., Linden, N. J.

OH-O-O-OOO-OO
WHAT FLAVOR!

Miss Saylor's

COFFEE-ETS

Dad's had some big moments—but wait till he wraps his tongue 'round Coffee-ets . . . small, smooth nips of real cream and pure coffee candy.

Does Dad rave about the glorious fragrance of his morning coffee? Now he can TASTE it in Coffee-ets, the unique, new coffee candy from California. Perfect for quick pick-up or that stuffy, after-lunch feeling. If he smokes, he'll love 'em!

Order two tins of Coffee-ets, one for home so all can dip in and one exclusively for Dad. Over 210 individually wrapped pieces in each pound. If not yet at your dealers, order direct.

7½ oz. tin 50c - 1 lb. tin $1

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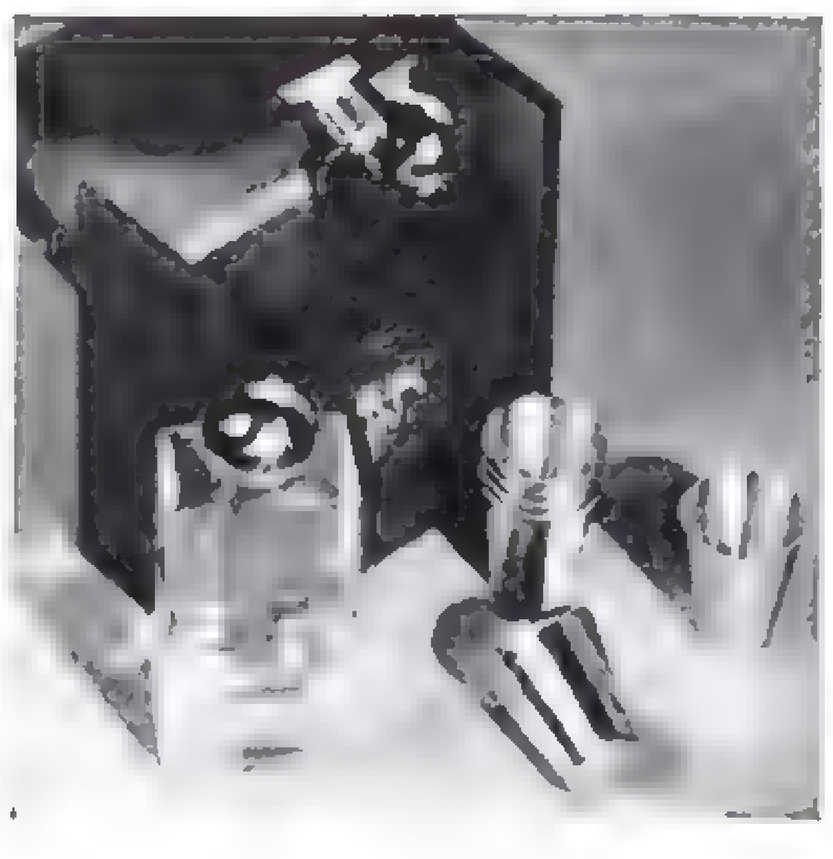
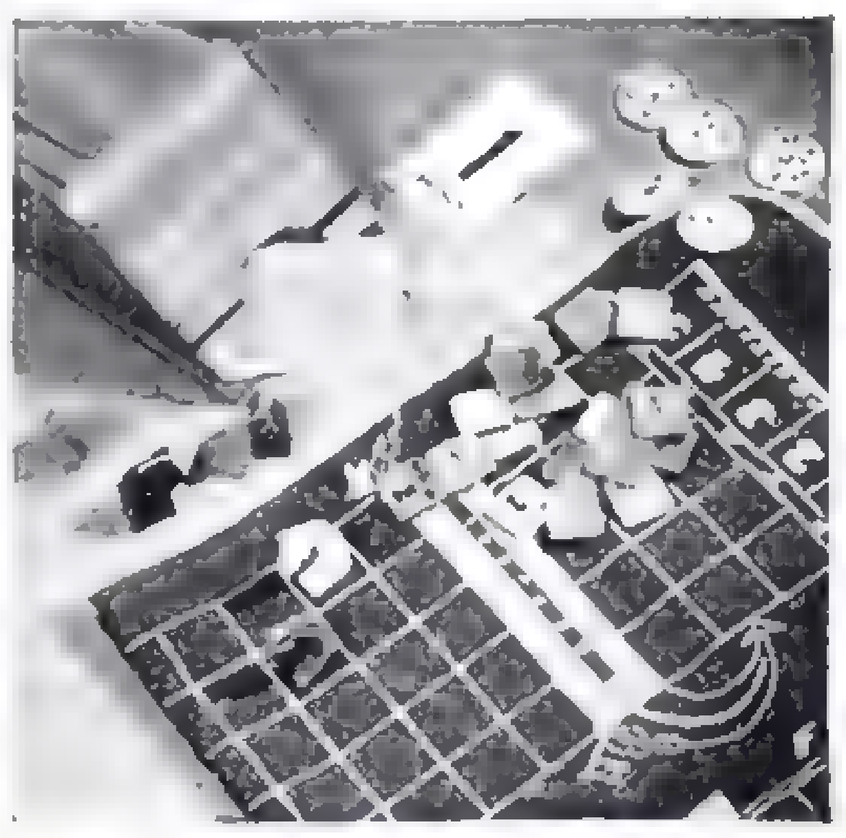
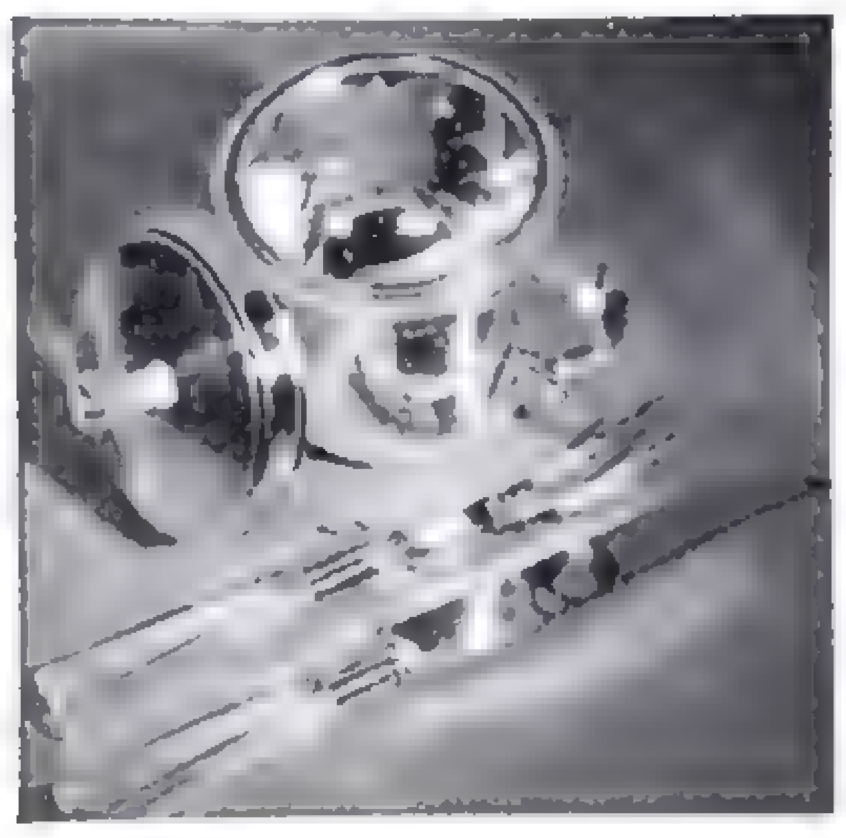
Father's Day Gifts



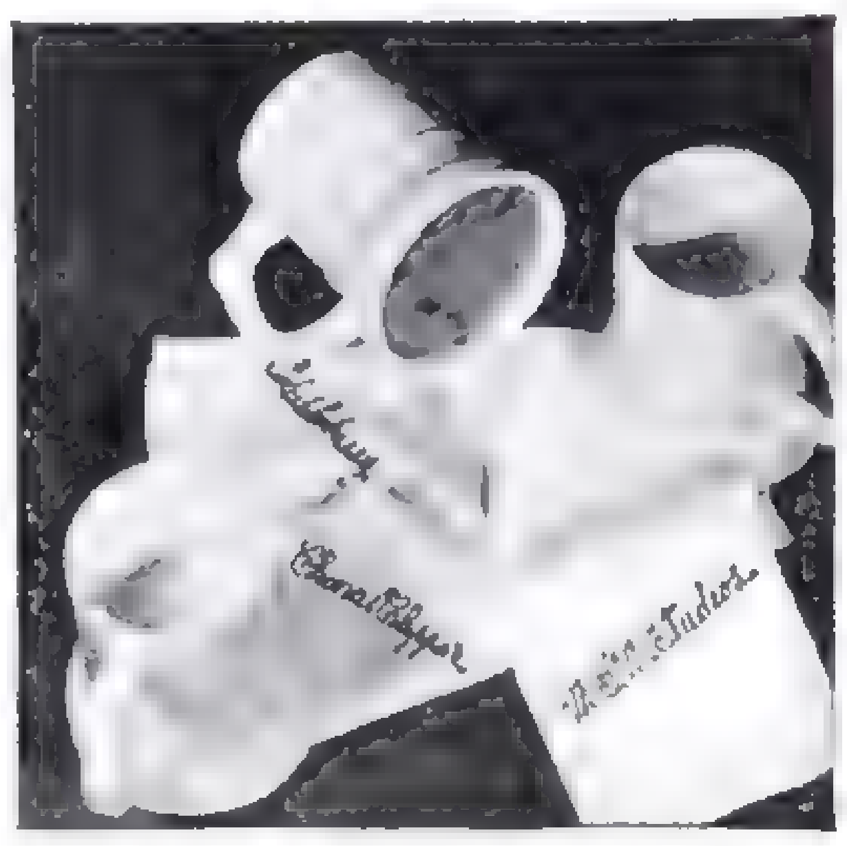
A QUICK ONE. He can't take it with him—his own completely-equipped bar, we mean—but a practical half-way mark between it and a pocket flask would be this compact bottle set in cowhide. Small enough to stow away in the corner of a suitcase, it's handily equipped with two bottles and a set of metal cups.



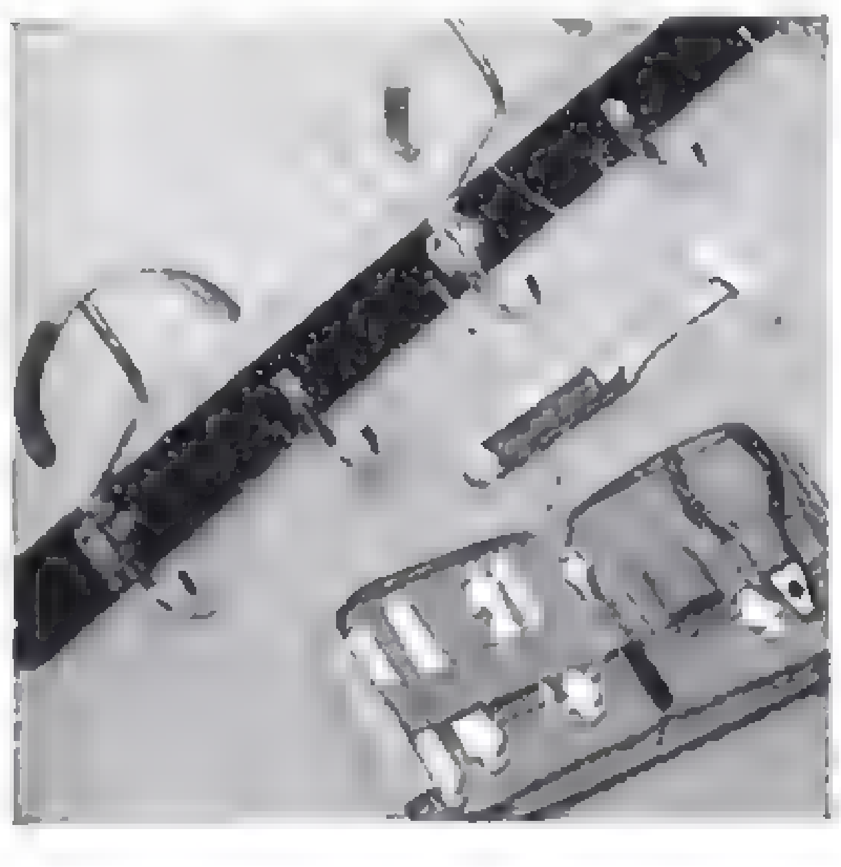
WIN, PLACE AND SHOW. Father will be away ahead as a host if he springs this new game on his guests. Two to five people can make like a horse race with the equipment that comes in the slide-covered box. Cards are drawn to indicate the amount of each horse's go-ahead; mounts can be lashed into action with "whips;" hurdles and ditches add to the fun.



A COLD BOTTLE, A WARM BIRD. If melting ice in dainty glass dishes gets Dad hot under the collar, the silver plated, thermos-lined ice bowl, novel with its single handle, should cool him off . . . And it's about time the head of the table went modern with a lucite-handled carving set—puts new life into Father's traditional job.



COMPANY MANNERS. Chances are he likes to see schooners sail over the bar, so he ought to prize one or all of these musical beer mugs. Musical suds accompaniments are *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, Sweet Adeline, How Dry I Am.* Towel-pilferers, fathers or otherwise, should welcome the filcher's assortment embroidered with the names of high-ranking establishments.



HE HANGS HIS HAT at home, but maybe inadequate facilities for so doing have been rankling silently in his mind for years. Hence, an eminently practical hat and coat rack in chrome, to give him more closet space and do right by his *chapeaux.* If puttering is the breath of life to him, no matter where or when, there's a handy pocket-sized tool kit. The jackknife forms the handle for the small but efficient tools.

Ranger

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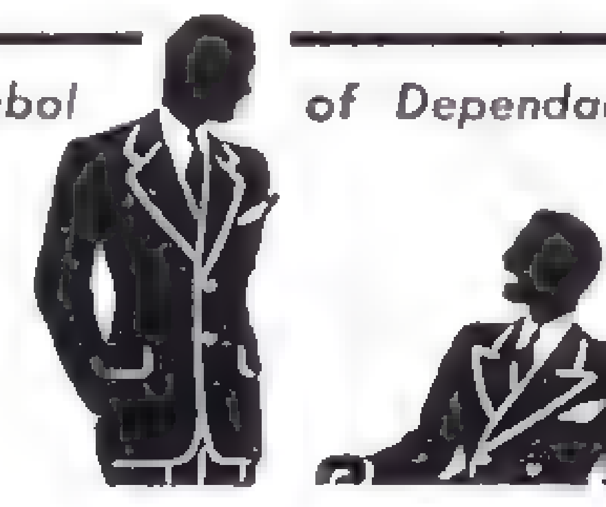


The Symbol of Dependable Quality

★SIMPSON CLOTHES

When It Gets Too Hot for Comfort

All you need is one of those extra lightweight Simpson suits that's made to your own, particular measurements. You'll be amazed (and pleasantly surprised) when you experience just how much more comfort and coolness there is in a suit that's made to measure by Simpson.

Simpson styles are created by America's finest designers. Simpson's selection of colors, patterns and fabrics is America's largest and most complete. Simpson prices *still remain* below what you'd expect to pay.

FREE! See all the newest styles in full color. Write for complete, authentic Spring and Summer Style Brochure. Department E-7.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. Simpson Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
Display Rooms in Many Cities

LEKTROLITE

Puzzling . . . thrilling . . . amusing . . . *flameless* cigarette lighters which light with a *glow* instead of a flash — no wick — no flint — no wheel — no flame. No wind can blow them out. Smart — modern — efficient. From $1 up. 1907 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

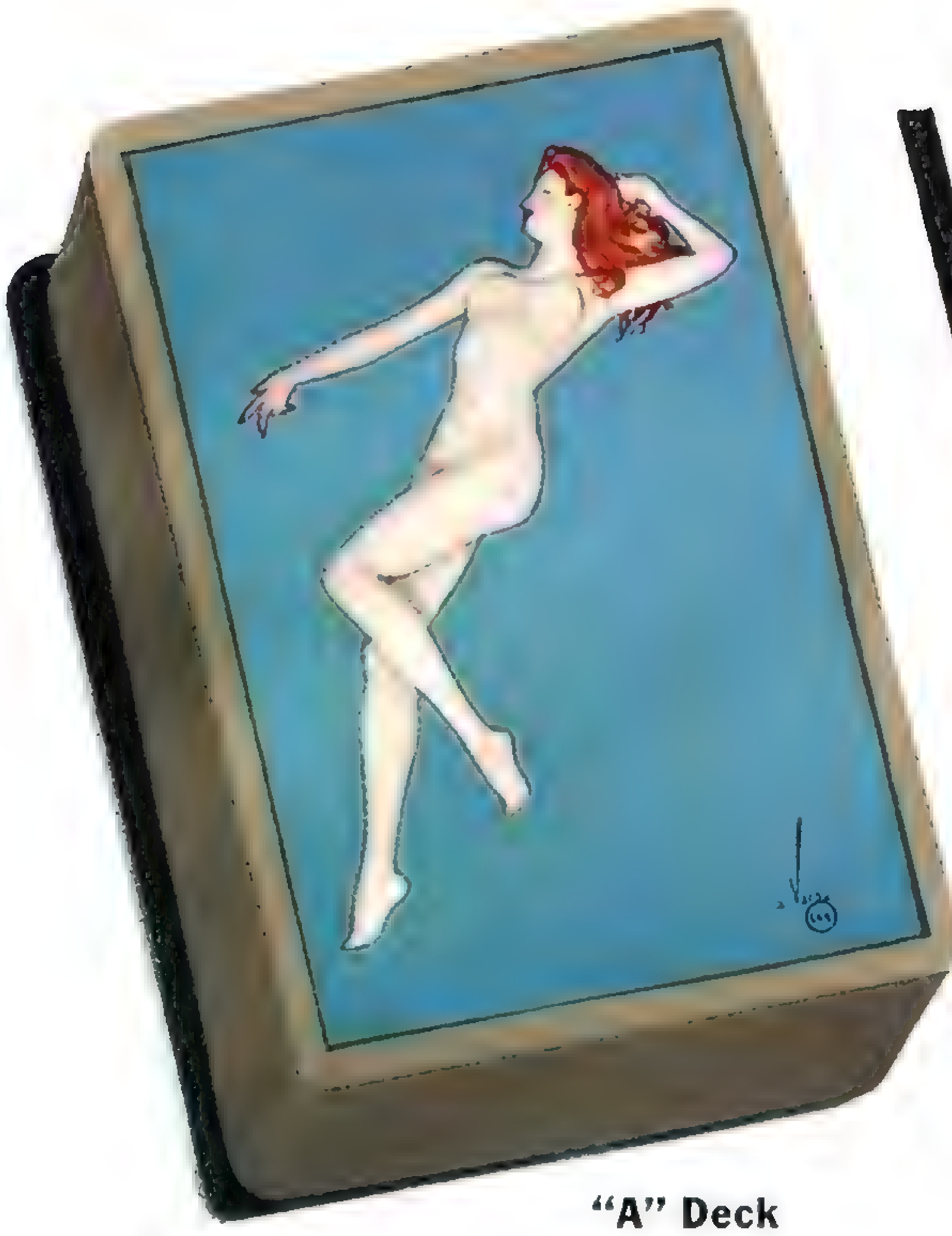
Here's a break for "Pillow-Punchers"

*Airfoam** **PILLOWS**
PATENT PENDING

bring new sleeping comfort because they're *soft* and *firm*—filled with "Flaked" Airfoam that's dustless, odorless, washable and hygienic. They give relief to those allergic to dust, feathers and other fillings. At department and furniture stores—or write.

WAMSUTTA SUPERCALE or Linen Finish coverings, 21 x 27 inches . . . $7 to $9.95
** T. M. Reg. by Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.*

MULTI PRODUCTS
Division of Protectoseal Company of America, Inc.
1920 S. WESTERN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Varga

"A" Deck

The Varga girl is in the cards —and both decks are yours for 95c

Poets and professional philosophers have long debated the quality of the most desirable woman. Many liked Kashmiri maidens; others, pink-tighted trapeze performers, Lombard blondes, and Burmese dancers. Mr. Oscar Wilde held that, "A woman who can talk well without opening her mouth too wide is really the ideal type."

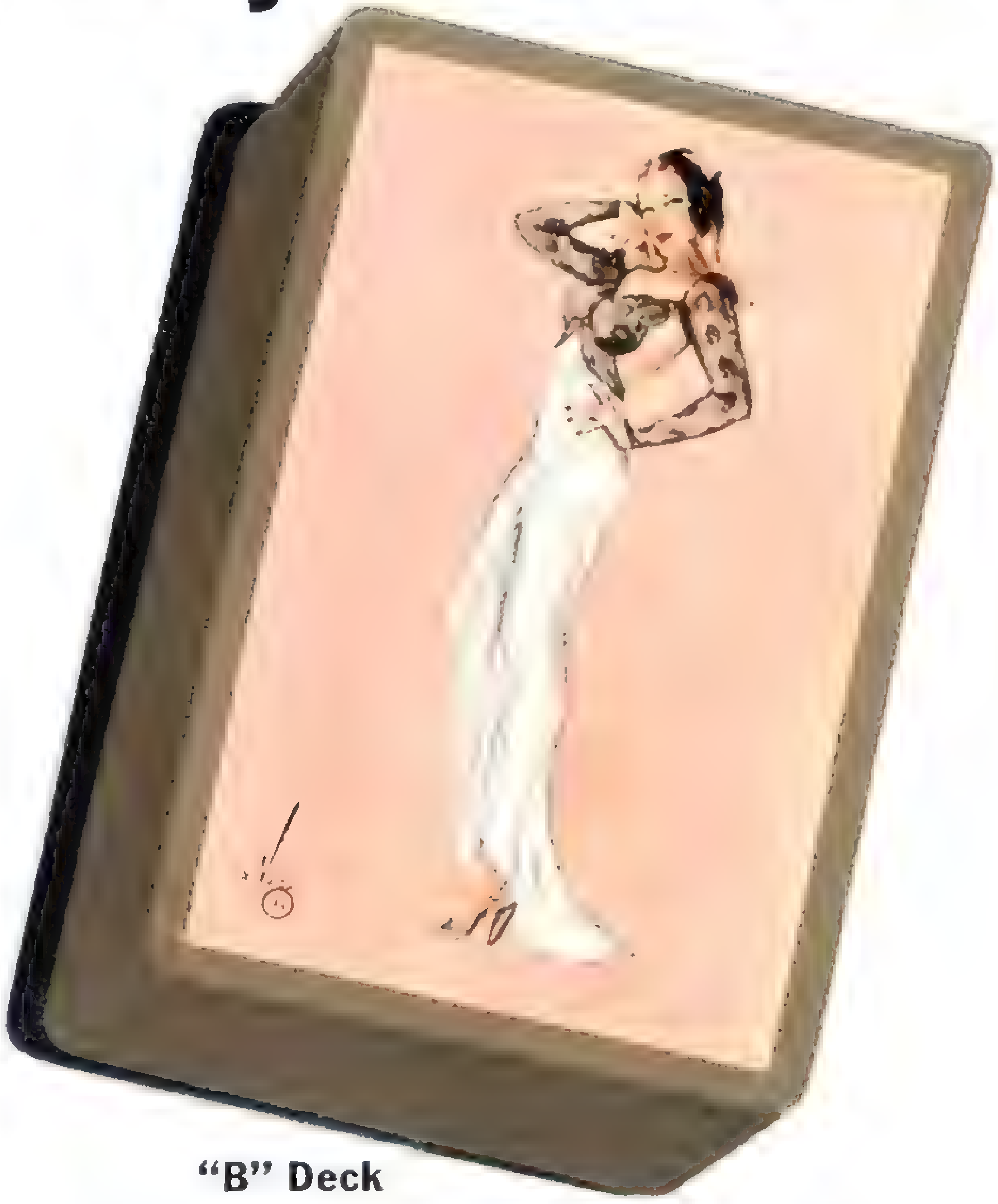
It was also Mr. Wilde who observed that women may be fascinating without being beautiful, and that the greatest women in history have generally been distinguished by some physical defect—Madame Roland and Marie Antoinette, for example, were both toothless.

But the Varga girl, whose subtle ambiguities are paragons of persuasion, has nowhere any flaw. She neither talks overmuch, nor is she unduly coy. Her hoydenish glances and hypnotic shapings are all things to all men; and they can semaphore anything from an invitation to the waltz to a command performance of going happily mad.

She is a card, gentlemen, the *vraie verité*. Like the famed Succuba of Tours, "she hath the fire of Hell in her lap, and divine music in her glance."

If you care to hold a tryst with luck, if you would play your hand as though inspired, if you would gamble with a *beau geste*, and obtain your devious ends with symbolic indirectness, clip the coupon below—or wherever you will.

Enclose the right number of drachmae or pieces of eight, and the Varga girl, attired simply in a Ziegfeld bead, or, in pristine atmosphere, will come to you instanter—and her piquant, willing, mischievous charms will play skittles with your ante.



"B" Deck

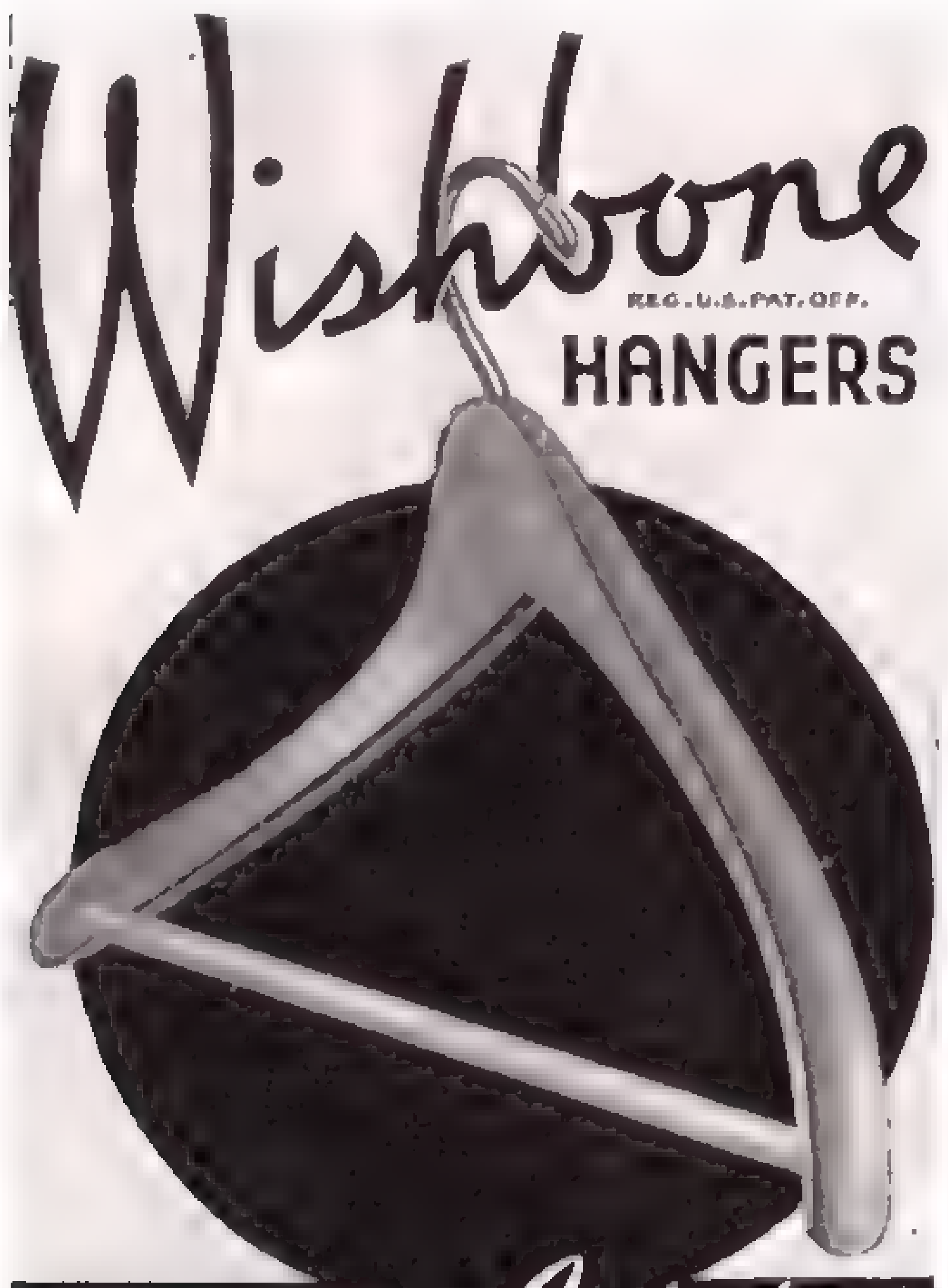
CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILL.

Okay, Esquire, you can lay your cards on my table. Please rush me my order of Varga Girl Playing Cards as indicated below. I understand that this coupon, properly filled out and accompanied by full remittance, entitles me to the special low price of just 50c for either one of the two decks illustrated above - or only 95c for both decks. I have checked my choice below, together with the amount of remittance enclosed. (U.S. orders only.)

☐ Send me......"A" decks at 50c per deck ($......enclosed)
☐ Send me......"B" decks at 50c per deck ($......enclosed)
☐ Send me......pairs of decks at 95c per pair ($......enclosed)

My Name..
Address..
City.......................... *State*..................
☐ I am an Esquire subscriber ☐ I am a newsstand buyer

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



USED BY THE *Clothing Industry* FOR 30 YEARS

Now you can buy Wishbone Hangers for your home, and thousands of well-dressed men will welcome this opportunity to dispense with those form-destroying wire affairs. Scientifically shaped to the natural slope of the shoulder, WISHBONE HANGERS will keep good form in your clothing, and permanently modernize clothes closets. Will be appreciated on Father's Day. Wishbone Hangers in units of 5, $1. At your dealer's, or order direct, postpaid.

JOHN THOMAS BATTS, Inc.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

GOYA NUDE FREE!

No other Postage Stamp in the world caused so much trouble! We'll send Spain's Famous Goya Nude FREE with 101 different guaranteed genuine stamps cataloging $2 for only 10c, to applicants requesting our approval selections.

INTERCITY STAMP CO. Dept. Z, PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

KOMFIT
by Forstner

THIN AS A DIME—FLEXIBLE FROM TIP TO TIP

If you really want the *smartest* thing in watch bands, here it is! *Stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable*—just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner! Komfit is also available with Army Aviation or Navy Aviation insignia.

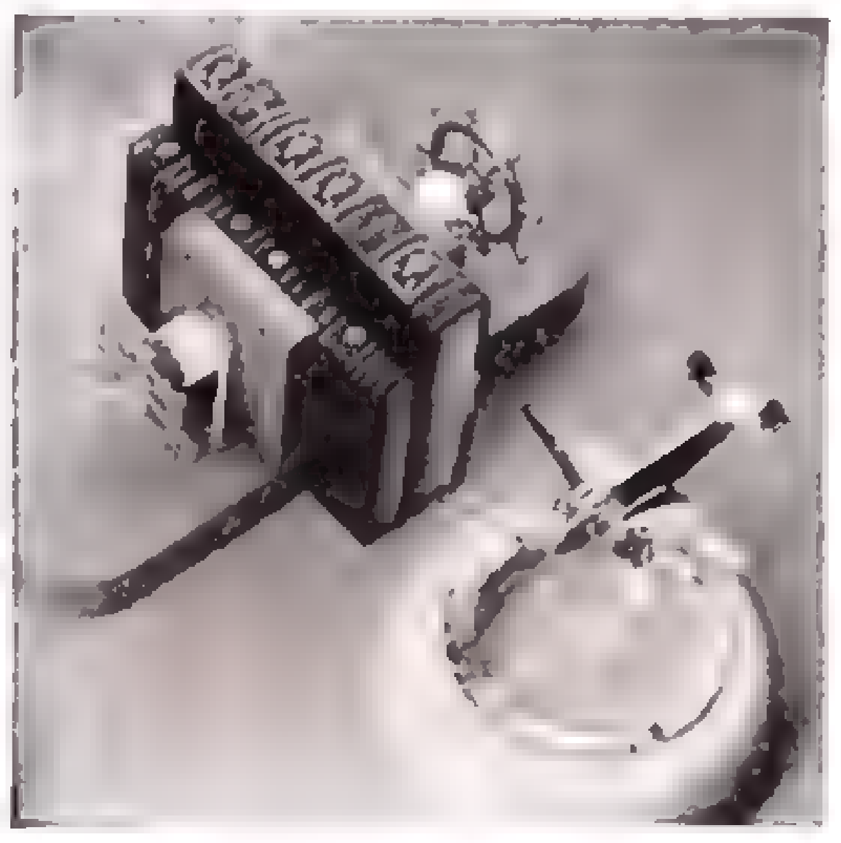
ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Gold filled, stainless steel lined $7.50 to $12.00. 14 Kt gold stainless steel lined $80.00. All stainless steel $3.50. With Service insignia $5.00 to $10.00.

At better jewelers or write to
FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, Dept. 119,
Irvington, New Jersey
Please send descriptive booklet giving full information
NAME..
ADDRESS..

Father's Day Gifts

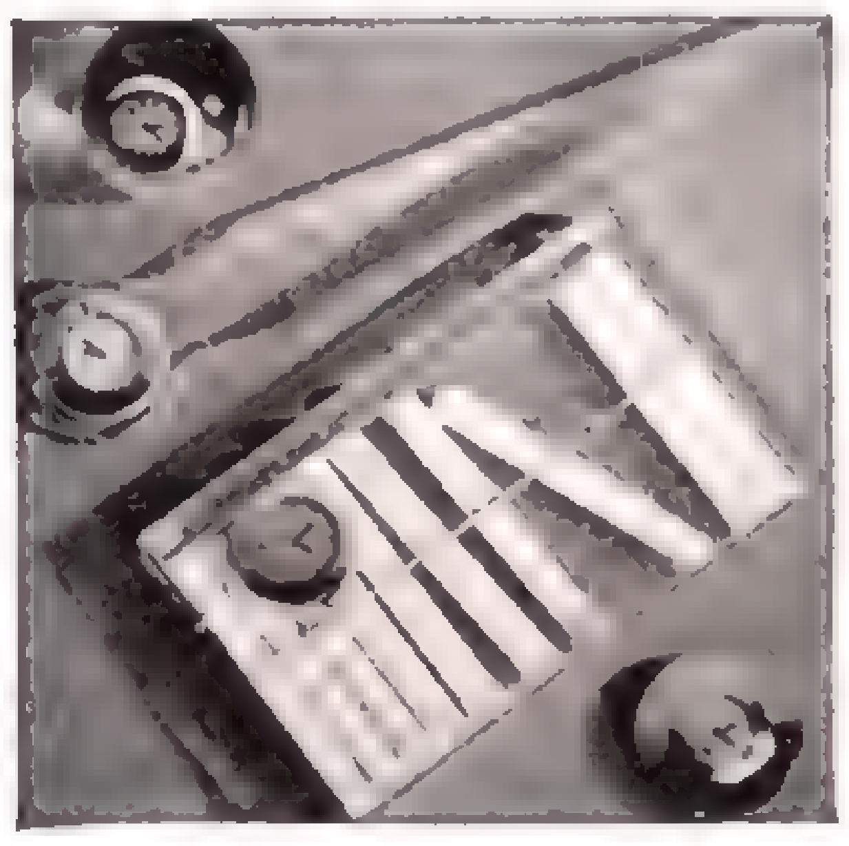
BLEACHERS AND BEACHES. The folding chair really doesn't have legs. It's intended to make stadium seats bearable. The hooks in front insure stability, kapok filling insures comfort. Dad can lean back and cheer in this one. It's good at the beach, too. So is the refrigerator bag, rubber-lined, capacious enough for bottles, vegetables, and barbecue steaks. The inside pocket holds ice cubes.

FINE ARTS DIVISION. Two artists—one a sculptor in wood, one a master of ceramics—designed these out-of-the-ordinary pieces. The cigarette box and letter opener are of congo wood, unadorned except for the carved horse's head on the box cover. Also impressive for the connoisseur's desk or den is the ash tray in enamel over copper, decorated with a colorful design.



ON THE GO. If Dad has a penchant for sailing, nautical bookends might do the gift trick. The brass pilot wheels spin realistically. Maple finished. If he's air-minded, the ashtray with a model airplane taking off from above it should make him happy. Its course can be guided up, down, or sideways, by a touch of the finger; the propellers actually revolve.

STREAMLINES AND SENTIMENT. Father doesn't have to have a hirsute upper lip to get a kick out of the stanite mustache cup and saucer engraved with "Papa" or his name. It holds king size cigarettes; the saucer is an ash tray. Strictly modern is the gold plated jackknife and key ensemble, an elegant and useful gift.



MORE THAN A WATCH is a timepiece set in a lucite ball, useful as a paperweight. Or when it's part of a letter opener or cigarette case—both lucite, too. The mechanics of the watches can be viewed through the transparent backs. These—and the handsome dress watch—are recent creations of a top designer.

Ranger

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for FATHER'S DAY
Give Dad
LONGER WEAR AT THE KNOT AREA
PARTRIDGE CLOTH
the Colorful Tie
$1

Authentic social register patterns. Exclusive weave of pure silk, worsted and mohair in plaid, stripes and solid colors.

PARTRIDGE
58 W. 40th, N.Y.C.

★ ★ ★ *NEW*
PARTY RECORDS
(Not for goody-goods)

Album No. 2 of songs by Dwight Fiske rivals our famous first album. Songs saucy, sophisticated, wickedly clever! Titillate your friends with: **The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird, and the Last Cure.** In special Rabson Album $5.00 (4-12" records). While in the Rabelaisian mood order also Dwight Fiske Album No. 1, containing 8 hilarious, slightly scandalous ditties on 4-12" discs, $5.00. We Pay U. S. Postage.

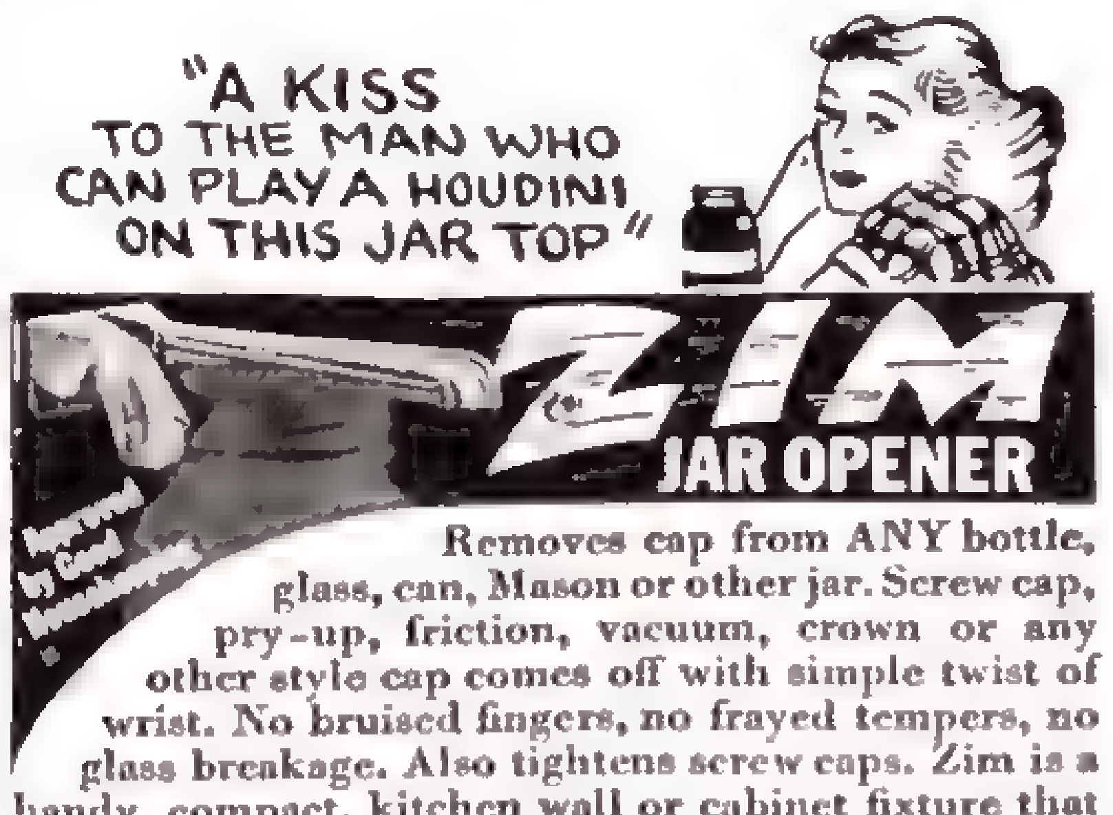
FREE—Write for Party Record List
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd St. Dept. 159R, New York

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR

Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp and see the difference, *feel* the results. Let Vitabrush, the new electric driven scalp brush, answer your hair worries in a sensible, positive way. 5000 stimulating, vitalizing strokes per minute. Use Vitabrush only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Recommended by scalp authorities. Available in several models. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write *now* for full information including details of special money-back trial offer.

HERSHEY MFG. CO., 195 So. La Salle St., Chicago

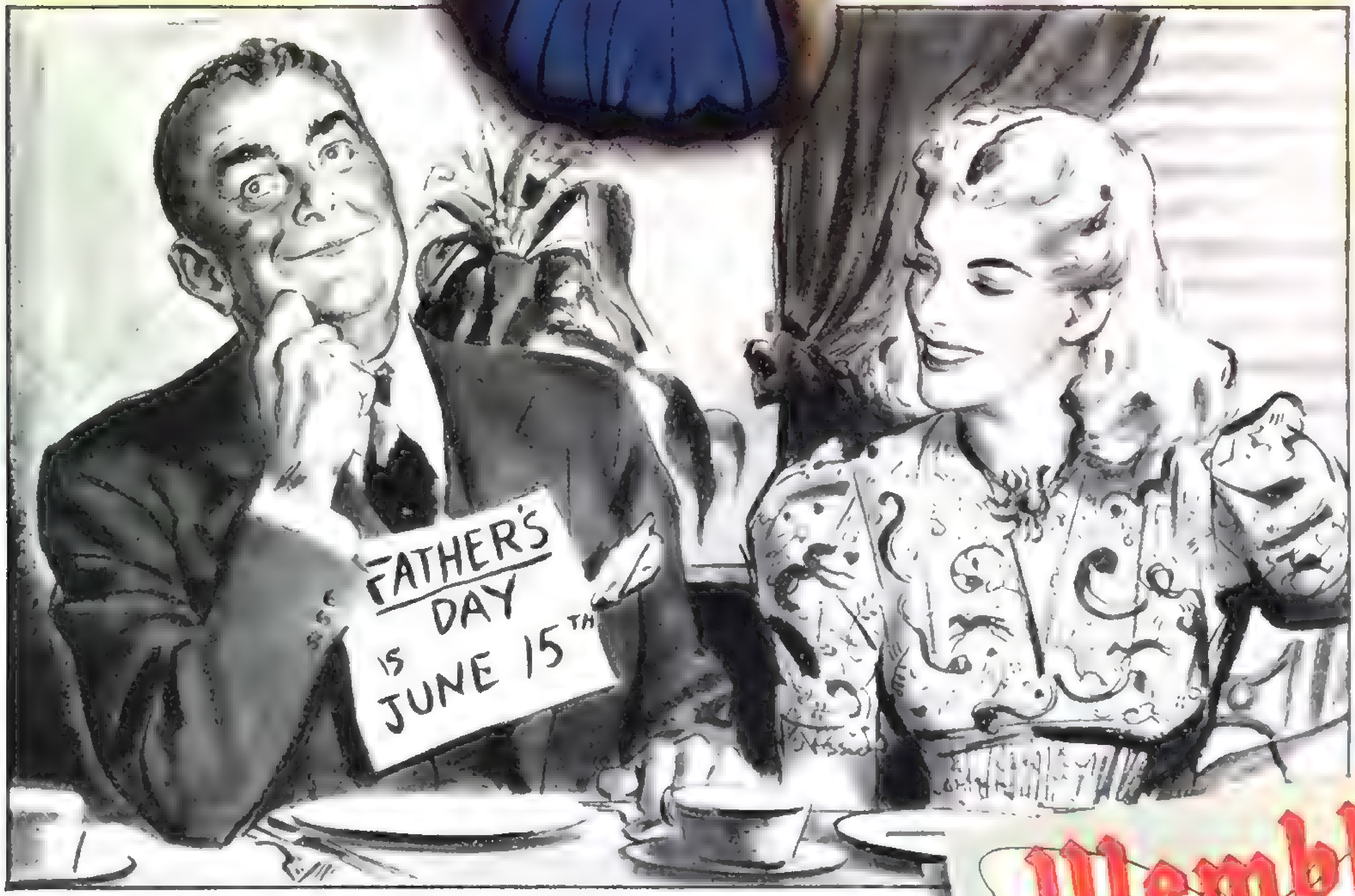

"A KISS TO THE MAN WHO CAN PLAY A HOUDINI ON THIS JAR TOP"
ZIM JAR OPENER

Removes cap from ANY bottle, glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime.

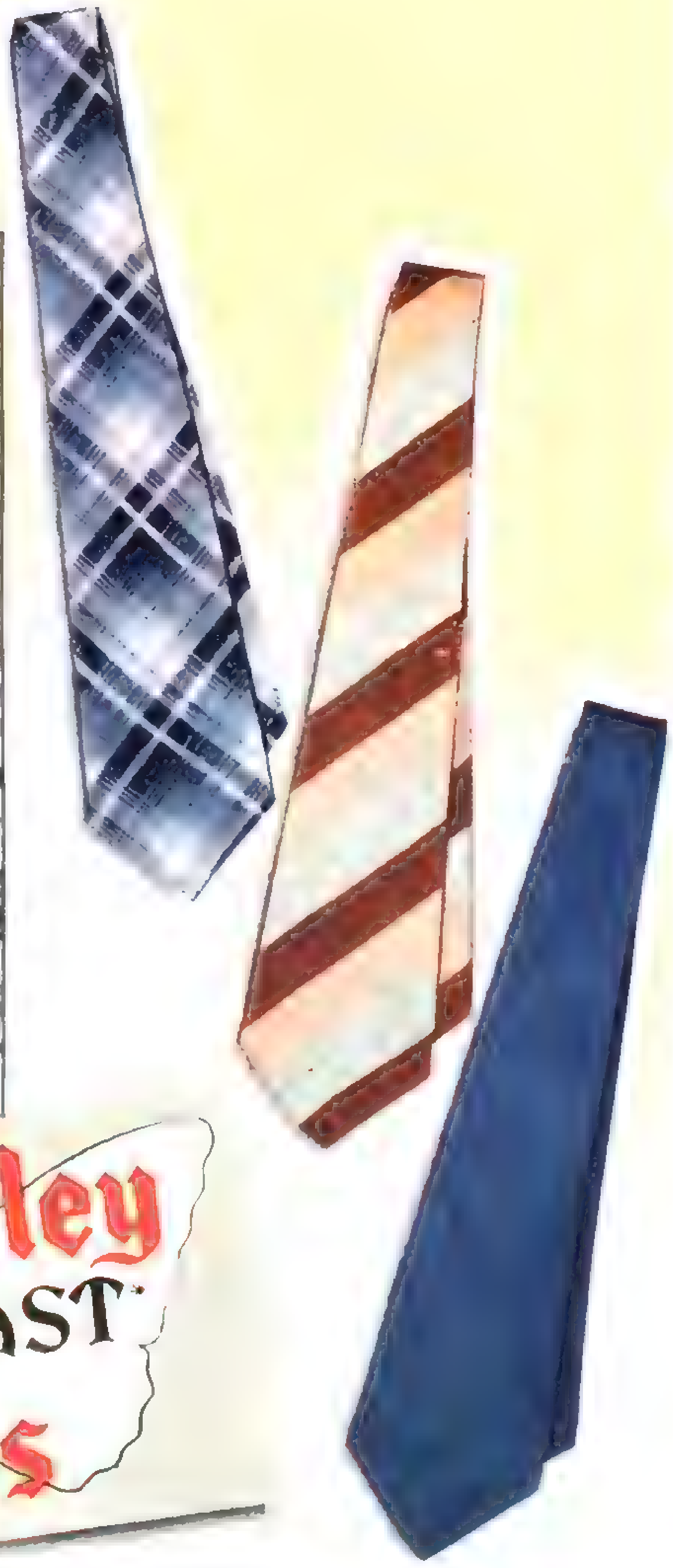
See at stores or order on money-back guarantee. In White, Red, Green or Cream finish $1.25. Chromium $1.50. Silver finish $1.00

ZIM MFG. CO., 3047 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGRIA-CLAUDIENS — *Butterfly chosen as symbol of the new colors and patterns in Wembley NOR-EAST Ties made of Priestley "Non-Crush" fabric.*



DOT: *I catch on, Dad—but I'm way ahead of you. Your wrinkle-resisting Wembley NOR-EAST Ties are wrapped and ready!*



Wembley
NOR-EAST*
Ties

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHAT EVERY TIE-BUYER OR WEARER SHOULD KNOW

A secret weave makes Wembley *Nor-East* Ties wrinkle-resisting. They stay new-looking, drape gracefully and tie perfectly. More than that, their dollar price is right in line with your budget for Father's Day gifts. Whether Dad hints or not, he'll be pleased as punch with any of the new high-styled colors and patterns.

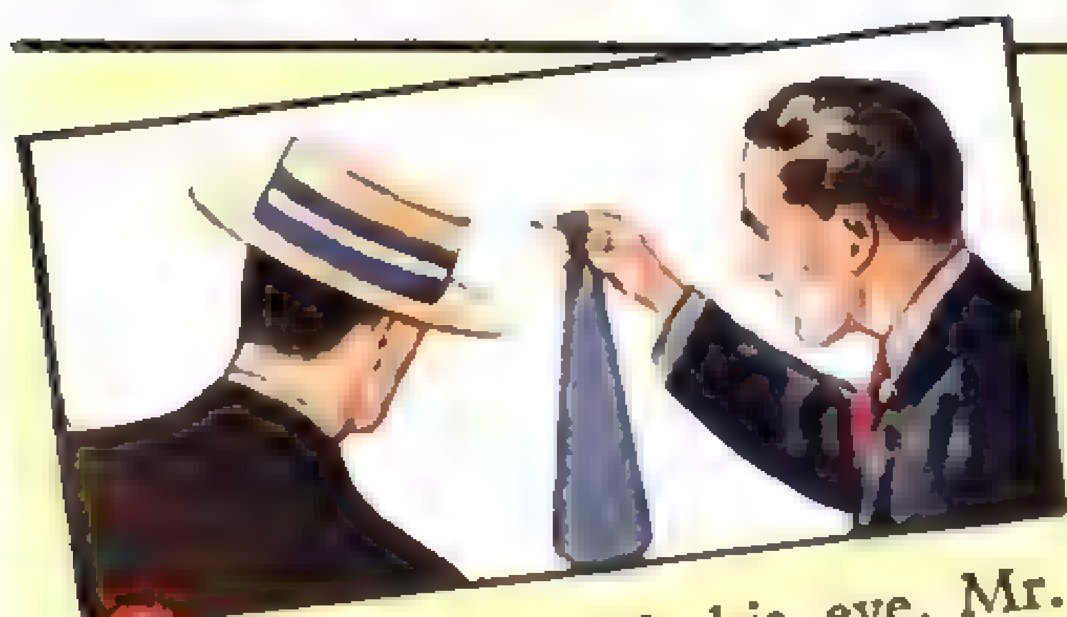
Insist on genuine Wembley *Nor-East* Ties and accept no substitutes! For name of nearest store handling them, write Wembley, Inc., New Orleans, La.

$1.00

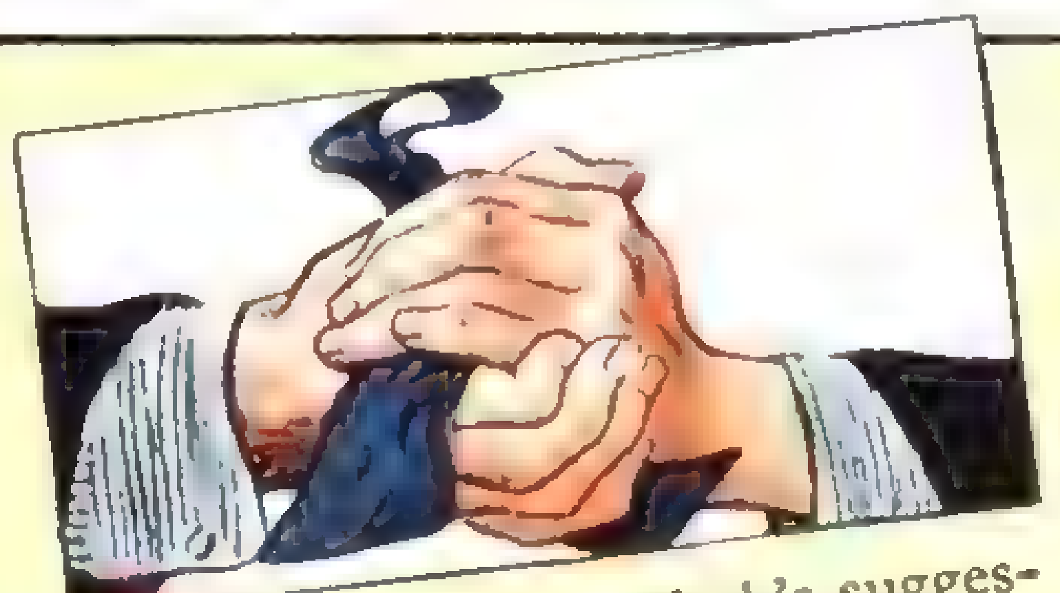
One of the 36 solid color shades, including black, available in Wembley *Nor-East* Ties. Send for FREE folder showing actual colors.

COPYRIGHT, 1941, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

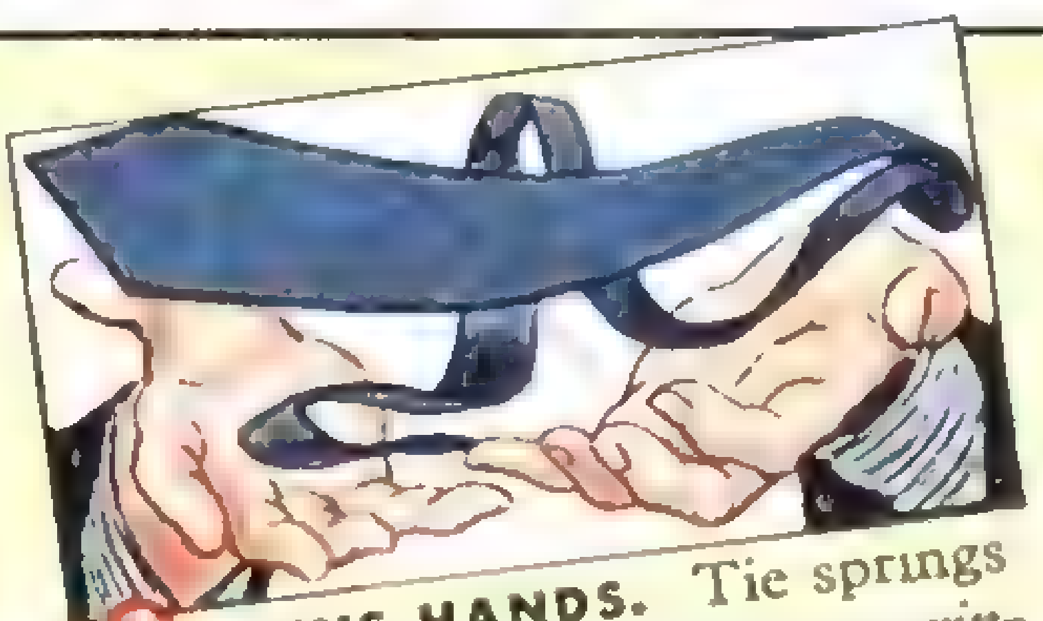
HERE'S HOW MR. PARKS DISCOVERED THE TIES THAT RESIST WRINKLES



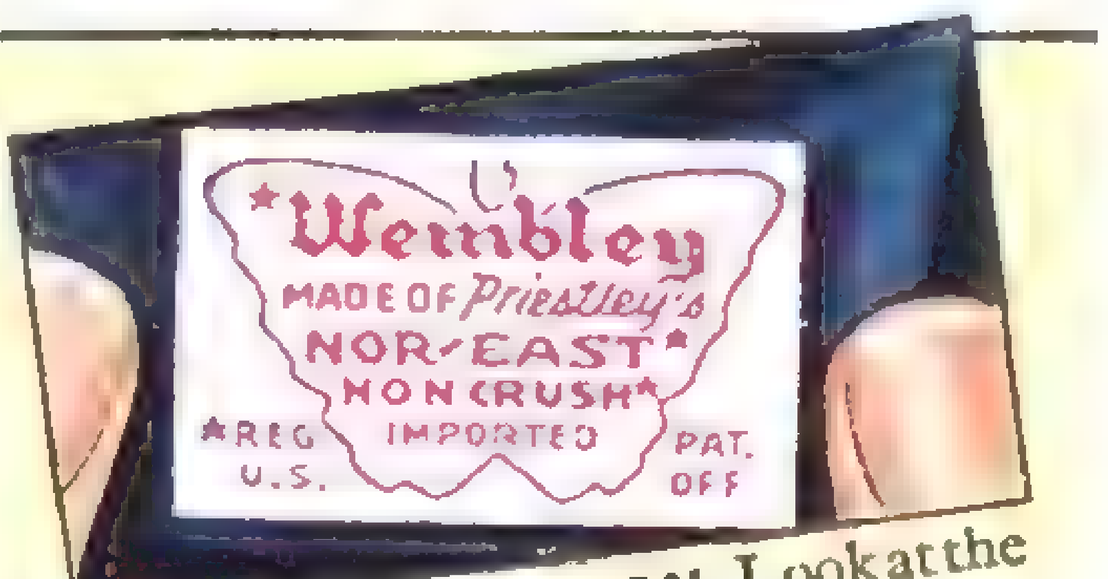
① **NEW TIES** catch his eye. Mr. Parks stops to inspect rich colors and patterns.



② **CRUSHES TIE** at clerk's suggestion—but is fearful of what it will do to the tie.



③ **OPENS HANDS.** Tie springs back into perfect shape. *Not a wrinkle!* Mr. Parks beams approval.



④ **THERE'S A REASON.** Look at the label. *It's a genuine* Wembley *Nor-East.* Mr. Parks buys several.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Edward Prell

Ed Prell, a native of Pittsburg, Kansas, has been on Chicago newspapers for the last twelve years, with the exception of a year as sports editor of the Fort Worth *Star Telegram*, and another year in the same capacity for the *Toledo News-Bee*. He has been with the *Tribune* for the last three years. He is thirty-six years old, is married, and has two sons: George, eleven and Edward, four. He's an old pal of James Dykes, the Chicago White Sox Manager, whom he writes about on page 68.

•

Oliver La Farge is teaching a course on the technique of the novel at Columbia University, and is also Editorial Advisor to the Alliance Book Corporation. He has recently received a Guggenheim Fellowship to write a novel, which he says is going to be entirely about white folks. He is, incidentally, co-author with Dr. Harrington of the Bureau of American Ethnology, of the new alphabet for writing Navajo, which is now being used in the Navajo schools. *Old Men's Plans*, his contribution to this issue of Esquire, is on page 66.

•

Al Bernsohn calls himself "just one of the many thousands of this country's obscure trade journalists and technical writers." One of his accounts, *United States Tobacco Journal*, gave him an opportunity to acquire the material for *A Good Cigar is a Smoke* (page 46). Such journals as *Popular Photography*, and *Commerce* publish his articles from time to time. He is twenty-five years old, married, lives in Chicago, with his wife and infant daughter.

Al Bernsohn

•

Louis Paul, who devotes his attention this month to the trials of Corporal Smoot (see page 52), is the author of a current best seller, *Reverend Ben Pool*, published in May by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

•

William H. Hendrix describes himself as a Chicagoan by choice and a New Yorker by circumstance. He worked for Frank Carson, of whom he writes (page 23) as reporter-at-large and later as news editor on the old *Chicago Herald and Examiner*. He entered the newspaper game soon after his school days, via the *Birmingham News*, and has been a reporter, roaming correspondent, city editor and news desk man on newspapers in Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago and New York. He is now on the staff of the *New York News*. Hendrix is known to his reading and radio public as the all-out defender of stray and oppressed pussy cats. He and Mrs. Hendrix have thirty-two cats in their Newark, New Jersey home which they reclaimed in the hope of finding homes for them. No dice. He tangled with the Newark authorities regarding his cat family a few years ago: the legal battle was chronicled daily in the newspapers of the nation, then radio took up the battle. An NBC "cat drama" in which Hendrix took his fight to the nation brought more than 7,000 replies from cat lovers. He won his case with the City of Newark.

William H. Hendrix

•

Ernest Redmond Buckler says: "I got off to a bad start as a writer, with a happy childhood. I was born in the country, of good, intelligent parents into that modest circumstance beyond the threat of want and short of the enervation of ease (with no distractions from electricity and sissy plumbing) which I would choose again. I was ready for the university at thirteen, but it took the university four more years to get ready for me. Meanwhile I worked summers at the Kent House, Greenwich, Conn. At the university, to confess a heinous abnormality, I found the average professor rather more intelligent, open-minded, and amusing, than the average student. After getting my Master's degree (in philosophy) from the University of Toronto, I spent a four-year incarceration at actuarial service—from which slow death, illness mercifully delivered me. Now I am farming—ordinary, and silver fox. But if the girls don't step up to the counter a little brisker this fall I'll feel inclined to make their neckpieces somewhat tighter, if you see what I mean."

•

Mark G. Harris wrote *How to Improve Your Putting* just three weeks before his death last March, at the age of eighty. He became interested in golf when he was sixty-five, and under the instruction of Bob MacDonald, in California learned to play championship golf. Paramount took shorts showing his remarkable golf technique in his seventieth year; at seventy-four in collaboration with P. A. Vail, he wrote a book entitled, *Putting Made Easy*, and in his seventy-eighth year he wrote an excellent book on golf called *New Angles on Putting and Chip Shots*. He attended the Jones School in Chicago, graduated from the Chicago Kent College of Law, and was admitted to the bar in 1897. He was in the tailoring business in Joliet, Illinois, for a time, and was appointed Postmaster of Joliet in 1894, by President Grover Cleveland. He founded the Gold Medal Tailors in Chicago, from which he retired in 1923.

•

E. L. Gray writes that *Dad's Day at State* is his first sale to a major publication. He says: "I have one main ambition, to write about middle class life as it is—not glamorized, not Steinbeckized. As a youngster, I lived in a small town where my father was sole boilermaker on a spur line and acquired a permanent interest in railroads and the men who work on them. I spent my time climbing around engines, investigating the machine shop, operating the turntable, riding in caboose and baggage car. After trying various selling jobs, I finally got a degree at Marquette and now, at thirty, I'm trying to pound common sense into the high school kids I teach."

North Bigbee

North Bigbee writes not only about the theater, as in *Hearts and Flowers*, but also for it. His first play, "an excited epic of gunpowder and gore," was written at the age of seven after the visit of a tent show to the little Texas town where he then lived. Of subsequent productions, he once had plays running simultaneously on Broadway (*Farewell Summer*) and in Hollywood (*Shall We Dance*), the latter being produced by RKO. He's written articles for many magazines. And last fall *Industrial Marketing* awarded first prize to his book about the oil industry as the best study of the year of the industrial relations on American industry. He handles publicity and advertising for the Texas petroleum industry. He calls himself a fresh-water sailor, having a Mallard on White Rock Lake near Dallas, Texas, where he now lives.

•

Roderick Lull, who wrote *Daughter of Danny the Red* (page 70), is editor of an industrial magazine. He has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Story*, *The American Mercury* and many little magazines. His stories have been on O'Brien's Roll of Honor several times. And like everyone else in this benighted country, he says, he is engaged on a novel.

Roderick Lull

RICH BODY
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
DELICATE AROMA
LUXURIOUS FLAVOR
STIMULATING TANG
6 Years Old For Richness —11 per cent
5 Years Old For Character —50 per cent
11 Years Old For Aroma —1 per cent
5 Years Old For Flavor— 33 per cent
5 Years Old For "Tang" —5 per cent
FINCH'S
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC.
SCHENLEY PA
OF THE 5 STRAIGHT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO
Golden Wedding
Now even the youngest is 5 years old!

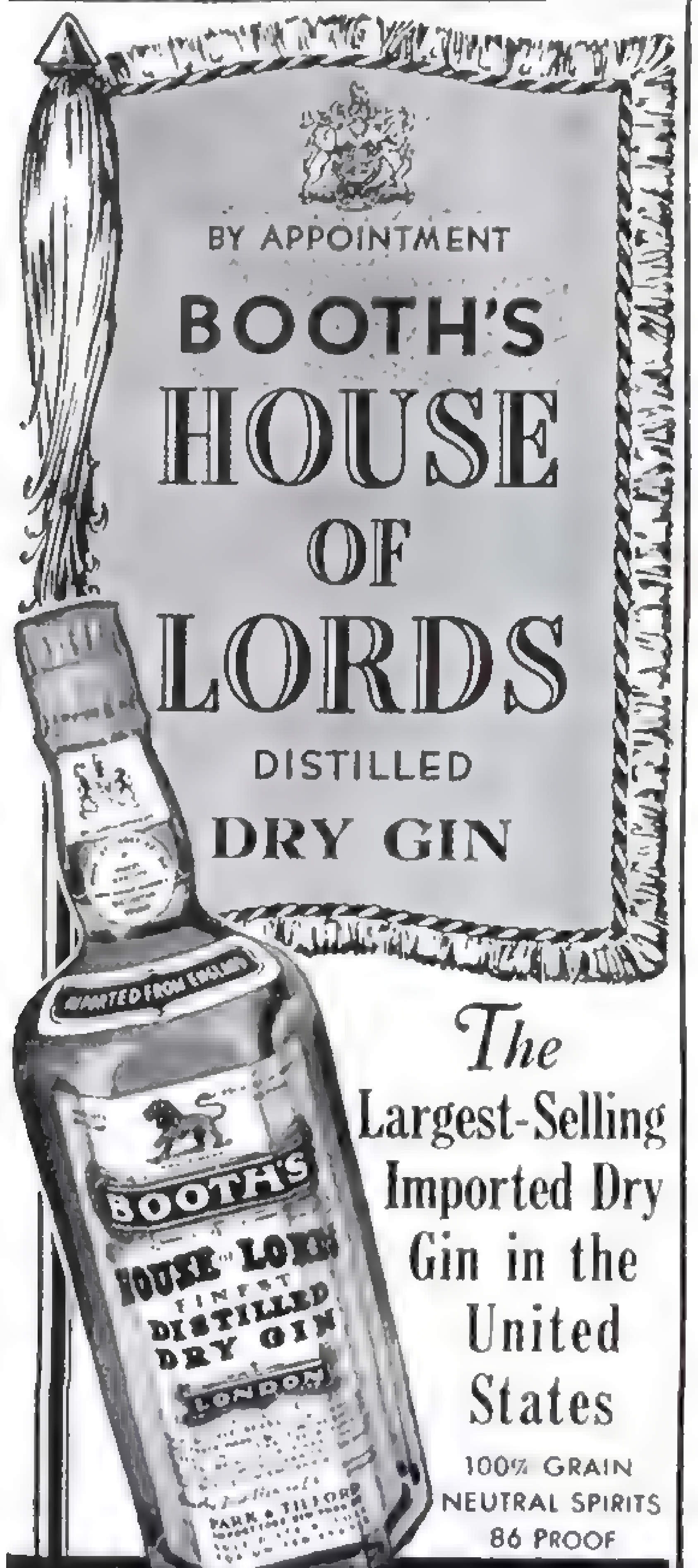
WHAT OTHER AMERICAN WHISKEY today offers *this* combination of choice aged whiskies! Note the ages on the decanters above—each whiskey is now 5 years or more old! This means a *Golden Wedding*, richer, finer than ever! And note, too, that each is carefully selected for one highly desirable characteristic.

By skillfully "wedding" *all five* into one, we attain the rich, full-rounded perfection of *Golden Wedding*. Unique? Yes, it's something no single straight whiskey, however fine, could give you... in one sip, you enjoy *simultaneously* all five fine qualities you look for in great whiskey! Try a bottle of *Golden Wedding* tonight!

"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS"

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof - Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding *are 5 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 88%, three straight whiskies 5 years old.* Copr. 1941, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
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DRY GIN
The Largest-Selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
86 PROOF
The World's Finest!
PARK & TILFORD
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SMART
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DINNERS
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MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S
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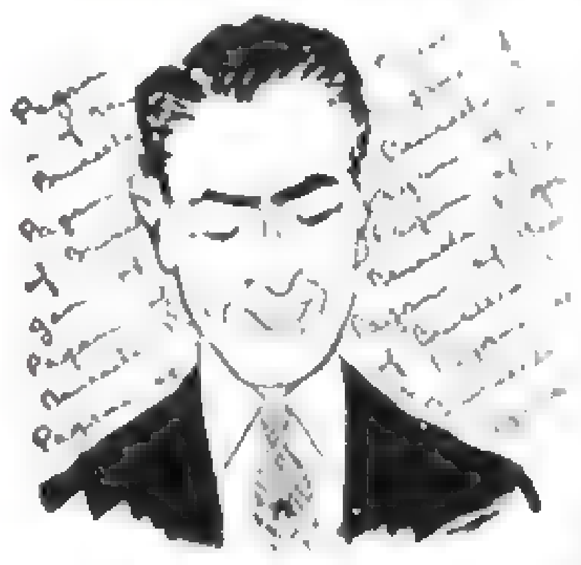
LAIRD'S 3 STAR ★★★ BRANDY
LAIRD & COMPANY, Scobeyville, N. J.

EXPRESS PAID—WRITE FOR PRICES
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA · SARSAPARILLA
QUININE SODA · GINGER BEER
RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

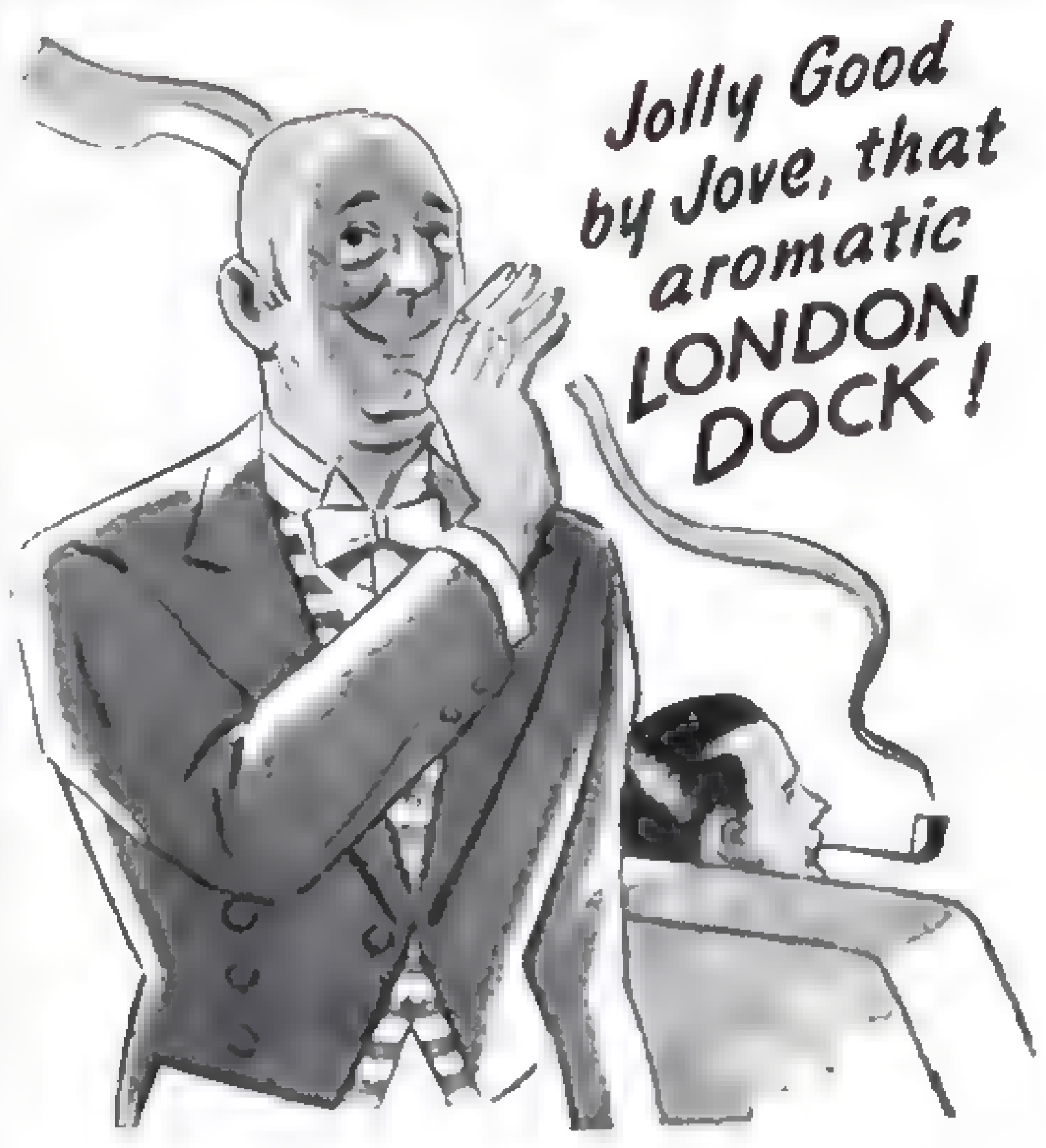
That the art of civilized dining and wining hasn't perished from the earth is due to certain gallant preservers and interpreters of the great traditions, one of whom is André Pagani, owner and administrator of the hyper-elegant new Brussels Restaurant, 26 East 63rd. Tall, dark-haired and streamlined, gracious in his bearing, Pagani exemplifies the hospitable etiquette of the old Continental Europe, where he won his spurs as headwaiter of the original Le Savoy restaurant in Brussels which was opened in 1900 on the Place de la Monnaie as that city's number one establishment of aristocratic glitter and gourmet-ism. When, after the first World War, a second and greater Le Savoy was unveiled on the Boulevard Waterloo, it was with Pagani as co-owner. The prestige of this institution was so marked, it was inevitable that he should be chosen to redeem the reputation of the Belgian Pavilion restaurant at the New York World's Fair which had suffered because of initial blunders; and there his artistry made itself immediately felt. However, it was impossible to produce on so large a scale the perfection he desired. So now in his East 63rd Street transplantation he is confining himself to a smartly exclusive setting in which he can devote personal supervisory attention to all diners, making sure that every nicety is observed. His chef de cuisine, René Aoudia, functioned similarly in Paris at the Continental, Carlton and Château de Madrid; likewise in comparable places in London and these United States. Pagani-Aoudia lobster, capon, duck, and pastry specialties are distinctively subliminal. And not the least of mine host's sagacity is shown in the choice of his *Vins du Pays*—i. e., American wines, served with the pomp and ceremony they deserve.



Forty feathered friends in silvered cages contribute chipper notes to the pleasantness of the Jardin du Perroquet, sidewalk café of the stately Fifth Avenue Hotel—lower Fifth at Ninth. Here sophisticated back-to-naturers of this choice residential region can be seen sociably ensconced amid the flowers and evergreens, where gay-hued chairs accommodate a hungry and thirsty population of 100. The fare is the same as that vouchsafed all year round at this hotel's sentimentally named Amen Corner, which is just within—as you may prefer on a raining evening. Indoors or out, the mood is one of satisfaction, sir: the same substantial people coming back and back for more of what they enjoyed so much last time. There is incidental entertainment strung through cocktail hour, dinner, mid evening, and night bonnet time. You can also have your palm Gypsy-perused. But first and last it's the agreeable atmosphere and the intelligent attentiveness of the entire personnel. One gets the impression that Manager Edward Williamson is acquainted with all the answers in regard to human comfort and contentment and magically spreads his lore.

The small snug Café du Parc, 17 East 60th, which blossomed new this season, is now merely a place of transit, with neat bar as delayer on the way to the back garden where the moon shines on the bald head of amiable headwaiter Angelo. Host Mike acquired a discriminating following at previous good places, and there is no sign of his losing them.

Authentic Swiss bounty, ranging from delish appetizers to a rolling wagon of melt-in-the-mouth pastries and bowled preserved fruits, is to be fallen upon in the blithe Alpine Grill belowstairs at the handsome Hotel Gotham, Fifth Avenue at 55th. Even the physical getup of the menus is colorfully tempting, and any item you poke your finger at is of foolproof excellence, for stanch Fred Huegli, maitre, is the guarantor. And can you trust him!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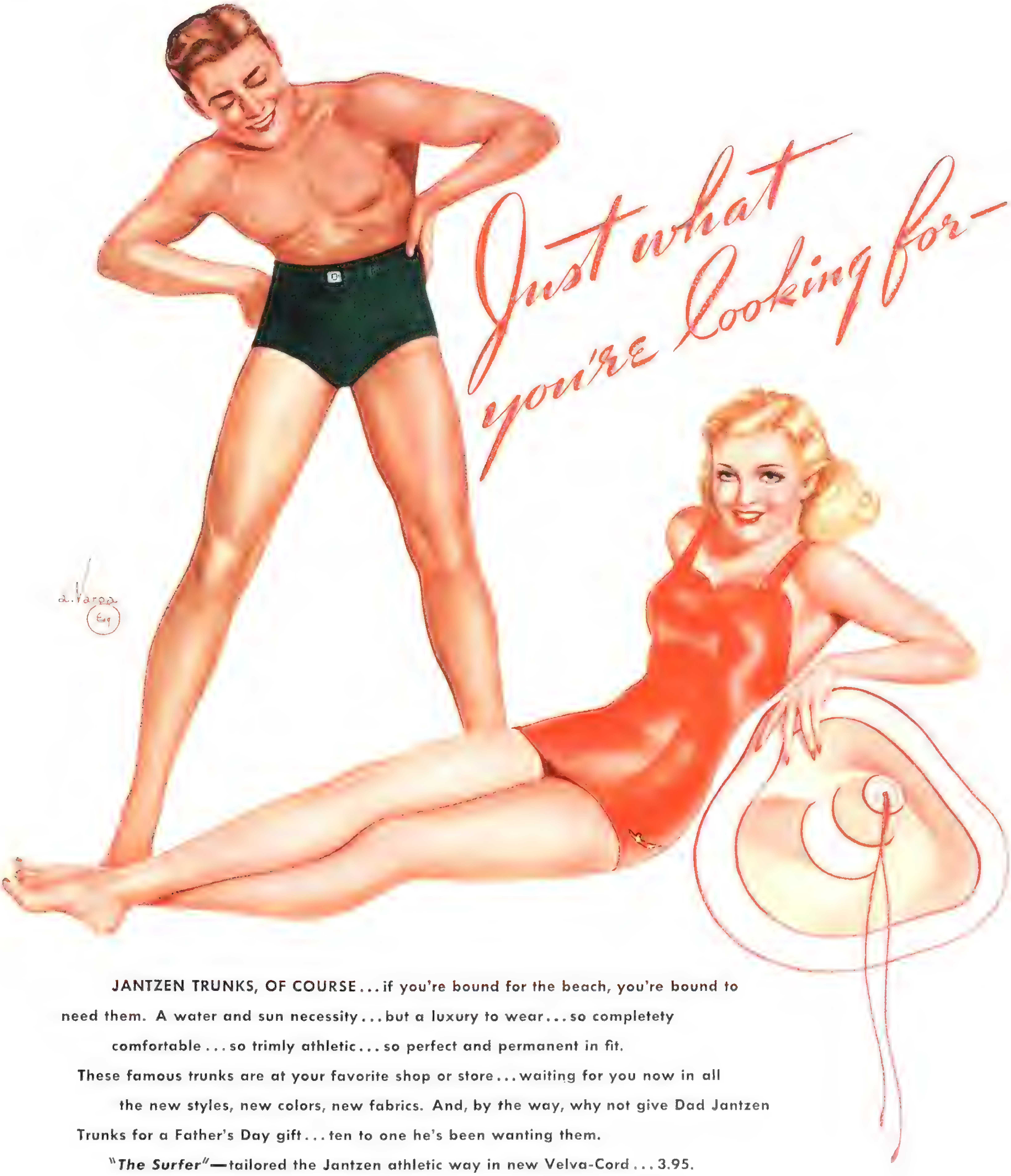
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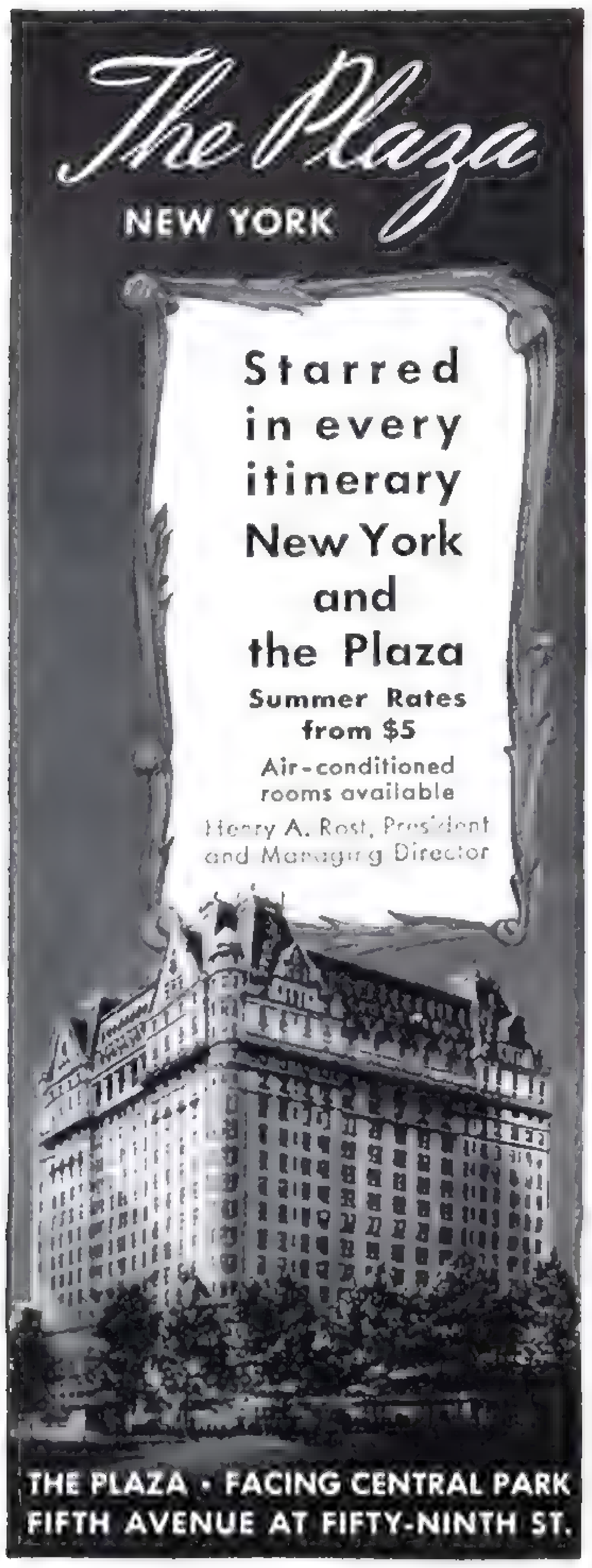
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The multi-storied horizon-gloating Essex House, where the key to Central Park goes with every room, has intrusted its podium to demon tunester Sammy Kaye. As a result, collegiate swingers are on hand nightly and numerously to have their sway in the revered Kaye manner, with dynamic Sammy giving his men the stick with a casual gesture of his left hand. Which means that the situation in the summer trimmed air-conditioned. Casino-on-the-Park of ye Essex is remarkably normal. As a Sunday feature, this hotel stages a stroller's brunch beginning at eleven o'clock which draws in not only pedestrians but equestrians. It's a mistake, though, to expect to toss Whirlaway's bridle to the hat check girl.

Top-flighters of sports, radio, stage, and screen—and the girl and boys who column about them—put in appearance nightly neath the barrel-shaped ceiling of the not undernourished hailsman Toots Shor, 41 West 51st. In equipment and bedizenment it's a public tavern of the ampler, lordlier sort; in actual practice it's the official hangout of this headline and byline crowd, with Toots the treasured taverner himself shepherding his flock beside the bar and visiting around from table to table, but never inquiring how your food is. He knows it's good, and your palate confirms that knowledge.

Statistical imaginations boggle at trying to compute the amount of romance conjured up by Ray Kinney and his orchestra in his five years (with Lani McIntire and his orchestra pinch-hitting now and then) in the dream atmosphered Hawaiian Room of Charles E. Rochester's Hotel Lexington. Some devotees have returned dozens of times, insisting that there's no other spot comparable. Reckoned in mere coconuts used as flavorful drinking cups, the tally piles up to something like the Pyramid of Cheops. What we've never solved is, how to stow away five Hellzapoppin Cocktails and then tell the waiter: Moa Oma Me Leko Me Palaoa (Poached Young Chicken and Ham with Rice, Hawaiian Style). The Aloha Maids unfortunately aren't on the menu but they are nice to look at as they go through their paces.

At the Versailles of headline names, Jean Sablon, ze "Parisian Bing Crosby," is being gazed at by the ladies and listened to by their escorts with curses, curses of envy . . . Splendid monument in print of the late G. Selmer Fougner, who did so much to spread knowledge of solid and liquid gastronomy, is his posthumously issued "Along the Wine Trail Gourmet Dinners," published by M. Barrows & Co. . . . Blue and red lights aloft on the northeast corner of 57th and Lexington tip you to the fact that Lady Spivy's zephyr-teased outdoor terrace is now functioning from cocktail time on. Besides Spivy herself, "with positively *no* new songs," as she tells us reassuringly, there's Betty Bryant with a repertoire of the latest, and British monologist Cyril Smith . . . Scads of notables of showdom, literature, politics, and Park Avenue make the Barberry Room (19 East 52nd) their happy nest under the friendly aegis of Jim Moriarity. Backgammon and gin rummy are jousted when the tables are cleared of their esteemed viands . . . Various estate owners in the vicinity of New York have been gladdened by surprise gifts of mint plants uprooted from the banks of some of Kentucky's best brooks. The donor, one of that State's renowned distilling firms, is snowed under with additional requests via friends . . . Paradoxical, that Hotel Pennsylvania. Staid people of substance make it their happy cliff dwelling for a day or a year, because of the Statler reputation for thinking of everything that counts for comfort. Yet this hotel's stupendous Café Rouge holds all records as the lively stomping ground of youthful jitter steppers.

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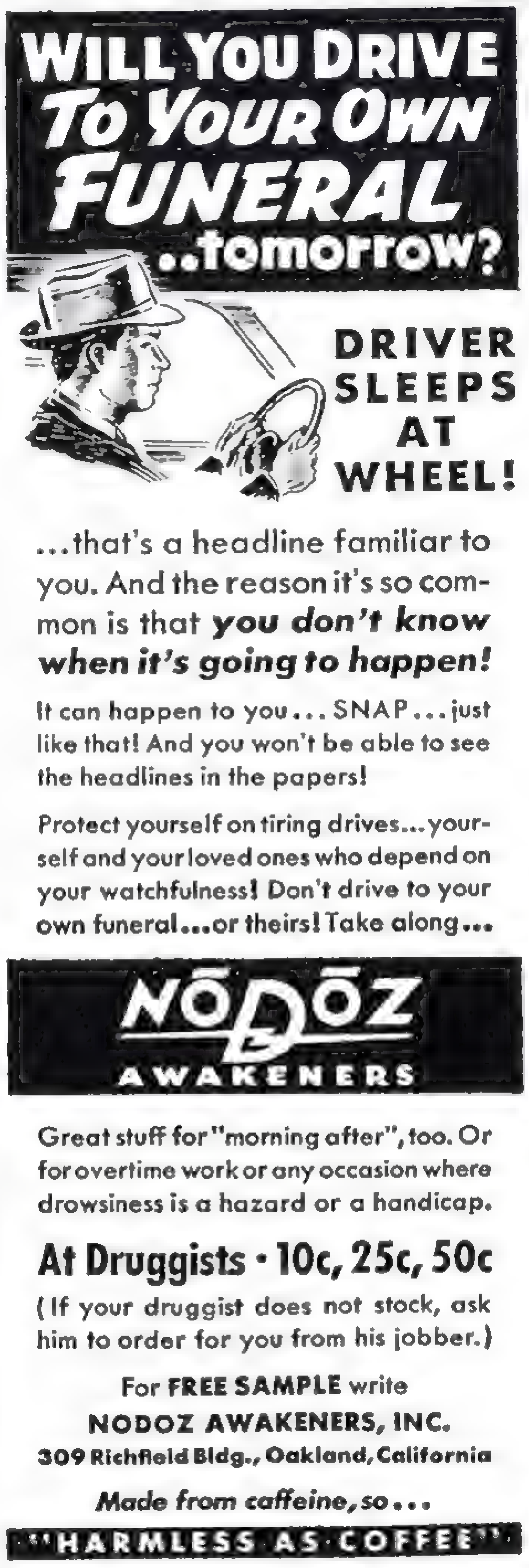
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Manhattan's expansive Atlantic doormat, Long Island, is anything but dusty as regards wayside spots of cheer, with every clam exclaiming, "Don't be a stranger!" Carriage traders turnpiking over the Triboro bridgework can bait their horses at the LaGuardia Airport, where feed-bags are swell, thanks to the fact that this field-commanding hospice (don't feed peanuts to the flying-machines!) is run by the same folks who operate the not very primitive Hotel New Yorker; also there's an adjoining snortery called Kitty Hawk Bar, worth pausing at . . . Dobbin, trotting on along Grand Central Boulevard, knows the turnoff for Roslyn and even with blinkers on can ease down the hill and up to Carl Werner's pleasantly perched Blue Spruce Inn—authentic old stone tavern with refection terrace out front and an ably conducted kitchen inside. Specialties: food à la Vienna and fresh minted juleps à la Kentucky . . . Steed and passengers refreshed, it's tally-ho for Rothmann's, pavilioned in East Norwich within easy access of Oyster Bay sea provender, yet steaking you with equal expertness. Succulent substantiality is the policy, and has been for years . . . More southerly, on the Jericho Turnpike, Syosset way, the burned-down Stockholm has been rebuilt even impressiver and now serves dancing along with its smörgasbord dinner. Handsome new murals of Swede scenes have been added, and the famous Old Mississippi décor of the main dining room re-created. It's the reckless rural fling of the treasured Stockholmers of 27 West 51st Street, opposite Rockefellerskyscraper Center . . . Nestling in the Huntington woods near the windmill (we're still lickety-clopping on Jericho) is the sundry-winged shack de luxe of lobster laird Leo Gerard who feeds 400 at a sitting and slakes standing cohorts. With such volume you wonder how he maintains tastiness. But that's his little secret, along with a special drink-of-the-house called Smoky, with Bacardi base . . . Oh so intime Round Hill (ex-private mansion on a gardened hump), where Peter Dellea and Mme. Pouchan do the receiving and offer epicurean food suggestions, is a fond hangout of well-heeled people in the know. Everything is cooked to order, and such cookery! You cocktail al fresco among the flowers and dine with the splendor of the sun garnishing your soup . . . Further south at Bethpage, sagacious Dobbin sniffs his way into the private precinct of Beau Séjour—slap-happy-looking old brick mansion amid floral and vegetable gardens. Prices aren't as trivial as a stranger might expect, but the food is of all-out excellence, famous since 1903, when this place was started. Gray-haired Mrs. Williams, sister of the chatelaine of Round Hill, is in personal charge in the spotless kitchen, and her son is spokesman out front. No menu—you have what you like. Especially clams au gratin, brandied chicken or guinea hen in casserole with wild rice, and well-seared steaks juicy within. Anyone in a hurry is a misfit here; this, as its name announces, is "Beautiful Sojourn" . . . And no quickie mood, either, at Shangri-la in Amityville, hosted by Peter Nemiroff, basemented these fourteen years on East 14th Street as owner and impressario of the Russian Kretchma. Blinking at the daylight, this amiable fellow offers a private beach and an erstwhile yacht club with intimate entertainment of his well-known sort, and highly competent food . . . In terrific fettle, our hoofer now caricoles on east to Sayville where, duck-ponded beside the Sayville Highway, sits twin-columned, port-cochèred Albert's—with large personably hospitable Albert himself shaking them up behind his tiny but splendidly provided bar. Fastidious palates from all over revel in his Soft Clams Sauté Meunière, Lobster Newburg, Roast Pheasant, etc., and the amazing riches of the cellar hoard . . . As Dobbin floats homeward, hummingbirds hover round his breath.

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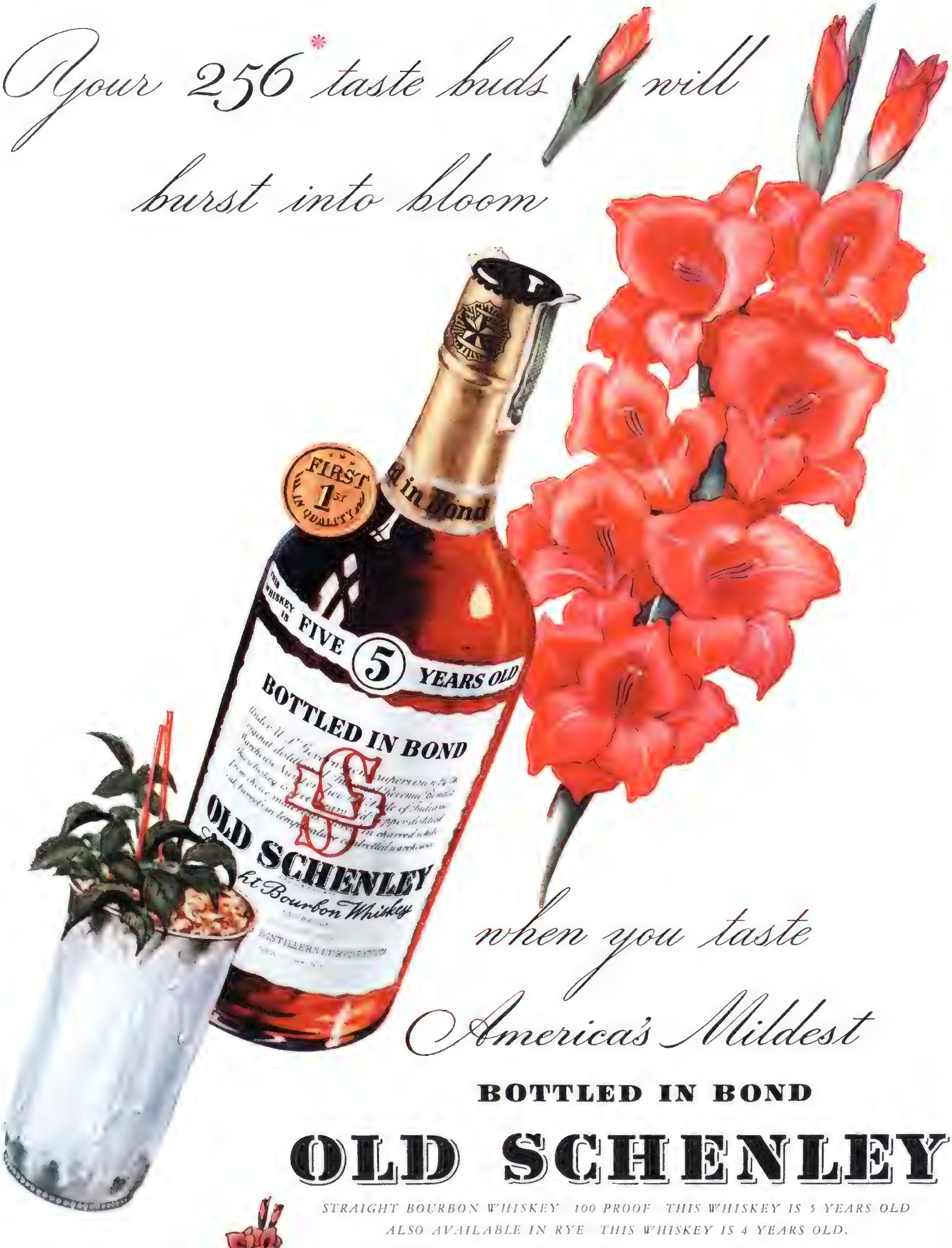
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Muscle-Man in Memoriam

Life story of that sleuthing, wire-tapping, warrant-faking, kidnaping and kidnaped dynamo, Frank Carson

by WILLIAM H. HENDRIX

• ARTICLE •

It was a warm, foggy twilight in Chicago, late in 1924. On every corner in the Loop excited clusters of people were discussing the one topic on every tongue—the probable fate, come tomorrow, of Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, rich young slayers of the boy Bobby Franks. Taxicab drivers were making bets on the outcome. Eager throngs were divided in their opinions. Would the pair get death—or would they escape with life sentences?

"Well, only one man knows the answer," the crowds murmured as they dissolved their street corner speculation sessions, "and we'll all know tomorrow morning."

The one man, of course, was Justice John Caverly, before whom the famous trial had been held, and who at 9:30 next morning was to render his decision. But the eager thousands were wrong. There was one other man who *knew* what the verdict would be—just one other in the whole world, because the justice, until early the next morning, had not dictated his ruling even to a confidential secretary.

The other man was the late Frank Carson, managing editor of Hearst's *Herald and Examiner*. Carson was then known, and in the next few years even better known, as the man of whom to expect the unpredictable. Rival editors took turns at cursing what they called his unorthodox ethics in news gathering and making editorial assaults upon the technique with which he got the big stories—first. Carson it was who designed a school of journalism to fit the needs of the turbulent period he was living through. In the rowdy twenties, readers wanted as much jolt in their news as they got from their bootleg gin; Carson provided it. They were living through the wild era of stock market boom and skyrocketing prosperity and wanted startling treatment of their reading matter. Carson provided it.

It was Frank Carson who designed and perfected the system of having a desk drawer full of badges of all kinds—sheriffs, police, detective, federal agent—and having at all times a crew of reporters who were keen enough on news to get a story, and tough enough in appearance to impersonate an officer. In a companion drawer he always kept a supply of all manner of legal writs—warrants, writs of replevin, attachments and whatnot. And so, when a spectacular murder occurred, Carson was ready without delay to search the murderer's home for evidence, usually hours ahead of the slower-moving officers. And when the blonde co-ed slew her married sweetie and then herself, it was Carson who thought there might be a diary, and there was—but this he had to burgle from a safe in a police station. More of that later.

It was inevitable, too, that the man who, as an editor, was not above kidnaping and holding important criminals until he had bled them white of news for his papers before releasing them to the proper authorities and his rival editors—it was inevitable, of course, that some day the kidnaper should himself be kidnaped. And he was, kidnaped actually, knockout drops and all, in Chicago, by another editor who wanted him on his staff and couldn't lure him by financial offers from his job. More of that later, too.

And his wire-tapping activities—wire-tapping was another thing that Carson employed as a normal part of his newsgathering setup.

But, back to that Chicago night when all the city was stirred with speculation. That afternoon, Carson had met his good friend, Justice Caverly, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Realizing that the story of the verdict was the biggest news event of the year, Carson had carefully rehearsed all the theatricals for his act. After a long conversation with the judge, in which he praised the court's masterful handling of the difficult assignment, Carson assumed a harried, disturbed look.

"What's worrying you, Frank?" the justice asked. "You don't look your usual happy self."

Swell, Carson figured. The act must be good. And so he poured into the justice's ear a story of his troubles. He explained how a man, working for a big organization, was expected day by day to do bigger and bigger things.

"It isn't what you've done, it's what you're doing today and going to do tomorrow, that keeps you in the game," he moaned. Then he drew closer and whispered to his judicial pal:

"Now, all the papers will extra, of course, the second you pronounce that sentence tomorrow morning . . . If I could know right now what that sentence will be, it would mean I would have half an hour's edge on the story . . . and might mean the making of me, you might say, in my organization . . .

"Now, I know you couldn't, nor wouldn't, utter a word to me. I wouldn't want you to so compromise yourself. I want you to be able to always say, if it should ever be asked, that you didn't tell me anything. But Judge . . . if I should happen to *guess* what the verdict will be, will you look out that window, there, across the lake?"

Justice Caverly looked understandingly at his old-time friend and nodded, with a faint smile on his face.

"Well, then," Carson went on, "death . . ."

Justice Caverly stared over Carson's head at the blank wall.

"Life . . ." Carson whispered, and Justice Caverly turned his tired eyes toward the window and gazed thoughtfully at the big lake.

And so at evening, while crowds milled

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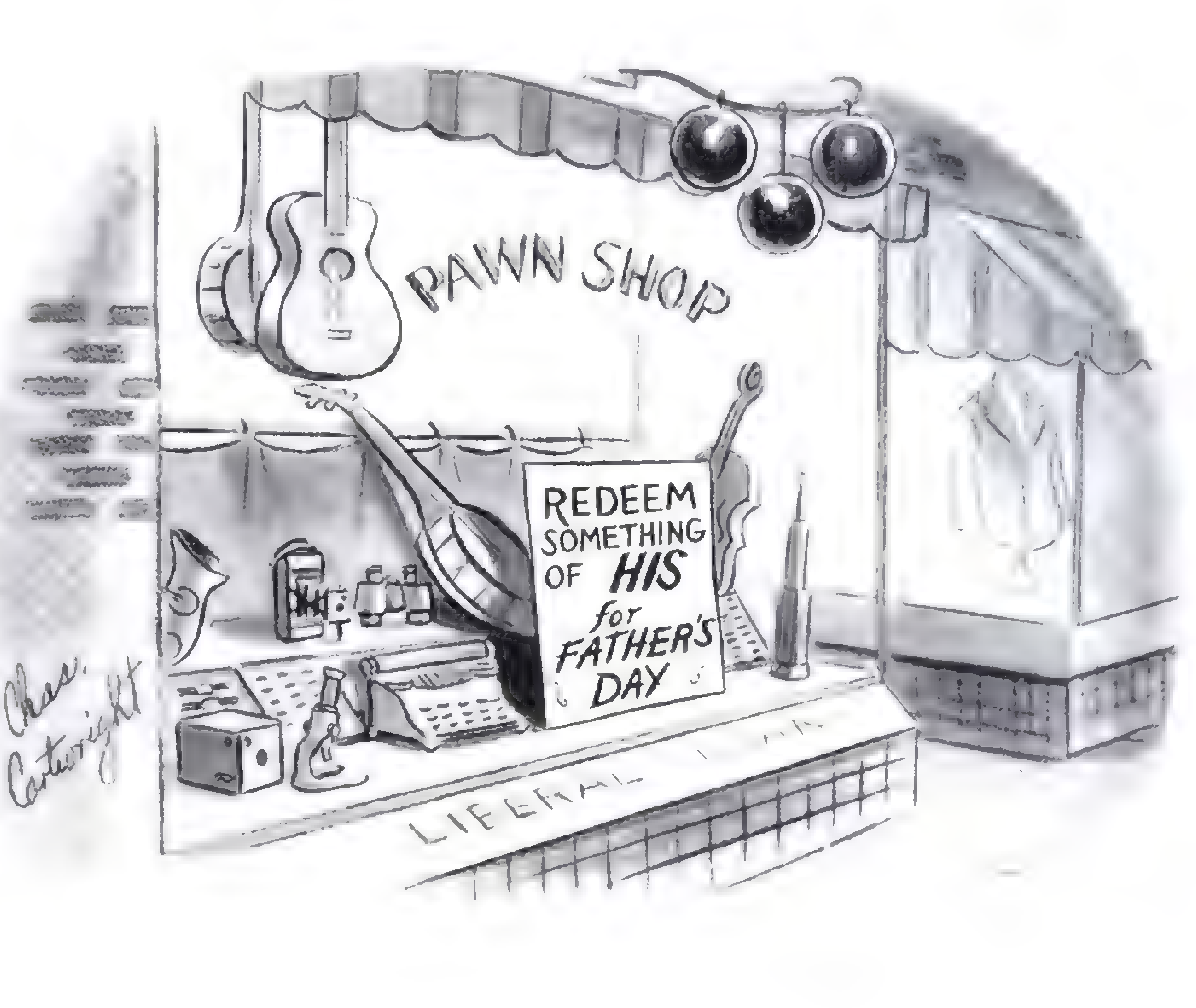
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Dad's Day at State

The oddly assorted trio in the Fathers' section had one common interest, their sons on the team

by E. L. GRAY

• FICTION •

℞

He knew damn well he shouldn't have let Liz talk him into coming. This wasn't his speed. Mike Drakos stared defiantly at the football crowd pushing him against the rail as they streamed up the aisles toward their seats. "You'll have a good time," Liz had said, "and it's only right you should see Jim play once anyway before he graduates." Well, she was wrong.

He thrust the half ticket he still carried into the face of a passing usher. "Where's this?"

"Next aisle, row five—say," the boy's face lit up, "you must be one of the players' dads."

"Yeh." That's what he hated—being gawked at by everyone just because he had a son who played football. Nobody'd care one *thing about him or Jim if Jim wasn't so good* on the field.

The boy began shouldering a way for him through the mob of women in furs and men in well-fitted tweed or dark overcoats. "Which one is your son?" he asked.

"Jim Drakos."

"Jim's dad?" The boy stopped dead, and people behind them immediately began to push past. "Gosh, I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Drakos." He seemed set on having everybody within a mile hear him.

"Yeah, well, let's get going."

They moved ahead again. "We're all sure proud of Jim," the kid said, and his voice was still too loud.

"Yeh." He wished he hadn't come. The brown-belted overcoat Liz had made him buy special for today looked different from those the older men were wearing. Nobody else had on a cap, either.

"Here you are, sir, and I'm certainly glad I met you."

The kid treated him as if he were a movie star. Mike just nodded.

The rows reserved for the players' fathers were almost filled. He supposed most of the men had come over in a body from the lunch the school had given. Naturally he hadn't showed up for that. Catch him talking to a bunch of saps for a couple of hours, hearing speeches about how proud the school was of all their sons. You're damn right they should be proud of them. The boys were the ones who were paying for the buildings.

He pushed his way past the knees of men who stared at him. Alcohol was on many breaths. Getting a snootful early. He'd never been to a football game like this, but he knew all about them from Frank Taylor, conductor on the football specials. A bunch of old fools who wanted to act like kids again and who could not hold their liquor any better than kids.

There was such a racket, too, that a man could hardly think. A band right down on the track in front of them was playing. Men kept yelling to each other. A fellow passed, bawling, "Programs! Get a program. Can't tell the players without one." God, it was worse than the roundhouse with every air-hammer pounding.

When he sat down, the man on his right immediately turned to him with a bottle. "How about a drink?"

Mike took in the sporty cut of the camel hair coat, the loud muffler, the round, flushed face. "No, thanks," he said shortly.

"You got to have a little drink! I'm Scott Willis; my boy's playing in the line today. Same position I played with the school twenty-one years ago. All-American Willis." The guy looked at him as if he thought everyone would remember.

Well, Mike didn't. Twenty-one years ago he was learning to drive staybolts in the back shops and worrying if there'd be enough money in the bank to pay for the operation the doctor said Liz needed after Jim was born. He thrust the ticket stub into his pocket and stared straight ahead.

The guy was still trying to tell him how wonderful he had been at college. Mike wished he'd made Liz come along. They could have sat somewhere together to see Jim and formed a kind of wall against guys like this one. But Liz said she couldn't stand seeing Jim maybe get hurt.

The real reason was, of course, that she didn't want to spend the money.

A roar went up and he found he had risen to his feet automatically with the rest of the stadium. State's team in their blue and gold uniforms were coming on the field.

The fellow next to him was talking again. "Boy, oh boy. This is *the* big moment in the boys' lives. Fifty thousand people yelling all for them. It sure does something to me. I feel I could go out there right now and tear the M. and U. line wide open!" He waved the bottle over his head. "Yeah Chuck, yeah Willis! Yeah, yeah, Chuck Willis!"

Damn fool. He'd almost hit the fellow in front with the bottle.

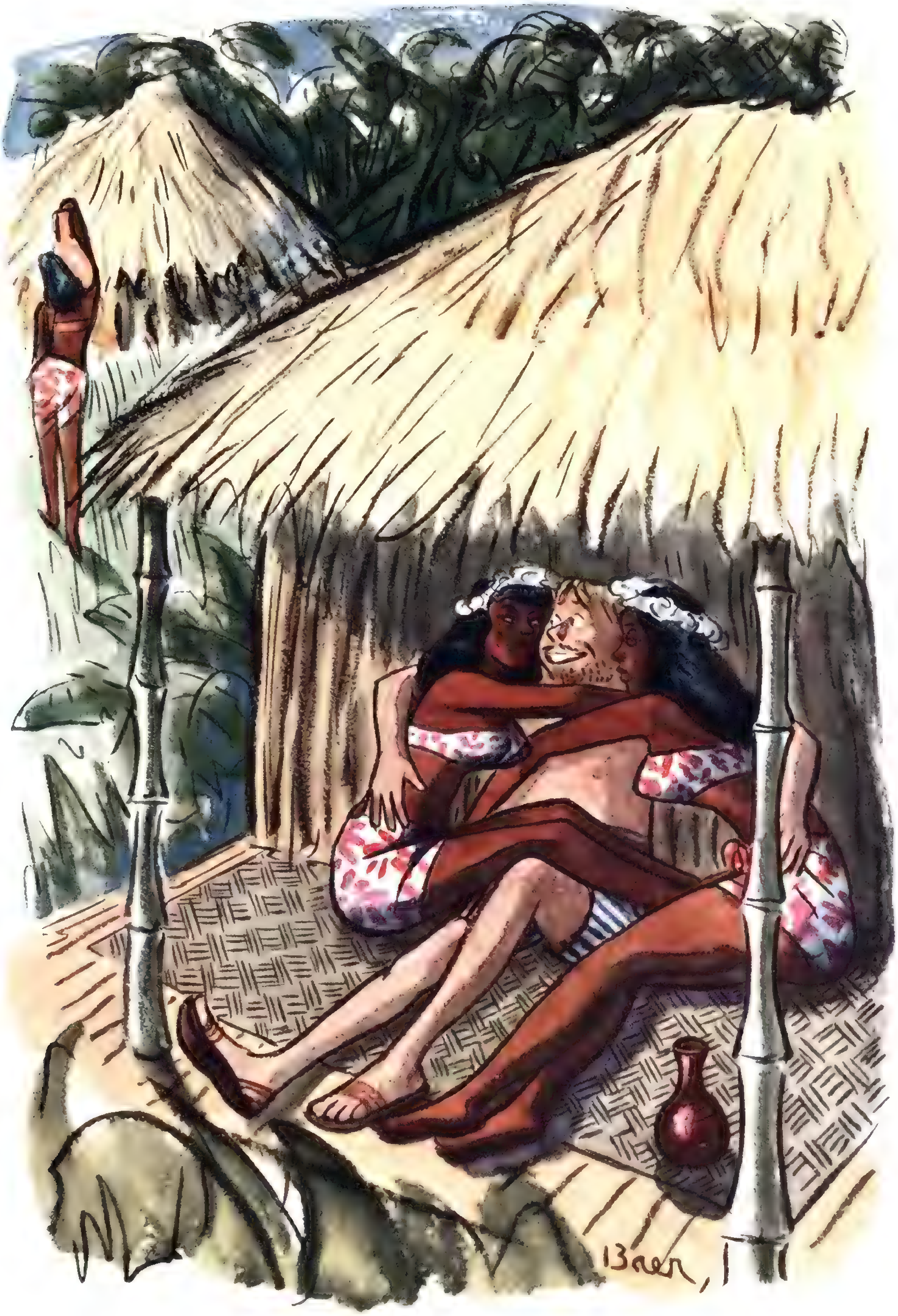
"Is your son in the first line-up?" It was the guy on his left. The faint Eastern accent in the words reminded Mike of old man Stuart, president of the road, who'd talked at a banquet of all the union shop crafts last year. The men had gone around for a couple of months afterwards talking like that whenever they wanted to be funny. This fellow looked a lot like the president had, too: dark gray overcoat; dark hat; white muffler; hair black, with just enough white at the side to make him look like a movie star. Seeing his clothes, Mike felt even more out of place.

"Yeh," he said, "I guess so. His number is 39, and I see him running around out there with the others."

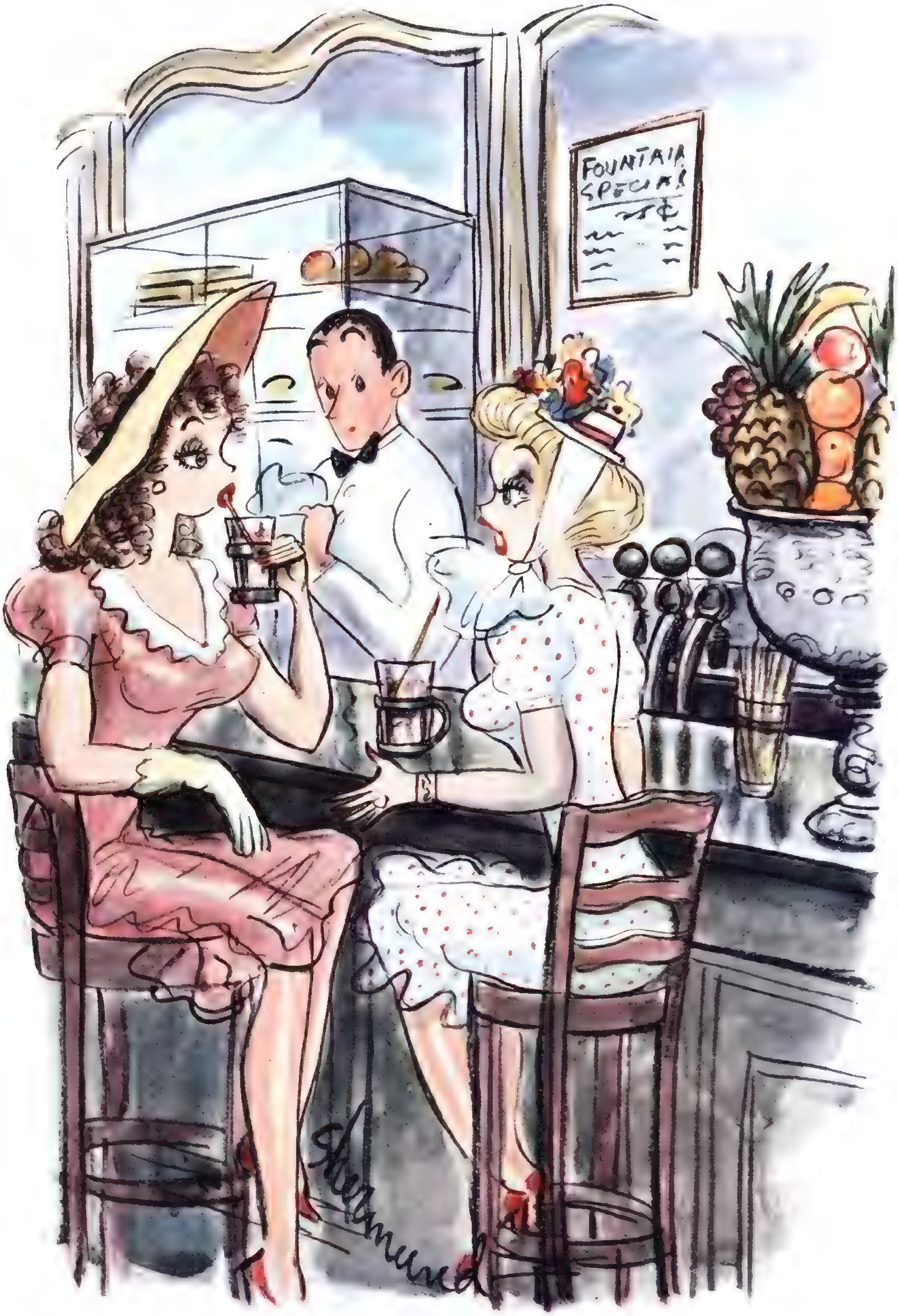
"Thirty-nine!" The man leaned toward him, interest lighting his gray eyes. "Say, shake hands. My name's Thermal. You must

Continued on page 120

"Well, this is Father's Day, Mr. Melrose—you just got in under the wire"



"I really came here to write a play"



FOUNTAIN SPECIALS
Shermund

"I'm not sure but I think in a dictatorship you have to have children, but in a democracy they leave it up to you"

The Prodigal Marquis

Boni de Castellane had never really lived until he married Anna Gould, and forty million American dollars

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

HE MADE the *bon mot* of the era. A reporter asked him for a statement about his wife. "How I knew her and how I came to know her," he said, "is a little story that can be told in less than twenty words. Our eyes met, our hands met, our lips met, our lawyers met."

When his wife filed suit for divorce she claimed that he had spent $4,600,000 of her money and had left her with about $3,000,000 in debts. That would be about $35,000,000 today. His wife's lawyers named five women specifically as co-respondents but there were altogether about forty women named in the divorce complaint. Boni merely replied that luxury and ease were both in his blood.

In the history of international relationships he deserves a special chapter. He was the first titled nobleman to marry an American heiress.

In 1894 this small, blonde Marquis with a painted face was twenty-seven years old, penniless, and on the loose. In the same year Anna Gould, the richest heiress in the world, rounded out her debut by coming to Paris. Miss Gould was small and shy and had forty million dollars. Within a year she and Boni were married in New York.

The first purchase he made after his marriage was a pair of Gobelin tapestries for 250,000 francs. (He never hung them up.) In one week he bought the original Gainsborough sketch for *The Blue Boy*, a Van Dyck, a Rembrandt, the famous "Morrison table," a pair of Celadon vases mounted by Gallifieri, a 14th Century carpet from the Lisbon Cathedral, a dinner service of Green Sèvres, a pair of crescent cupboards (500,000 francs), some Sèvres tables, some Chinese vases, and some silver soup plates. This was only the humble beginning.

He bought a plot of land on the Bois de Boulogne and built a replica of the Petit Trianon at Versailles, the old home of Madame de Maintenon. Louis XIV had always been his favorite king, but in his copy of the sun king's bordello, Boni made a slight improvement on Louis. Instead of stone he used salmon-pink marble. When it was new, and not dirtied by time and gossip, the place looked like an elegant cut of strawberry short cake. In later years Boni himself was to recall an old Chinese proverb that said, "When you have painted your house in rose color, Fate covers it with black."

He bought the *Walhalla*, a three-masted yacht of 1,600 tons with auxiliary steam power. It was run by a crew of one hundred men and eight officers.

He bought a racing stable of twenty thoroughbreds. "I never looked upon my horses as representing sport," wrote Boni. "All that concerned me was the decorative side of racing, and I liked to watch the effect of my mauve and green colors, seen in conjunction with wonderful horseflesh against a charming setting of trees and verdure." Every Sunday afternoon a trumpet note would ring through the Bois de Boulogne. The gates of the Castellane mansion would open and Boni and Anna would come riding out in a magnificent Louis XIV coach pulled by four horses, driven by a coachman in satin breeches and white wig, and attended by two footmen in yellow livery. The trumpet had announced that the Castellanes were on their way to Longchamps, where they ran some of the best and some of the worst horses in the history of that track.

He built a yacht, the *Anna*, to compete against England for the cup at Cowes. The *Anna* broke a propeller during the race and had to be towed in, but before the race Boni accomplished his real purpose. He entertained the Prince of Wales. They dined on a carpet of four thousand tea roses which Boni had had sent down from London.

His favorite decorative scheme for a party consisted of scarlet-liveried footmen and doric columns festooned with mauve clematis.

On Anna's twenty-first birthday Boni gave a party at the Tir aux Pigeons, a public park. The lawn was lit by eighty thousand Venetian lamps made especially from Boni's designs. Approximately nine square miles of carpet were laid on the grass to protect the feet of the guests from the dew. Sixty footmen in scarlet did nothing but stand around to lend a splash of red to the color scheme. There were three thousand guests; there was a ballet of eighty dancers; there was an orchestra of two hundred pieces. Fireworks and fountains of fire illuminated the night for the guests of the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane. At one inspired moment during the proceedings somebody released twenty-five swans. They flew hysterically in all directions to give the guests a taste of what a swan song really sounded like. This was an idea conceived and executed by a man named Camille Groult, who had made his fortune by manufacturing the vermicelli stars and circles that float on the surface of clear soup. Boni considered him one of the few men in Paris with any taste at all.

At another party in the Avenue des Acacies, Boni spent one hundred thousand dollars in one night.

"I have always had a flair for entertaining," he said.

One of the few Americans he admired was P. T. Barnum.

* * *

If Marie Ernest Paul Boniface, Marquis de Castellane was the greatest spendthrift of modern times—and there seems to be no rival in sight—he certainly did not learn his trade at home. His family had some money but they kept it away from Boni. He claimed

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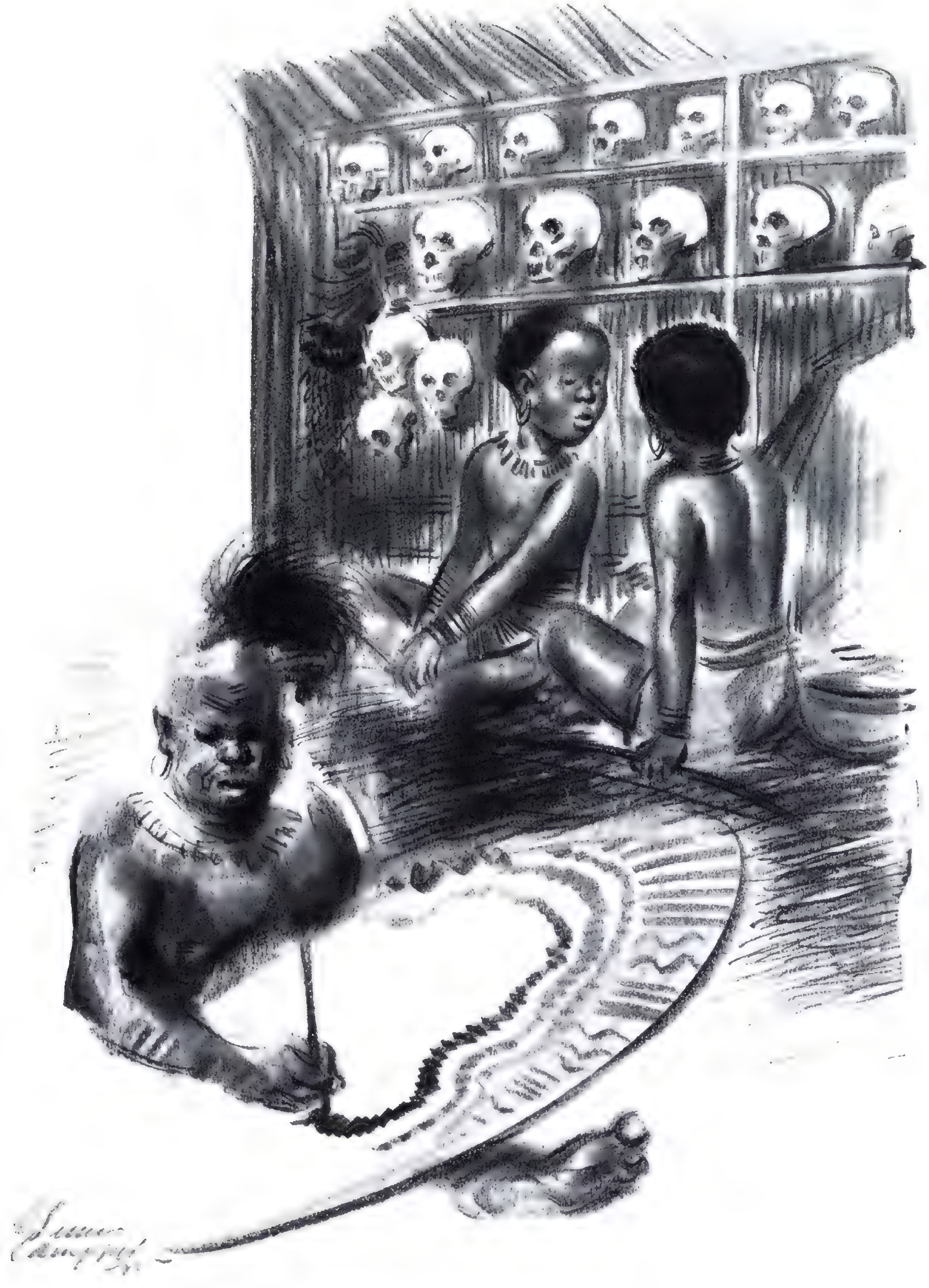
"Mr. Pastel will see you now!"



"Think hard—we can't keep giving him skulls every Father's Day"

Don't Eat Your Old Man

Looking back, in the light of history, anthropology and Freud, on strange and fearful ways of observing Father's Day

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

THE idea of Father's Day is as old as the history of cannibalism. And like the so-called complex of Oedipus, onetime *rex*, it has its seat in primordial ooze—or thereabouts. Today, of course, you give your Old Man a necktie, or what you will; but the you of several hundred thousand years back gave the Old Man a noose, or a *Pithecanthropus erectus* conk on the bean; you also chewed him up, converting him on the spot into a half-simian angel.

Now it is the perversity of human nature sooner or later to call white black; and this simple, healthy, animal impulse toward Old-Man-eating—patrophagy, if you will—was soon endowed with guilt, inverted, made into a form of gift-giving, and called "good." Thus, the primitive Father's Day came, in the course of time, to be a day when violence was replaced by good wishes, and garotting by garrulous piety. Perhaps, after all, the world, as the famous reverend put it "do move."

The reason for the early hocus-pocus was simple, almost to the point of naïveté. As Dr. Freud has limned it, with uncompromising directness, you as a young buck in the primitive horde found the Old Man very much in the way. He appropriated too much food, he expropriated too many females, and too often he pushed in your face just for the hell of it. So it came to pass, one spring day, when your sap was rising, that you conceived the bright notion of putting the Old Man in his place, which was Heaven—a paleolithic heaven, it is true, but a far away and shadowy place, none the less.

On this appointed day, you put him on the spot. And swiftly the Old Man sped on to his sacred destination—an angel, ghost, god, or zombie, depending on the circumstances.

It must be remembered that you were not very quick-witted in those dawn days. You acted first and did your thinking afterwards, like a congressman. And so having converted the Old Man into a supernatural force, you suddenly became panic-stricken. Here was the Old Man, now more powerful than ever before, and fully prepared to wail in the dead of night, wither the udders of your cows, and short-circuit your virile lightning.

In your childish way you decided to put on an act. You would try to convince your spiritualized Old Man that it was all a mistake, you didn't mean to do it. You apologized. You put out a lot of useless gifts. You made up little verses in the lingo of your day to the effect that there never was an Old Man like your Old Man, "Scourge Almighty, Creator of Hell on Earth." And you created a series of special taboos in an ostrich-like attempt to fool the Old Man into thinking you were a much better son than you knew he knew you were.

As time went on, everything got mixed up, as things must inevitably be mixed up in a world that is mad. Sometimes you thought of your Old Man just as plain "Old Man." Sometimes you identified him with a tree, an animal, a king, or a god. But always you expressed the same kind of impulse in the same kind of way.

Suppose we look at some of these customs in the light of history and anthropology. Afterwards we can go to a movie, a bull fight, or a public execution, and relax.

To start with our own times, let's summarize the significance of the bear ceremony of the Hairy Ainus in the light of Father's Day, remembering that the bear is just the Old Man one step removed (and remembering, among other things, that it is common practice to call the Old Man an Old Bear).

If you were an Ainu, living on the non-sovietized half of the Island of Saghalien (which is the part of Japan which adjoins Russia), you would invite your friends to a Father's Day party with a card reading roughly as follows: "I, so-and-so, am about to sacrifice the dear divine thing which resides among the mountains. My friends and masters, come ye to the feast; we will then unite in the great pleasure of sending the god away. Come." The translation is free, we not being over-proficient in the Ainu tongue.

At the appointed hour, the guests arrive; the bear is ceremoniously ushered into an enclosure. You make a little speech. "I love you very much," you say to the bear, making a deep bow. "You know I've always treated you kindly—and I hope you'll remember it. And what I have to do hurts me more than it hurts you." With this parade of piety over, you promptly go about your business of laying a board over the bear's neck, and jumping up and down on it. The bear gives up. Then, in alarm, you say, "What have I done? I didn't mean to do it—really I didn't. But now that thou hast died, please speak well of me." Or, in other words, "The King is dead—*vive le Roi*."

Everybody looking on shares your regret and your apology. "So solly—Panay incident." The women cry. The bear's head is chopped off, given a drink of wine. Everybody takes a quick highball made with the bear's blood. They eat his flesh, ask his pardon and blessings, and suggest that he come back soon so that everyone can make up for this terrible mistake.

As the symbolism of the bear ceremony implies, cannibalism usually accompanied bumping off the Old Man, although this was not always the case. It was preferred, however, whenever possible, both as a mark of respect to the Old Man, and as a means of taking over his powers literally lock, stock, and barrel. Herodotus mentions the fact that

Continued in center of page 136

"If that's Uncle Charlie's scalp again you'd better put it back before he wakes up"

On the Bench

Jonathan told his old cronies his son was after him to come to the city and live in a fine big house

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

THERE was this huge granite man behind them, and in the late afternoon they sat in his shadow. He was naked to the waist and, like all sculptured men, his chest divided into smooth muscular rectangles. In one hand he held a sledge hammer, in the other a large-toothed gear. He stood on a pedestal which was armored all around with bronze plates of inscription, and his name was "Progress" because the sculptor had been commissioned to do "Progress" and he had come out.

He had been made for some World's Fair and when the exposition had come to its timely, if unprofitable, end a Public-Spirited Citizen had bought the figure and transported it hither. The land had been donated by the Chamber of Commerce, the Town Council had ordered sod and grass seed, the Bureau of Streets had erected the iron paling, and there was Progress Park.

Somehow the bench had been forgotten, so four old-timers with nothing else to do had built the bench, for without a bench there can be no park. Three of the men were sitting on it now at sunset, smoking their pipes in the shadow of "Progress" and wondering crabbedly about the fourth, who was late.

Then a long, black car with a blaze of chromium on its ribs and a tired flamingo on its prow slipped up, silently on its white, sidewall tires.

"I had a hunting dog with lines like her," said Benny Jones, who was the oldest of the three and could lie fearlessly from behind a drooping mustache! "Clean lines—"

"The lines on her," broke in big Stevie Long, who was gaunt as a rail himself, "ain't clean, Benny. They're sleek but they ain't clean. They're fat and if a dog had 'em he'd be too bellyfull to sniff at a bird."

"Could be a Saint Bernard maybe," said Blind Davy Connors, the third man, who could not see well and picked up the threads slowly. His bushy gray eyebrows were like thatched roofs over his eyes.

"A Saint Bernard," repeated Benny, licking his mustached lips, "had a little kag of whiskey."

Big Stevie nudged him. "In them new cars they might even have a kag of whiskey."

Blind Davy thought on it. But before he could work his lower plate into position the car halted and out scrambled the fourth man, plumper than the others but with a choleric face.

"Is it an ambulance you're ridin' in?" creaked Benny, getting to his feet with a snap of his joints and a pull at his mustaches. "Jonathan, is it?"

"Is he bad hurt?" Blind Davy got in quickly. He supported himself on Stevie's arm so he could get up. "Poor Jonathan!"

"No, no!" Jonathan Small said, pride flushing his cheeks. "It's my James's limousine." He turned as though to salute it but waved instead to someone inside. The car oozed away as silently as it had come.

"Give over for Jonathan!" said big Stevie Long, elbowing the others. So they made a place for him on the bench and got ready to listen. Blind Davy touched Jonathan's knee.

Jonathan wiped his forehead under the brim of his hat and pointed toward the street. "That was him."

"No, Jonathan!"

"His car and a man to drive it."

"Do they have a kag of whiskey for to taste while they go?" That was Blind Davy again, leaning his good ear over, the one that was not all hairy, and waggling his eyebrows.

"A keg of whiskey!" Jonathan laughed. He swayed first to one and then to the other and his red cheeks became purplish from exertion. He felt good among his old cronies and so full of humor that he stretched nearly as tall as Stevie. "A keg of whiskey!"

"Well, so Stevie Long said—"

"I didn't say neither!"

"Now, lads," said Jonathan, pointing a thumb at himself. "I'd know, wouldn't I know?" They nodded. "And I say there's no keg of whiskey. Not that James couldn't have it, mind you." His eyes crinkled. "He's done well. Wants to take me back with him to the city. But I said no!"

"To live with him?" murmured Benny. Suddenly there was a cloud over his face and he was looking far away. Pigeons wheeled over the square but his eyes were bent farther away than that.

"Eh, now . . . Why, of course to live with him!"

"He's got a house?" Blind Davy was jumping at no conclusions.

"Where else would he keep his wife and two youngsters? A house where you can sleep upstairs or downstairs."

"Is she good to look at?" Big Stevie inquired. "I mean to you, Johnny."

"I never seen her in the morning," Jonathan threw in humorously, "but in the afternoon when she'd go out to her marketing, *tip! tip! tip!* on those high shoes of hers—or to her cards, yes, cards—she was good to look at and good to smell and as much as an old man's worth in the rings on every red-nailed finger."

"The youngsters," said Benny Jones with uncommon gentleness, "are girls."

"Yes, girls." He still felt good. "But the way your young females do today you'd almost take 'em for boys."

"A man," declared Blind Davy, who had no one but an unmarried daughter, "needs a grandson to keep him to the earth."

Jonathan could hardly deny that. "Oh, but it's cheery there in the house even with the girls, and them runnin' and shoutin', 'Grandfather, grandfather!' "

"Then you'll go!" Benny was sad. His mustaches drooped like the wings of the pigeons inside the iron paling. "You'll go!"

"Ah, we'll miss you, Jon—Jonathan," said Davy, his teeth clicking loosely. "But—but have yourself the goo-ood time." He sniffed and drew his sleeve across his mouth.

"I want to know do they have servants to do for you."

"I'm not going yet, Stevie. They have servants. But I'm not going yet."

"He's not going," Davy repeated, shaking his head. "What a chance and he's not to go."

"But Jonathan didn't say it yet," Stevie insisted. "You want coaxing, Johnny. Will *he* coax you, will James?"

The other pouted. "Why shouldn't James coax me? I'm the father, ain't I?"

"He's the father," Benny decreed, "and a father has a right to be coaxed by his own son. That's how *I'd* have it." His voice fell. "If'n they'd have me."

"Once when I was there," Jonathan reminisced, cocking his head at a sundog in the sky. "I lay in bed and in the morning they brought me hot milk and toast. All on a tray and the toast in a silver dish. And a fresh newspaper folded to the stocks and bonds."

"They even folded the paper for him!" sighed Blind Davy.

"They know how to live in them houses. I—" Benny Jones was readying to lie, but Jonathan talked too fast and he had to listen.

"That's how they folded it for James. So that was how they folded it for me."

"And what did you do?"

Jonathan smiled. "I read the whole paper through first. But just as they came for the tray I folded it right back to the stocks and bonds and sat there looking it up and down."

"They know how to live in them houses," Benny repeated. "I remember—"

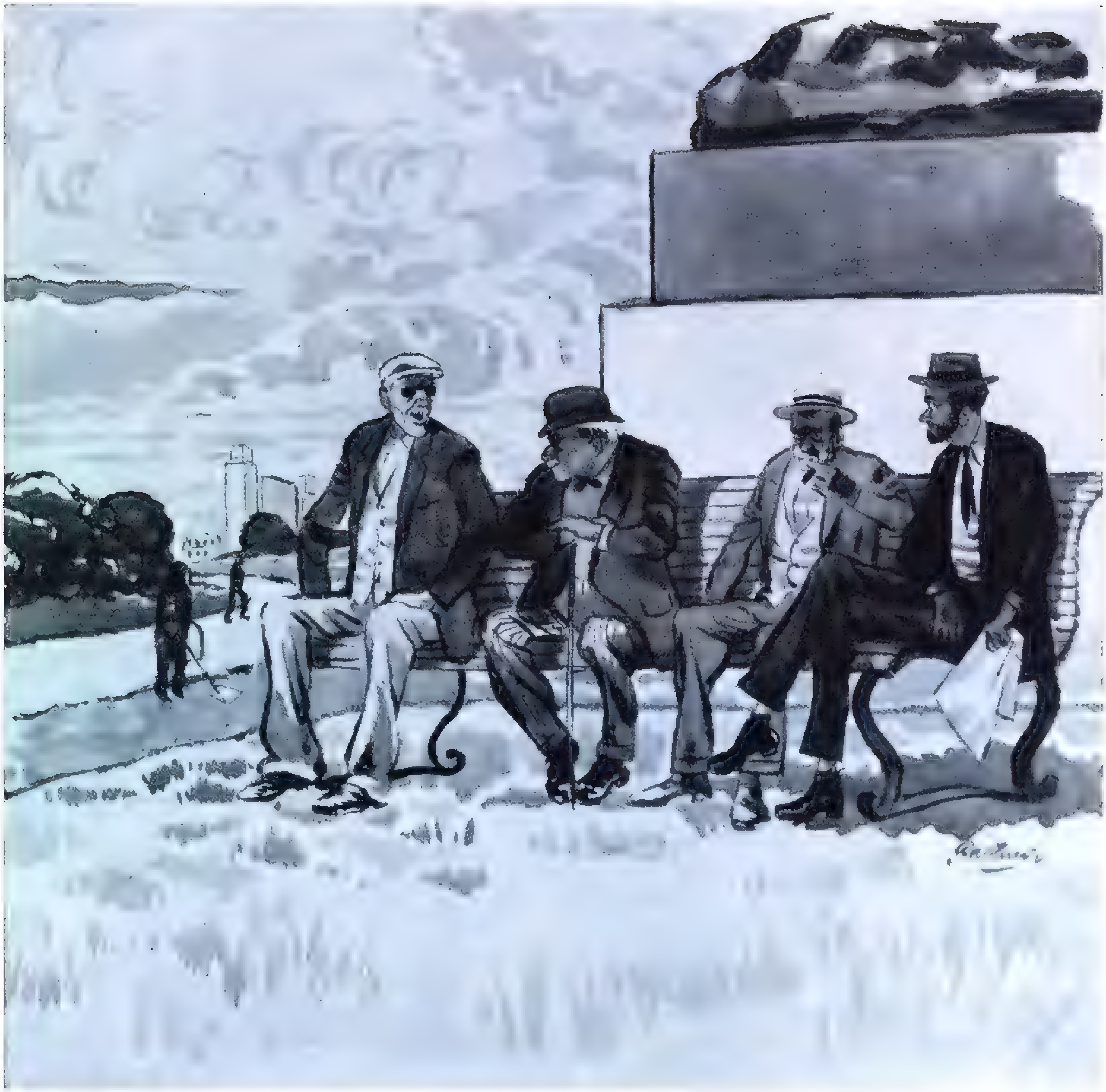
"Do you think you'll go then? What a chance you have, Johnny!"

"It is a chance, Stevie. It is. But then," he shrugged, "three days and I'd be aching for home, to be back here, sitting on this bench and waiting for that stone feller back of us to lift his hammer and bring it down on our heads."

"Now," said Blind Davy, "he couldn't do that! How could he?"

"Well . . . You, Benny Jones, and you, Stevie, and you, Davy. A man don't know how lucky he is to be with his friends and see them every day. Let them have their houses in the city!"

"'Ray for Jonathan!" cried Davy, lifting a



gray eyebrow with his fingers and peering out.

"And their hot milk and toast in bed."

"And their folded paper!" cried Davy.

"That's what *I* say!"

Davy beamed. Stevie Long scratched his poll and smiled. But Benny Jones looked troubled. He folded his big hands in his lap and looked at his knotted fingers. His mustached face had a wistful-appearing quality about it.

"You're having a laugh at us."

Fiercely Jonathan dug his hand across his heart. "I swear it!"

"It's the truth!" Blind Davy sprang to his defense so loyally that his lower plate waggled perilously in his mouth.

"If Johnny says it is—"

Suddenly there was the car again and there it had stopped. They would have got up, but before they could move their old bodies Jonathan's son was standing before them, his face shining in the sunset as a young man's face should—his eyes keen and his footstep springy.

"Hello, Father!"

Jonathan jumped up. "It's my boy. You'll remember him, lads. This is Stevie, and this is Benny, and this is Blind Davy."

They were so awed they could say nothing. They stared from him to their friend Jonathan and back to him again.

"I remember them well, Father. But—I came to say I won't be able to stop back for you, father. A matter of business has come up." He saw the shadows in the old man's eyes and put his young hands out to him. "But I'll make it all right for dinner. There's a man coming over from the next county to see me about a new dam, but that'll be later in the evening and you'll probably be asleep then. But I can have dinner with you, Father."

"Eh, now—" Jonathan was floundering. It was evident to his cronies that he was embarrassed. His hands moved this way and that, and he sat down with a thump. "Eh—"

"Now he'd promised he'd eat with us, James Small," said Benny Jones, who could lie fearlessly.

"He did!"

"Yes, he did. A promise—"

"Now, Father!" James protested.

"But I did. I promised them, James."

"He can't go out on a promise," Big Stevie chimed in.

"Yes, but—"

"Ain't a promise a promise?" asked Blind Davy, sitting up as bright as a dollar and holding up one eyebrow with his shiny fingertips.

"Sure, a promise—" James admitted graciously. "Well, I wouldn't get in the way of your dinner party. See you later then, Father."

"Yes, James. Later, later."

The young man turned toward the car. At the running board he faced about and let a smile flash on his teeth. "Now what did I say, Father?" he called pleasantly. "You *are* hap-

Continued at top of page 136

Home Defense Streamlined

England's Home Guard has scrapped the trench routines, learned how to bomb tanks, hide from planes, shoot a .22

by COMPTON PAKENHAM

• ARTICLE •

℞

"HELLO, hello, hello! Are you there? Adjutant, First Rutlands? Hello, Barty! Corps speaking. Take this down, pronto. One company to the crossroads beyond Blairville, one company to the sunken road in X 24.1168 . . ." and so on.

It was six o'clock of a morning in the second week of May, 1940. Apparently the first battalion of what we shall call the Rutlandshire Regiment was going into action at last. As part of Gort's Expeditionary Force it had been in France since September—digging, training, digging, training and waiting.

On the 11th, with the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands and Belgium under way, it had been moved into Belgium, taken up a series of positions and marched out again a few days later without seeing anything but refugees. Enjoying its first rest in some time, the battalion was routed out by the above message.

It sounded like real action at last, but it was unusual for Corps to deal direct with a battalion instead of through the regular divisional and brigade channels, though the emergency accounted for that. Besides, the orders had every earmark of being genuine. Quite casually, the nicknames of both Colonel and Adjutant had been used and the speaker had referred to other officers. The battalion was to be spread out, with the transport out of reach and the Colonel summoned miles back for a divisional conference.

The Adjutant promptly sends messengers to the Colonel and company commanders and starts re-drafting orders. Perhaps it would be better to check back to Corps Headquarters before the others arrive. After much grumbling and cursing, the signal sergeant reports he can get no one. All lines are out of action. That was exactly what Corps had warned might happen.

After a hurried conference, the Rutlands march off to their new positions and an hour later the countryside bursts into life. Stukas strafe the moving transport and the sunken road, a German motorcycle-sidecar detachment streams down the main highway from which B Company has been removed. Two miles behind, the sky is dotted with descending parachutes.

Removed from their proper positions by well-informed German agents who tapped their telephone line to issue the erroneous orders, split up and out of touch with each other and the remainder of the British Expeditionary Force, the companies of the First Rutlands are left to fight it out alone whilst the enemy spearhead shoots almost unmolested down the very roads they had originally been covering.

Ten days later, in groups that had fought independently every one of the seventy miles to the coast, the survivors began dribbling on to the beach of the bottleneck at Dunkerque. As a unit the battalion had been practically eliminated from the Battle of France by the Nazi intelligence service.

Modern war strikes anywhere and in any wise. That's the modern aspect of it.

For instance: You have lived for years in a secluded spot far removed from happenings or excitement. The telegraph pole down the road, on the corner, is so much a part of your surroundings that you have forgotten it is the junction of two telegraph and three telephone lines.

But the Germans certainly have not. The German General Staff is desperately interested in junction points in the communication systems of foreign countries. They have them all marked on their maps and men are earmarked for each of them when Hitler drops his hat.

A parachute detachment, including a man with an Oxford accent, dropped on an isolated junction point in midland England could play the deuce with a British division. It might intercept its orders and pass on directly contrary instructions. Such things happened in May of last year and, at least, they will be tried again. Thus, far removed from happenings and excitement, your secluded corner becomes the crucial point of an invasion.

It used to be that decisive spots were where superior concentration of fire power drove the mass of the enemy into rout. Today decisive spots lie far and wide and the fewer men there the better—half a dozen, for preference, with demolition materials, tommy-guns and plenty of guts. In 1941, a corporal's guard of parachutists can do more damage than an extra army corps could have wrought in 1914.

Grabbing telegraph and telephone lines is but one way to upset the defense. Unimportant places suddenly become vitally significant. Every crossroads takes on a special value, stretches of railroad in open country become vulnerable, the smallest bridge looms as impressively as the Tri-Borough, unnoticed copses are possible cover for invaders, every village may furnish them with supplies, open meadows find themselves chosen as landing fields . . .

England, Scotland and Wales cover nearly 90,000 square miles. With armed invaders likely to arrive ad lib in parachutes and troop gliders, every acre (and there are 640 of these to each square mile) is a potential danger spot.

Quite frankly, the Army cannot cover the job. Stretching out to watch every possible nook and cranny would defeat the whole intention of its organization. Whatever its form—old fashioned foot soldiers and horse borne cavalry or up-to-date armored cars and tanks—an army, or as much of it as possible, must be ready for quick concen-

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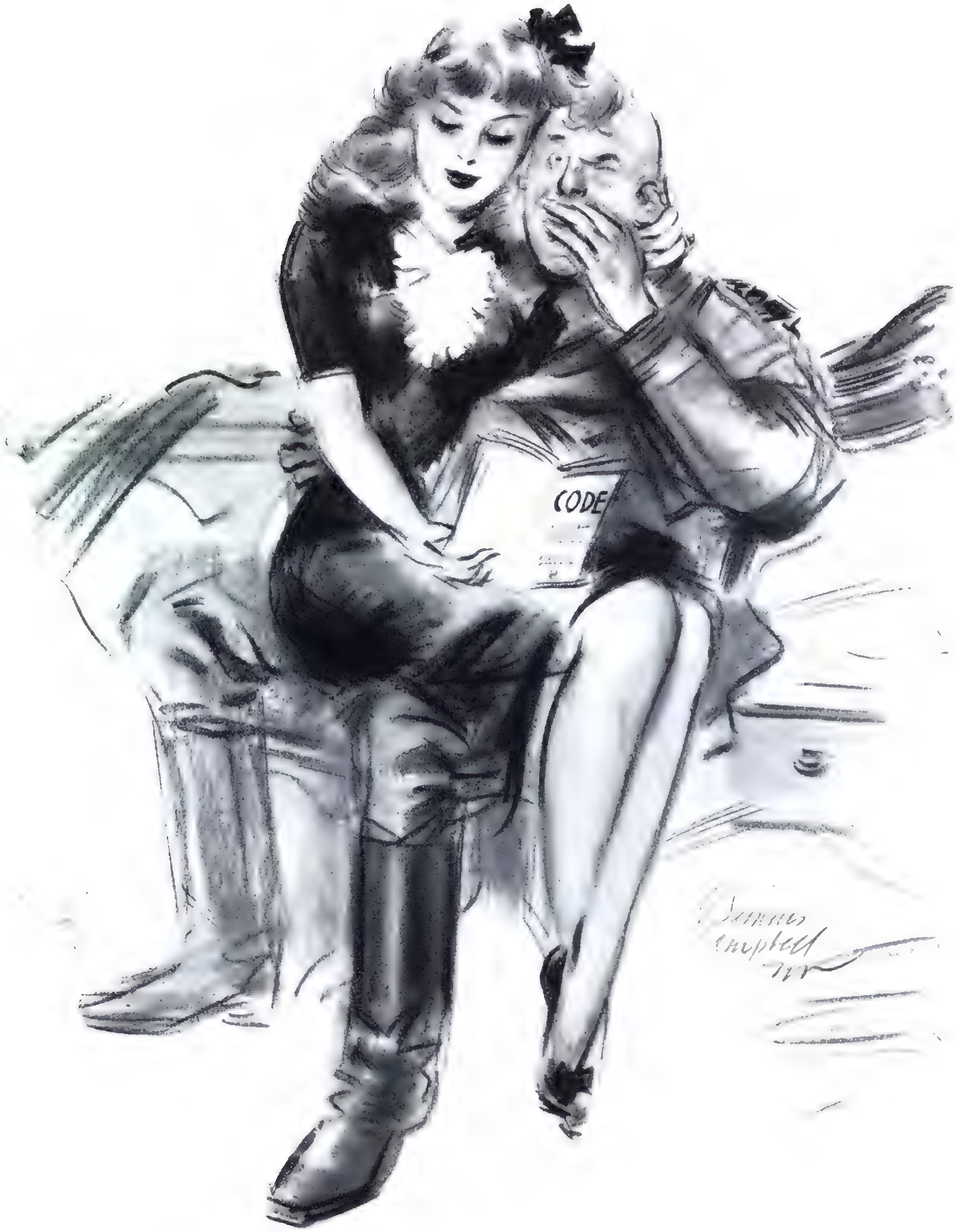
"There's a big demand for this sort of stuff right now"


CODE
Simms Campbell

"We've got to be particularly careful of fifth columnists during these times, Miss Von Schmidt"

The Isolation of Track and Field

Attempt to solve the mystery of American indifference toward a sport in which we lead the world

by CURT RIESS

• SPORTS •

The outcome of the American Track and Field Championships, which will take place on June 28 and 29 in Philadelphia, will be especially interesting because shortly afterwards some of the new champions will leave to tour Europe. This time there will be twenty-two athletes going abroad. Most of them will first go to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, while a smaller team of eight athletes will debark in England. About three weeks later the whole team will come together again, and there will be meets in Brussels, Amsterdam, Warsaw, Berlin, and Paris. There also may be, according to Mr. Dan Ferris, General Secretary of the A.A.U., a possibility of a meet in Milan. It goes without saying that the hope of participating in this European trip will be an added incentive to the competitors in the National Championships . . .

Something like that would have appeared any day now in practically any of our newspapers, if—

If Mr. Hitler had not taken over most of the countries referred to above. And if he weren't waging a war with the rest of them. Pardon my mentioning Mr. Hitler. I know, sports have nothing to do with politics, as those gentlemen asserted who were outraged when it was suggested that the democracies should boycott Hitler's Olympic Games in 1936. Maybe sports have nothing to do with politics, but even those gentlemen will admit today that Hitler has succeeded in making European stadiums not too secure a battleground for our American athletes.

Conditions being what they are, our track and field boys will move no further east this summer than Randall's Island, the great stadium just east of New York City, which has not yet been blockaded by Nazi submarines.

That sports have nothing to do with politics is, of course, utter nonsense. Everything has something to do with politics, when the politicians want it that way. The neutrality of sports is just as silly an illusion as the neutrality of, say, Holland proved to be. We are neutral, the Dutch cried, and presently they were invaded. Sports are neutral, some of our American sports leaders cried, while Hitler used sports to prepare his world war.

But don't be fooled. We didn't go to Berlin because sports are neutral, or because some of us pretended to believe they were. We went to Berlin because we had no other choice.

Because track and field—which, of course, is the most important sport within the framework of the Olympic Games—has always been orientated toward Europe. American track and field has always been orientated toward the yearly excursions referred to above, and more than anything else, of course, toward the Olympic Games, which were played mainly on the European continent.

Why was this so? For the same reason that coffee planters in South America look toward Europe. For the same reason that certain businessmen in the United States are looking, or used to look, toward Japan.

Because, in the world of sports, track and field is purely export goods.

Export goods of very high value, to be sure.

With the exception of certain Finnish specialties, our track and field boys have broken every conceivable record over and over again. We don't need to go into all that. We don't have to bother you with figures and names. Everybody knows that track and field records are an American monopoly, produced on the assembly line.

And it is only logical that our athletes, whenever they came to Europe, were regarded as something like supermen. But you see, only in Europe were they regarded that way. Jesse Owens or Glenn Cunningham, or half a dozen others, were much more popular abroad than over here. I mean popular in the literal sense. In spite of the fact that the American athletes live here, and stayed in Europe only for a few short weeks each year, the crowds that have seen them perform in Europe are at least equally as large as the crowds that have seen them perform within these shores. In some years, the European crowds were bigger.

There is no denying that the home trade in track and field goods isn't any too encouraging.

Of course, there are lots of meets in the spring and summer, especially the dual meets between colleges. You can see some marvelous performances there—only nobody sees them. The public in general doesn't seem to care. It all takes place in secret session.

There have been a few meets in California during the spring; there will be a few more in the East; but there won't be many. And there won't be many people watching them. Except for very choice attractions, like the Penn Relays, the National Championships, or the Princeton Invitation Meets, athletic meets during the summer have never attracted more than a few thousand spectators, at most. And more often than not there have been just a few hundred. The stadium on Randall's Island couldn't even be filled for the Olympic tryouts of 1936.

There are quite a few sports which fail to attract the public. But in almost all cases, the reason is quite obvious. For instance, nobody is astonished that bike races don't find a public any more. The reason is that there are no longer any American bike riders. Nobody wonders why there isn't a big public for soccer. The reason is there are no American, or let's say, American-born, soccer players.

But the lack of interest in track and field is something of a mystery. If there weren't any good track and field boys around, the

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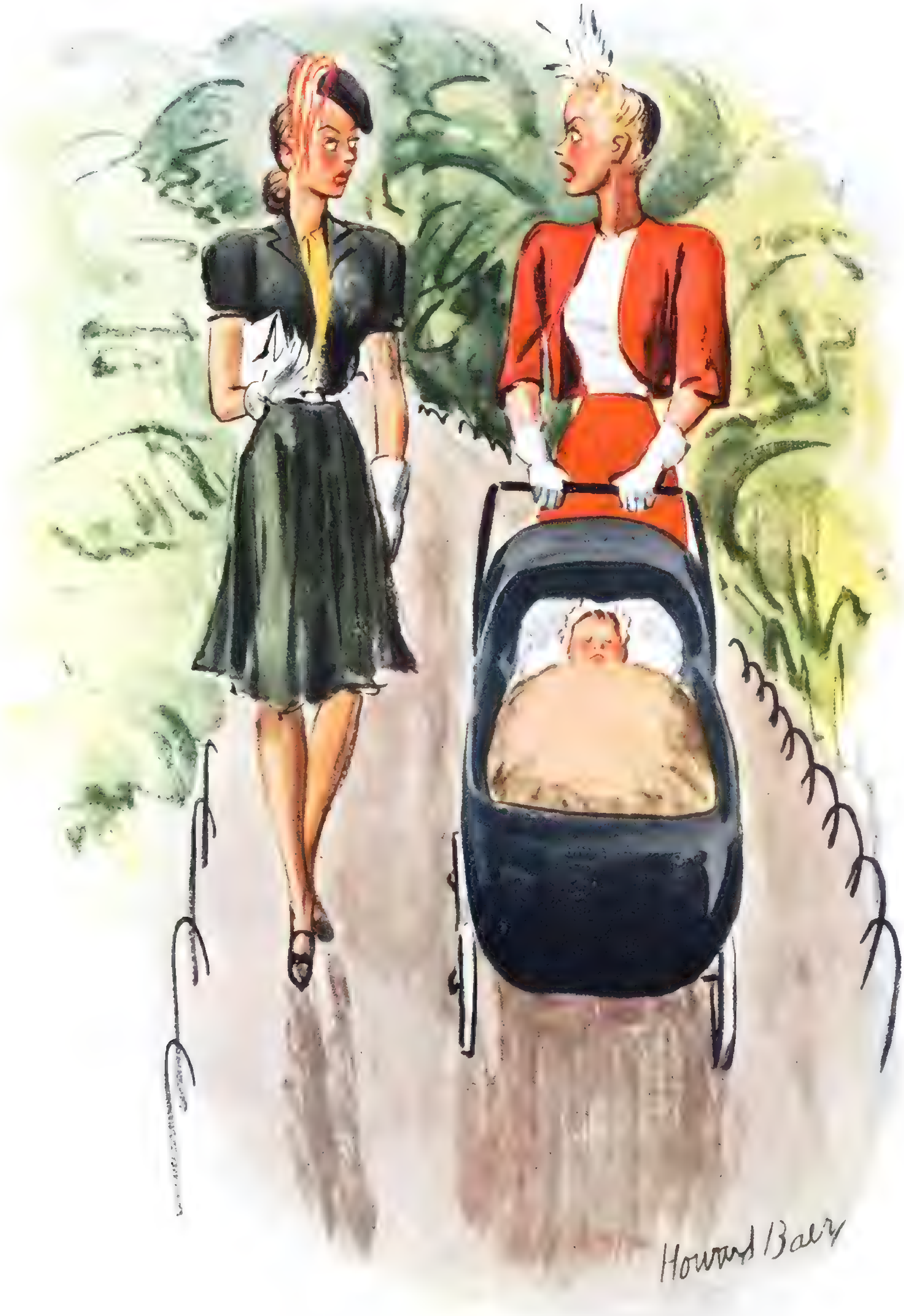
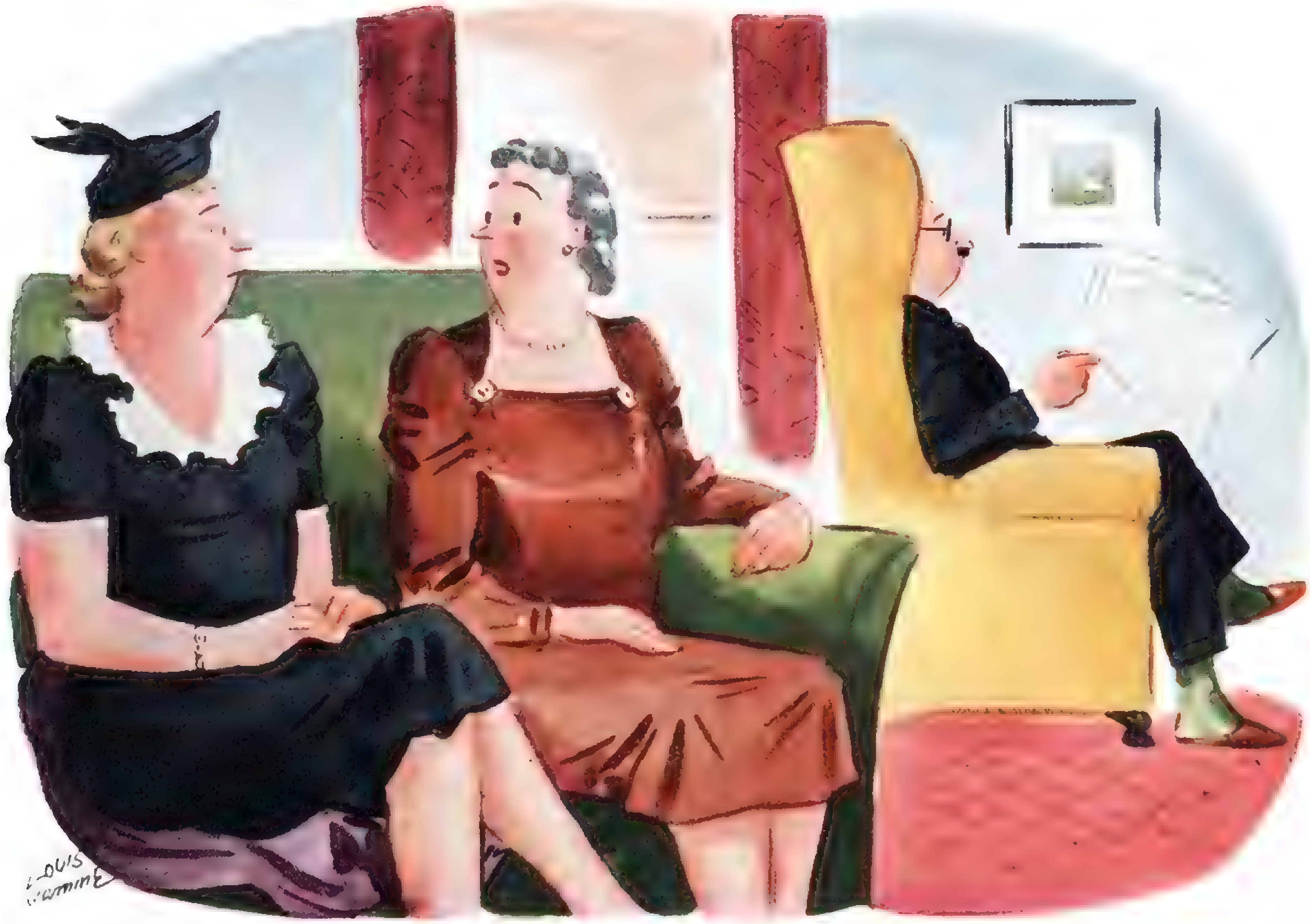
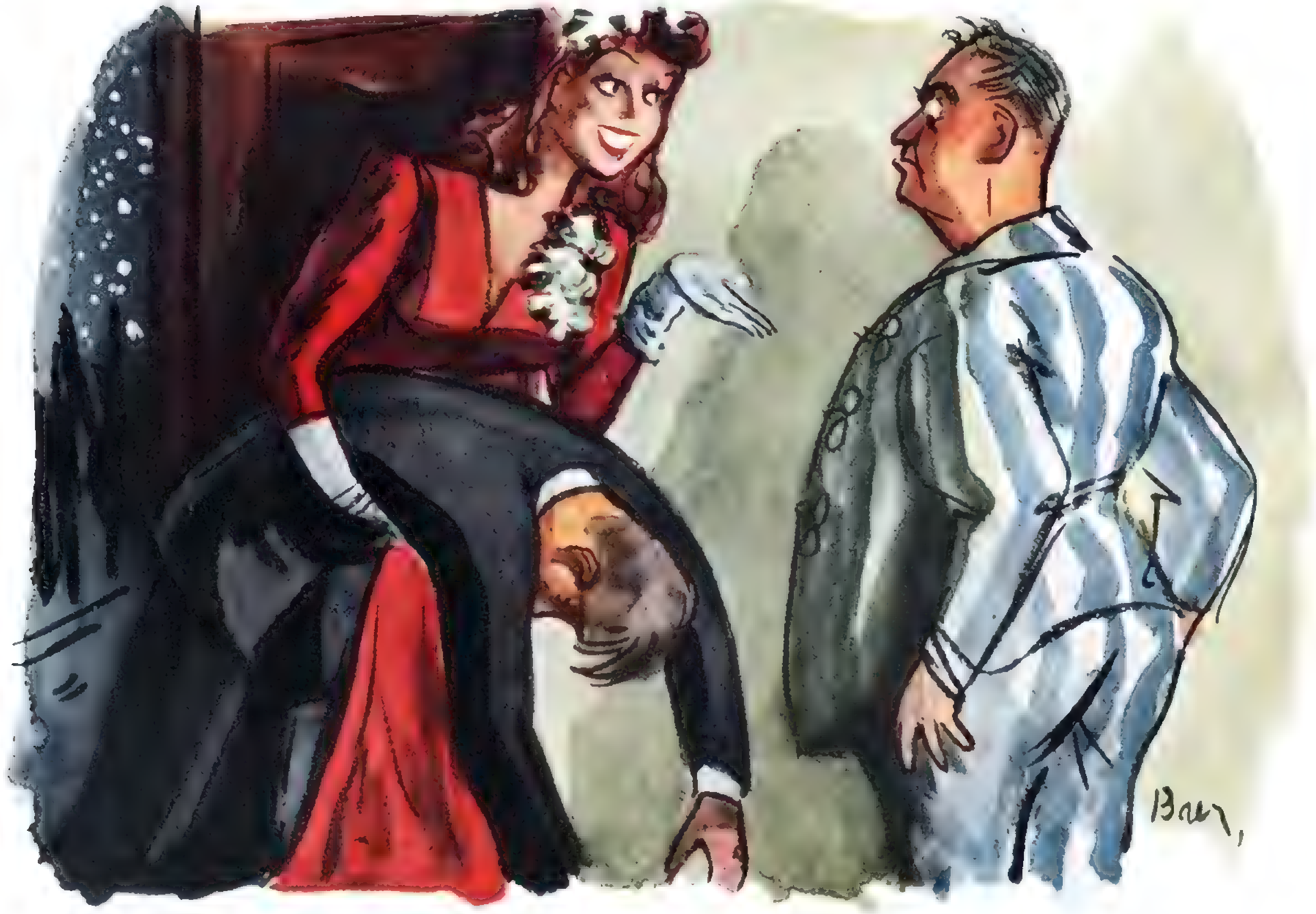
SO LONG, GEORGE. MY DRAFT NUMBER WAS CALLED.
Bill O'Malley


Howard Baer

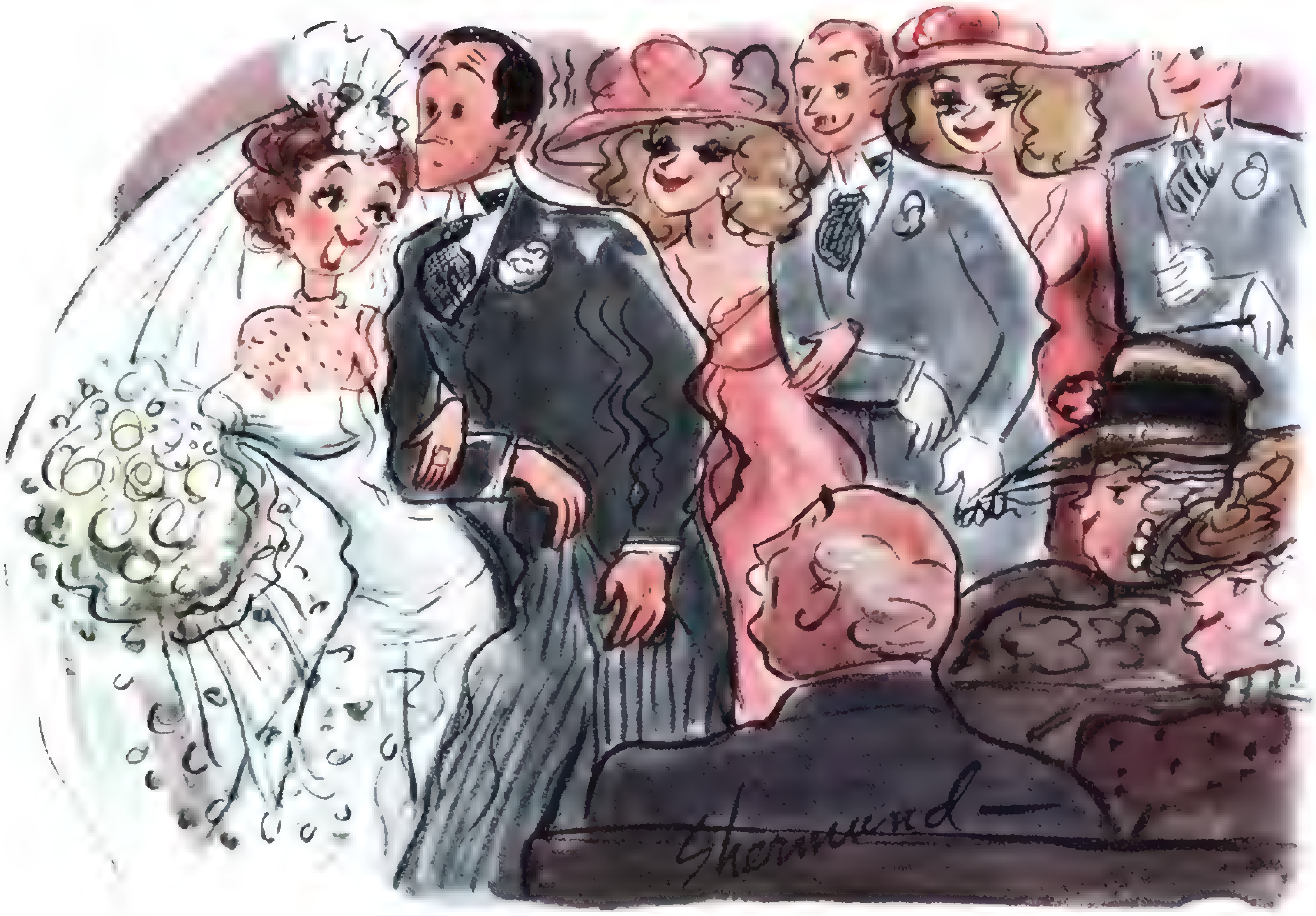
"I wouldn't have trusted him so much if everybody hadn't called him 'The Honorable Davis J. Battersby'!"



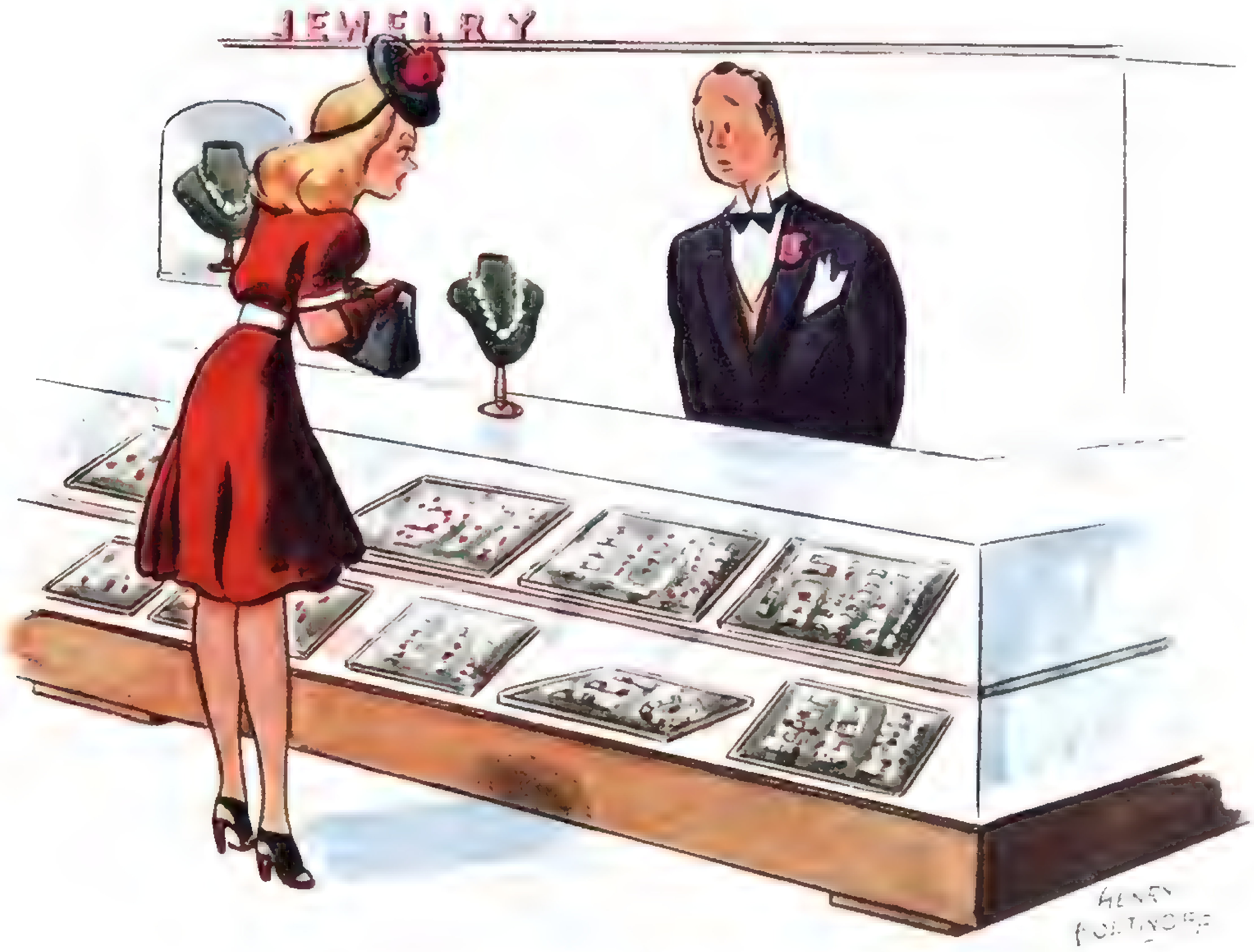
"It isn't my fault he's never been able to celebrate Father's Day —I've done my share"



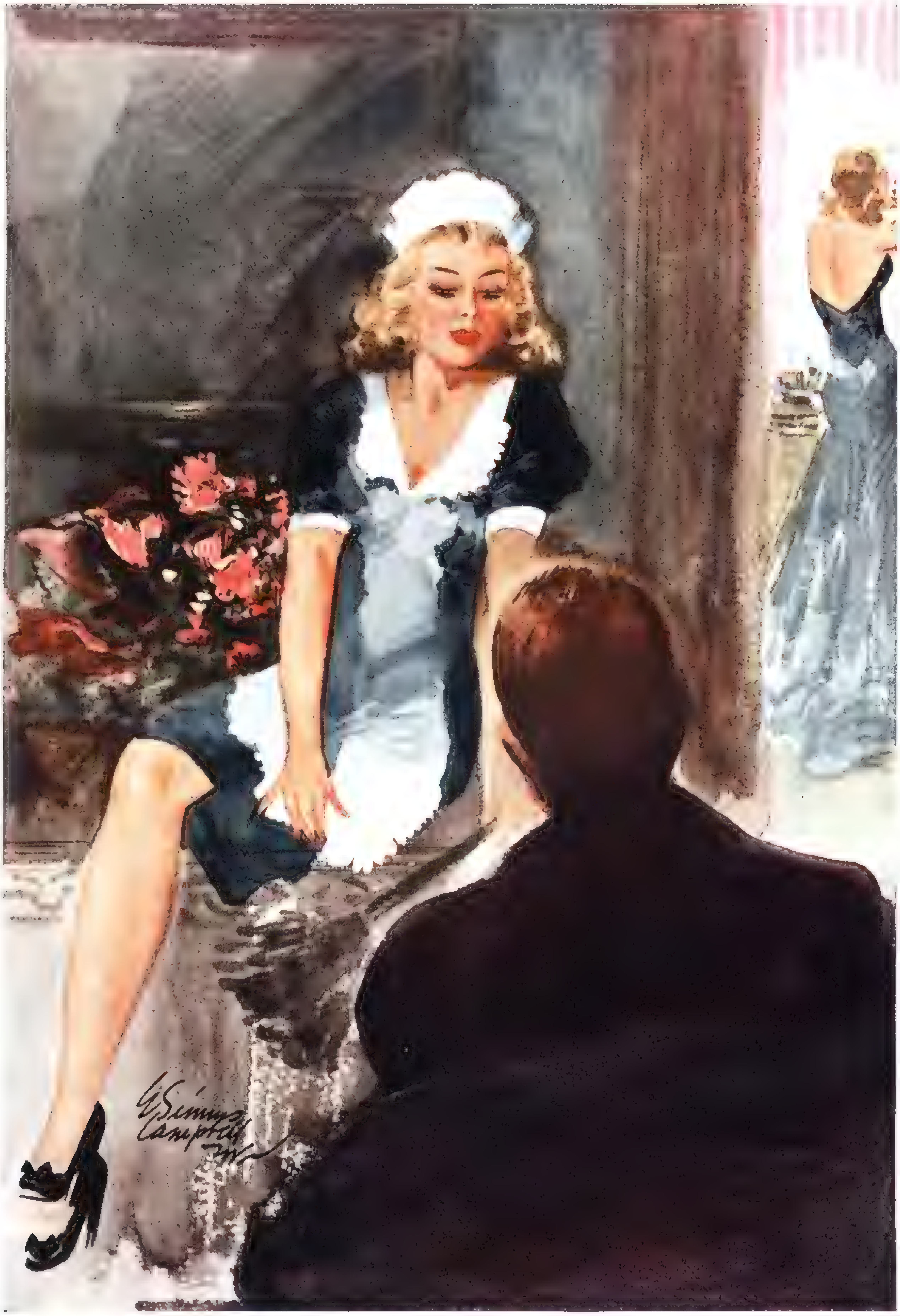
"This is Mister Gildersleeve, papa—he brought me home"



"Stop shaking—it's all over"


JEWELRY
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Nothing, thanks—just wishing"


E. Simms Campbell

"Believe me, Mr. Rogers, you wouldn't be kept waiting if I had this apartment"

Since Father Was a Pup

A modernist, and glad of it, would rather be disenchanted than look at life through plush-covered glasses

by MARK ASHLEY

▪ SATIRE ▪

You lived in a strange age, Old Man. I have often heard you complain about my generation. You have complained about the passing of the unhurried life, the old style of journalism, the old theatre; you deplored the bitterness and baldness of modern writing, the unvarnished directness of a girl with a man.

There have been times when it seemed to me that there might be some point in what you claimed, particularly after a hard day of strain in a modern city, and retreat to a cramped apartment. Nostalgic pictures of the good old days were bound to creep up; and in those moments I would see girls of great delicacy moving through ancestral rooms, radiating the strange sweetness that Brahms caught in the A Major Waltz.

But, somehow, as the years passed, and I probed more and more deeply into the values of your day, I have come to prefer mine. For the records of your time, the books, the papers, the theatre, somehow came to seem more and more childish to me, as times went on. It had charm, of course, as all youthful things have; but it also had a great deal more nonsense and tediousness than my time has. And despite its fanciful quality—its gilt and gingerbread baroque, its naïve classical renaissance fronts—much less straightforward beauty.

And the wasp-waisted, pantalooned women of your time, Old Man—the less said of them the better. I have heard, as you puffed your pipe, your lyric praises of Miss Lillian Russell; and when I was small, I must say, I was much impressed. But when I became old enough to wander about on my own, and when I saw her pictures, I felt somehow that it is better that she is remembered only as a half a canteloupe with some ice cream inside.

I have looked about a great deal, in recent years, Old Man. I have done a lot of comparing. I have even gone to the library and read the books and papers and theatrical notices that you must have read. And I have made my choice. I take my age, with its philosophy of disenchantment and its clean, hard design. I'll take my women, who not only are pleased to call a spade a spade, but who will use one—and zestfully. I'll take the girls who smoke and drink and swear—but who amuse me in my various and certain ways—rather than your blushing ladies, who, frankly, must have bored the hell out of you.

And what's much more: I'll take a world whose thinking hinges on revolution, flux, electrons, vitamins, genes, and libido, rather than your plush-mounted stage, whose standard props were such vagaries as "character," "morals," "respectability," "integrity," and "the gentleman's code"—the precise meaning of which, I always suspected even you were a bit hazy.

I have compiled a few notes about the highlights of your age—the results of my conscientious research—and I pass them on to you, for what they are worth:

In December 1896, the president of Princeton told the undergraduates that Oscar Wilde was the vilest sinner since Nero. A few years before, Anthony Comstock announced that "nude paintings and statues are the decorations of infamous resorts, and the law-abiding American will never admit them to the sacred confines of his home."

Around 1900, Mr. Edward W. Bok, the Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, wrote a little book called *Successward*, in which he outlined the ideals of American character. Here he advanced this startlingly advanced concept of the good life: "Dancing to my mind," he said, "when it is not indulged in promiscuously, but with friends and acquaintances of the opposite sex, is one of the highest forms of enjoyment. . . . Its unhealthy possibilities in a moral sense no young fellow of the right sort ever thinks or considers. It is only when they are discussed—as, unfortunately, they are all too often in print—that they suggest themselves."

A certain self-made moralist by the name of Hall published a stirring rebuttal to Mr. Bok. "Ah, Mr. Bok," he said, "you may be an expert in answering the ordinary run of questions submitted to the 'Queries' department of your paper by girls in their teens, but you show poor taste to say the least when you take it upon yourself, etc. . . . Dancing is a running sore on society, a stench in the nostrils of decency, and I protest against such foolish talk to young men."

This was a great time for amateur sociology. Archbishop Spalding, of New York, offered the statistical estimate that "nineteen-twentieths of the women who fall take their first step in dancing parties."

The Reverend Joe S. Riley, a first cousin of the noted Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and who was for several years pastor of the Christian Church (Disciples) at the much punned-against Cripple Creek, Colorado, determined to make a personal investigation of the causes which lead to the downfall of unfortunate women. Being a number of years before Freud, and not being sufficiently of the *cognoscenti* to have known about him if he were of his time, the Rev. Riley naturally assumed that his curiosity sprang from the purest and most disinterested of motives.

His revelations were astounding. He visited exactly one hundred fallen women—no more, no less—in the licensed district of his city, and "in reply to his questions, every *one* of the number assured him that *they* (the English of this report was no purer than the morals of the subjects) took their first downward step from virtue in the dance."

Around the time when John L. Sullivan's neck was seventeen inches in circumference, Ambrose Bierce defined a gentleman as "a

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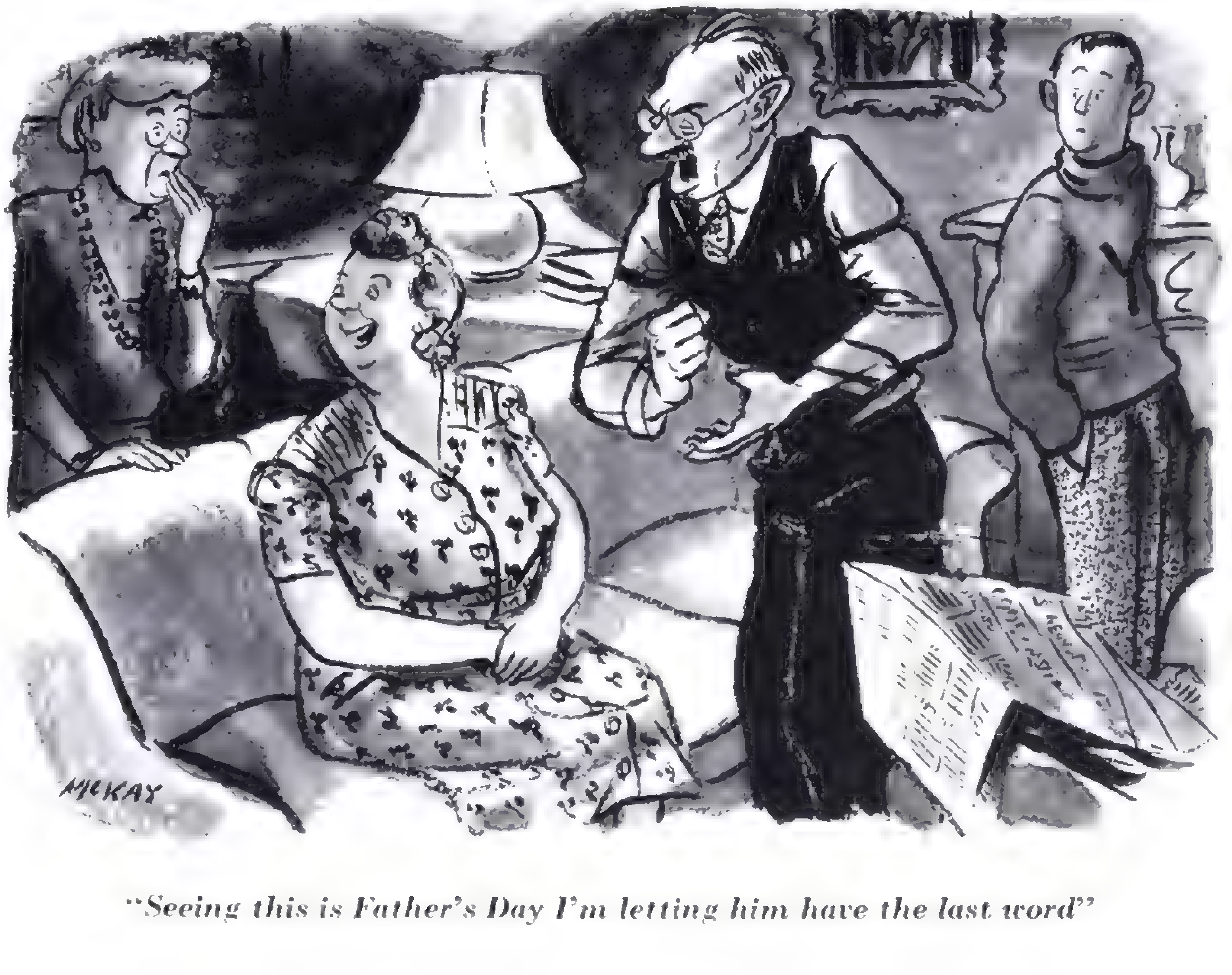
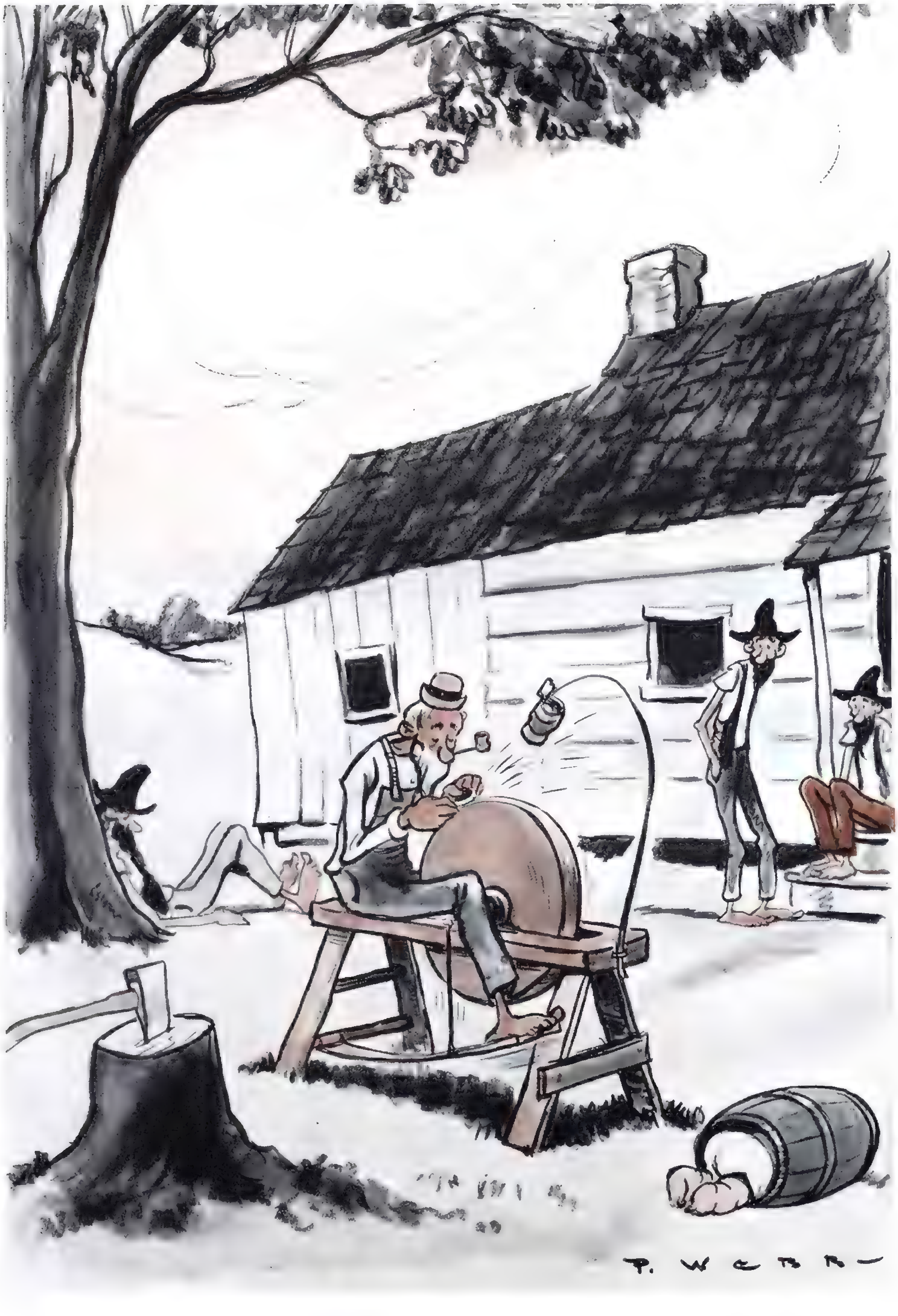


"Seeing this is Father's Day I'm letting him have the last word"



"Lem Hawkins invited 'em over fer supper tonight—Gran'pappy's puttin' a new cuttin' edge on Gran'maw's store teeth"

Three Hours Between Planes

It seemed like another depressing reunion between childhood friends until he made the desperate plunge

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

It was a wild chance but Donald was in the mood, healthy and bored, with a sense of tiresome duty done. He was now rewarding himself. Maybe.

When the plane landed he stepped out into a midwestern summer night and headed for the isolated pueblo airport, conventionalized as an old red "railway depot." He did not know whether she was alive, or living in this town, or what was her present name. With mounting excitement he looked through the phone book for her father who might be dead too, somewhere in these twenty years.

No. Judge Harmon Holmes—Hillside 3194.

A woman's amused voice answered his inquiry for Miss Nancy Holmes.

"Nancy is Mrs. Walter Gifford now. Who is this?"

But Donald hung up without answering. He had found out what he wanted to know and had only three hours. He did not remember any Walter Gifford and there was another suspended moment while he scanned the phone book. She might have married out of town.

No. Walter Gifford—Hillside 1191. Blood flowed back into his fingertips.

"Hello?"

"Hello. Is Mrs. Gifford there—this is an old friend of hers."

"This is Mrs. Gifford."

He remembered, or thought he remembered the funny magic in the voice.

"This is Donald Plant. I haven't seen you since I was twelve years old."

"Oh-h-h!" The note was utterly surprised, very polite, but he could distinguish in it neither joy nor certain recognition.

"—*Don*ald!" added the voice. This time there was something more in it than struggling memory.

". . . when did you come back to town?" Then cordially, "Where *are* you?"

"I'm out at the airport—for just a few hours."

"Well, come up and see me."

"Sure you're not just going to bed."

"Heavens, no!" she exclaimed. "I was sitting here—having a highball by myself. Just tell your taxi man . . ."

On his way Donald analyzed the conversation. His words "at the airport" established that he had retained his position in the upper bourgeoisie. Nancy's aloneness might indicate that she had matured into an unattractive woman without friends. Her husband might be either away or in bed. And—because she was always ten years old in his dreams—the highball shocked him. But he adjusted himself with a smile—she was very close to thirty.

At the end of a curved drive he saw a dark little beauty standing against the lighted door, a glass in her hand. Startled by her final materialization, Donald got out of the cab saying:

"Mrs. Gifford?"

She turned on the porch light and stared at him, wide-eyed and tentative. A smile broke through the puzzled expression.

"Donald—it *is* you—we all change so. Oh, this is re*mark*able!"

As they walked inside their voices jingled the words "all these years," and Donald felt a sinking in his stomach. This derived in part from a vision of their last meeting—when she rode past him on a bicycle, cutting him dead—and in part from fear lest they have nothing to say. It was like a college reunion—but there the failure to find the past was disguised by the hurried boisterous occasion. Aghast, he realized that this might be a long and empty hour. He plunged in desperately.

"You always were a lovely person. But I'm a little shocked to find you as beautiful as you are."

It worked. The immediate recognition of their changed state, the bold compliment, made them interesting strangers instead of fumbling childhood friends.

"Have a highball?" she asked. "No? Please don't think I've become a secret drinker but this was a blue night. I expected my husband but he wired he'd be two days longer. He's very nice, Donald, and very attractive. Rather your type and coloring." She hesitated, "—and I think he's interested in someone in New York—and I don't know."

"After seeing you it sounds impossible," he assured her. "I was married for six years, and there was a time I tortured myself that way. Then one day I just put jealousy out of my life forever. After my wife died I was very glad of that. It left a very rich memory—nothing marred or spoiled or hard to think over."

She looked at him attentively, then sympathetically as he spoke.

"I'm very sorry," she said. And after a proper moment, "You've changed a lot. Turn your head. I remember father saying 'that boy has a brain.' "

"You probably argued against it."

"I was impressed. Up to then I thought everybody had a brain. That's why it sticks in my mind."

"What else sticks in your mind?" he asked smiling.

Suddenly Nancy got up and walked quickly a little away.

"Ah, now," she reproached him. "That isn't fair! I suppose I was a naughty girl."

"You were not," he said stoutly. "And I *will* have a drink now."

As she poured it, her face still turned from him, he continued:

"Do you think you were the only little girl who was ever kissed?"

"Do you like the subject?" she demanded. Her momentary irritation melted and she said:

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Hearts and Flowers

Where is the old-fashioned tent show with its heroine so pure, its villain so bad, and virtue always triumphant?

by NORTH BIGBEE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

From March to November they used to come, those hardy thespians of the cornfield circuit.

Rumpled, soiled and sometimes a little ragged for all their theatrical finery, they stepped off the Sunday morning train, unmistakably the show billed on every board fence for the past month. And blinking still from an overnight jump in the day-coach they were never too tired to promenade at the "depot" for the town's unchurched population which fingered its galluses or rubbed an ecstatic big-toe against its shin, watching the actors come to town. They were the gaudy creatures of the world of canvas who made that peculiarly American contribution to the theatre—the tent show.

How many an American of today once agonized on the edge of a blue plank seat as errant Lady Isabel (unconvincingly disguised in a blonde wig and dark spectacles) kept watch at the deathbed of little Willie Carlisle? How many another north of Dixie trailed the real bloodhounds back to the vacant lot showgrounds and forgot even to munch peanuts in breathless horror at Simon Legree's cruelties? Or welled with grief as Little Eva, all curls and pantalettes, achieved a jerky levitation to heaven?

Somehow the tent show had even an odor of its own, compounded of old canvas, the kerosene flares or banjo lights, a sort of sweaty intensity from the audience, and fresh-roasted popcorn.

And what plays they used to put on! *For Home and Honor; Grit, the Newsboy; The James Boys from Missouri* (with the actors galloping dustily down Main Street to shoot up the town with blanks for ballyhoo); *The Octoroon; St. Elmo* and the ladies' big $25 diamond ring given away on Friday night; *The King of the Cowboys;* pirated versions of *Alias Jimmy Valentine* and *Within the Law; Tempest and Sunshine* with the show-owner's wife prevailingly fair; *The Two Orphans; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with Hyde fuming in soapy villainy and a green light, and for Saturday matinee *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, or *Cinderella* with a real coach.

They had men on the stage in those days. Fresh from a triumphal procession from the railroad station to the Commercial House with the silk-hatted leading man and the villain or "heavy" rivals for honors in the hand-luggage, the actors would tramp to the show lot to put up the top. And a leading man who couldn't take off his collar, detach his cuffs and swing a sledge to drive tent stakes, or a juvenile who couldn't lace canvas, soon found himself "at liberty."

That was but one of the many talents demanded of those versatile pioneers of hinterland drama. The prime requisite was to "double in brass," for it was then a rare show that carried any band apart from its actors. Not only in the grand free street parade before most shows had to abandon these but also in the show orchestra which played between acts for the comedian's specialties and for the afterpiece or "olio," the actor had to contribute whatever musical abilities he possessed. And it was fortunate for all concerned that the audiences of the day were critical of neither the mumming nor the music.

The tent show orchestra was always an accumulation. The piano player narrowly missed concussion at the end of each act as he ducked under the unrolling curtain to strike up his own overture. The remaining actors popped up from the rear as rapidly as possible, pausing only to slip an ulster "uniform" on over their stage costumes before becoming the band.

Such an orchestra was never constant. Gradually it dwindled as its members waited until the last possible minute before scurrying backstage to change for the next act. When the curtain finally rolled up again, its survivor was apt to be the fiddler who, as a minor member of the cast, could always be spared on stage for incidental music in the pit. The favorite obbligato to tent show emotion was *Hearts and Flowers* quaveringly "rendered" on the G-string as tragedy throbbed and rustic cheeks grew damp. Drama in those days was spelled in tears.

Then was the heyday of the tent show in its contribution to America's entertainment. Before the movies were more than a flicker and long before radio had brought Times Square to the crossroads, millions in the sticks found all the theater they knew between canvas sidewalls. Not only the townspeople but also red-necked farmers and their lumpy wives with a kitetail of children came to see the new plays, unfortunately only too often the old plays save for the titles. For many of those eager audiences it cost slow miles in a springless wagon with quilts in the back for the children to sleep on. They brought their suppers and sat on hard boards to thrill for a few hours to villainy confounded, virtue gloriously triumphant, the unfailing formula of drama in the raw.

It would be difficult to estimate just how many inlanders saw their first play in a tent. The play-going alumni are prodigious of such old-time touring organizations as Chase-Lister, Charles Harrison, the Lewis Dramatic Company, the old Roy Fox companies including the Lone Star Minstrels and the Roy Fox Popular Players; "Doc" Rucker and his medicine organization known as the Korac Wonders which paid for a big East Texas farm for the convivial doctor; "Skeeter" Kell, who died only a few years ago; Walter Savage, Boller Brothers, Murphy's Comedians with Jack Bronson and Ben Claman, Copeland Brothers, the Dubinskys and the like. And more lately Harley Sadler, with whom Roy Fox subsequently associated himself; Jimmie Hull, the late J. Doug Morgan, Neale Helvey, Billy Wehle and his Billroy Comedians, the late Monroe Hopkins, Brunk's Comedians and a host of others.

If rural and small-town America owe a debt to the tent repertoire companies so do Broadway and Hollywood. Many a bright star has come to lights from the kerosenes.

Undoubtedly the brightest of them all was Jeanne Eagels who as Jenny Eagles joined one of the Dubinsky Brothers tent rep shows as a stage-struck kid from the Middle West and went on to Broadway to create the immortal Sadie Thompson in *Rain*.

How the Dubinskys happened to enter the tent show game is itself an interesting untold story. Their father was in the salvage business. Having a chance to pick up some old theatrical scenery and advertising sheets from a defunct show, he bought them as junk. As time went on, however, he was unable to dispose of them. His sons decided the only way to get the cash out of the investment was to start a show of their own and use up the paper and sets.

Undaunted by their lack of experience, they ordered some "bull-dates" to post with their paper and organized their own show with Morris Dubinsky as general manager and "heavy," Eddie as leading man and Barney as comedian. Their heroic solution for their father's difficulty launched them on one of the most successful careers in the history of tent rep. At one time the brothers had five companies touring the country, ranking as tent show kings of their day.

Chief of their claims to fame, however, is that they gave Jeanne Eagels her start in show business. Joining the Dubinskys while still in her early teens, the scrawny kid with an ambition much bigger than her body received a knockabout training in tent rep that seasoned and matured her in a hurry. A favorite of Morris Dubinsky and later generally credited with being his wife, she rapidly won her way to leading roles with his company and remained with it for years before severing canvas ties to try the stationary theater. Her life and loves there made one of the most colorful patches on the crazy-quilt of Broadway.

Certainly the most beautiful graduates from the saw-horse boards are Rosalind Russell, who jumped into tent rep as the quickest way to get her dramatic feet wet before trying the movies, and Leah Ray whose face and voice won folding chair audiences in Baltimore while she was still wearing hair ribbons.

Outstanding among the canvas theater's contributions to movies, radio and stage is Charles Winninger of "Showboat" fame, one-time of the Winninger Brothers Company. Two top-flight comedians came to the movies from the outdoor troupes. One of them, ice-bound Buster Keaton, first attracted attention with a knockabout act with his parents, Joe and Myra Keaton, when hardly out of their trunk-tray. (The Keatons usually played houses or circuses but filled in with tent rep companies.) Another one-time star of the silents served a banjo lights apprenticeship with the old-fashioned medicine show—Harry Langdon.

Another alumnus of the med shows is weathered Fred Stone whose circus antecedents are more generally known. One of the tent show veterans, Will Boller (under canvas since 1882) recalls a blackface act of Fred and Ed Stone long before the Stones had become a family dynasty of the theater. Another burnt-cork product of canvas days was George Moran (or Searcy) who as one of the Two Black Crows drawled his way to disk, stage and movie fame and lived to see them all fade.

From tent repertoire to the movies came James Cruze who, unlike some of his fellow-graduates, is still proud of his canvas beginnings. With Cruze for a time in pictures was Luke Cosgrove, old-time tent performer. John Miljan had a long and varied experience in show business, including road repertoire, before going into films.

Two contributions were made by one touring organization, the Brown Brothers-Taylor Company. Ray Brown went to Universal Pictures while George R. Taylor (who also had medicine show experience) came to Broadway in *Double Door, Battleship Gertie, Kill That Story* and others. Another Broadway-finished product of the touring preps was Lloyd Sabine. And Gaylord Lloyd, who formerly doubled for and later became business manager for his bespectacled brother, Harold, did a stretch with the old Lewis Dramatic Company.

Two stars of *Polly of the Circus* came to Broadway from the outdoor training grounds. One was Rose Nelville while the other, Ida St. Leon, won fame in the Hippodrome production of the old spangles-and-broadcloth drama, staged with tanbark trimmings by Elmer Thompson and "Skip" Dundee of Omaha.

The most notorious product of the med shows obtained an experience there in selling cure-alls which he carried over quite profitably to peddling political panaceas. He even carried along a "sucker" philosophy which in time brought about his end. Remember Huey Long?

The tent show has changed greatly since the early days. The wagon shows are all gone now and while the railways still make the old concession of one baggage car for 25 passenger tickets, few tent companies any longer call on the roads to spot a car for the Saturday night teardown. The touring units are almost exclusively motorized with trucks used for the top, stage, seats, scenery and props, and passenger or house cars for the players and working men. The shows often carry their own light plants, too, especially since so many of them have been forced by excessive fees or special ordinances to play outside the towns. Like the village authorities, the electric companies frequently attempted to hold up the show-owners for the necessary accom-

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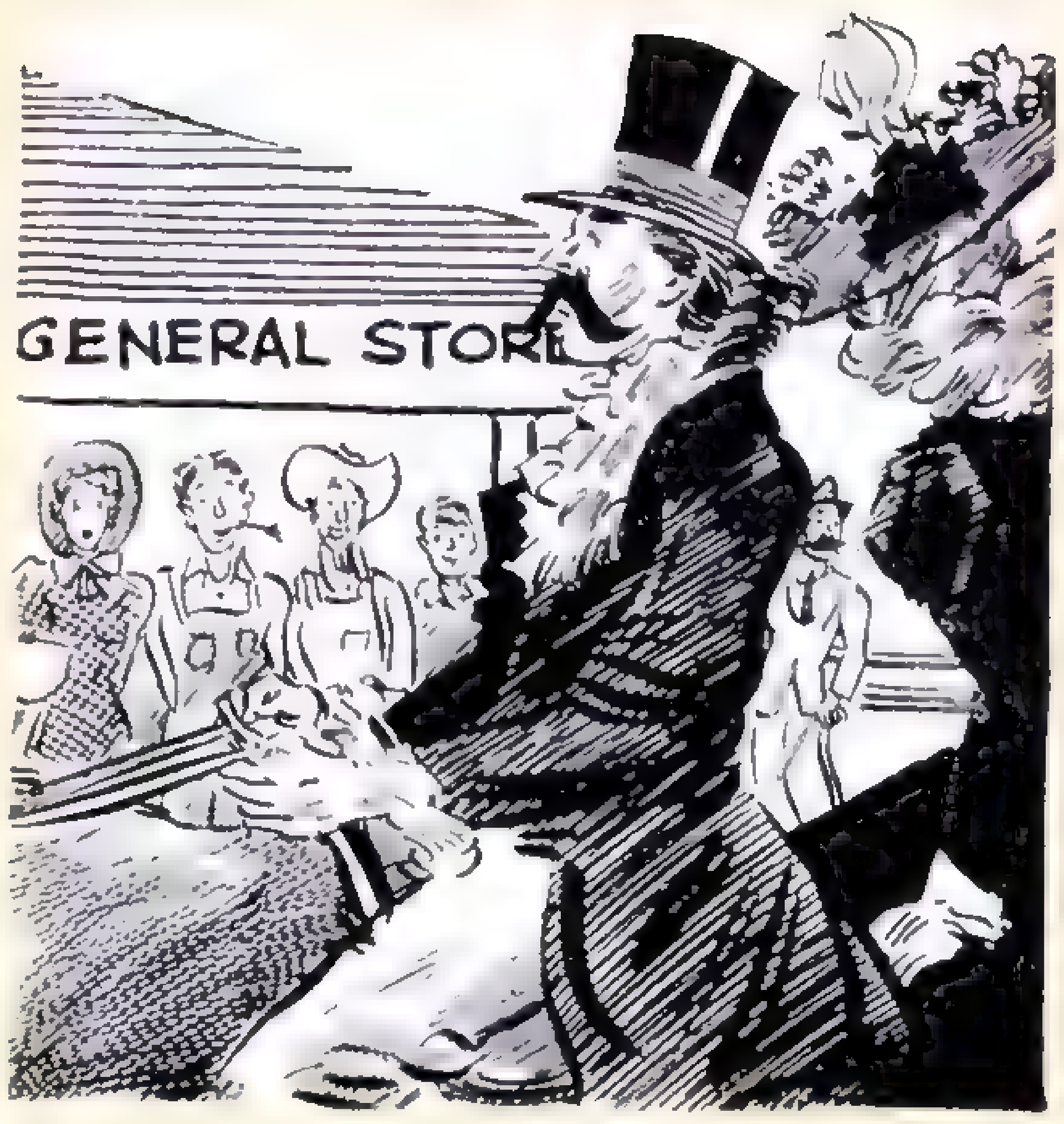
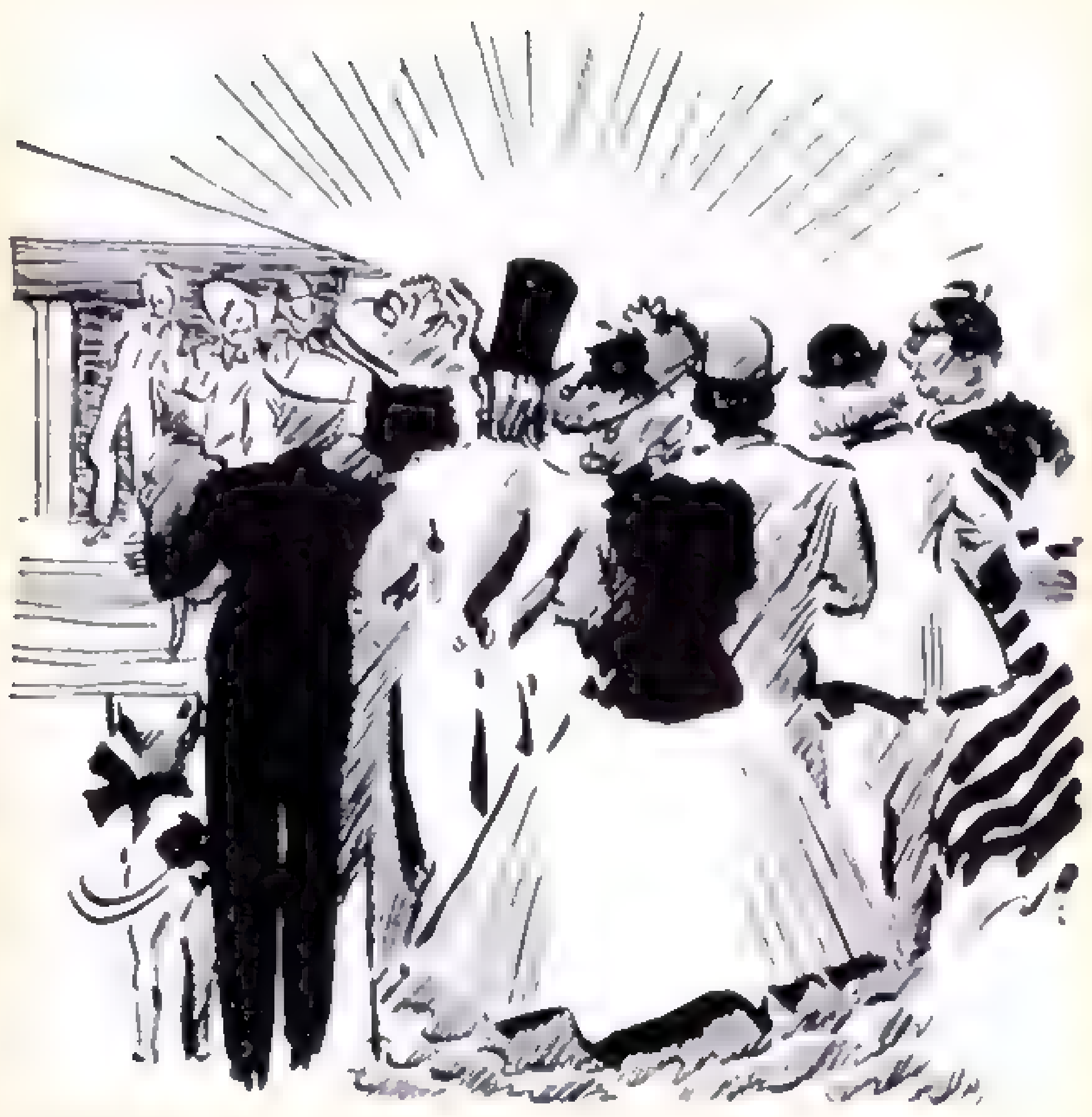
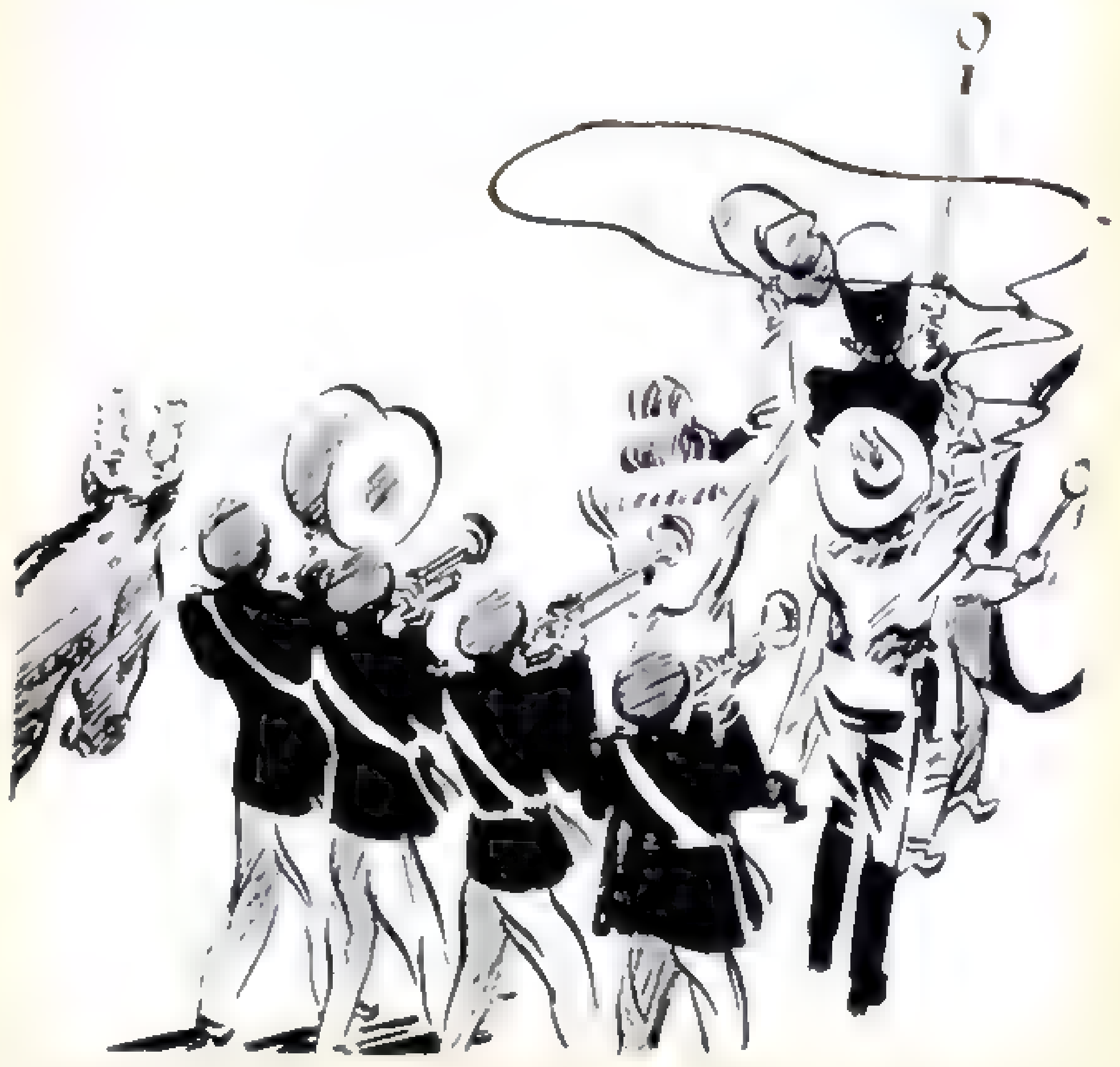


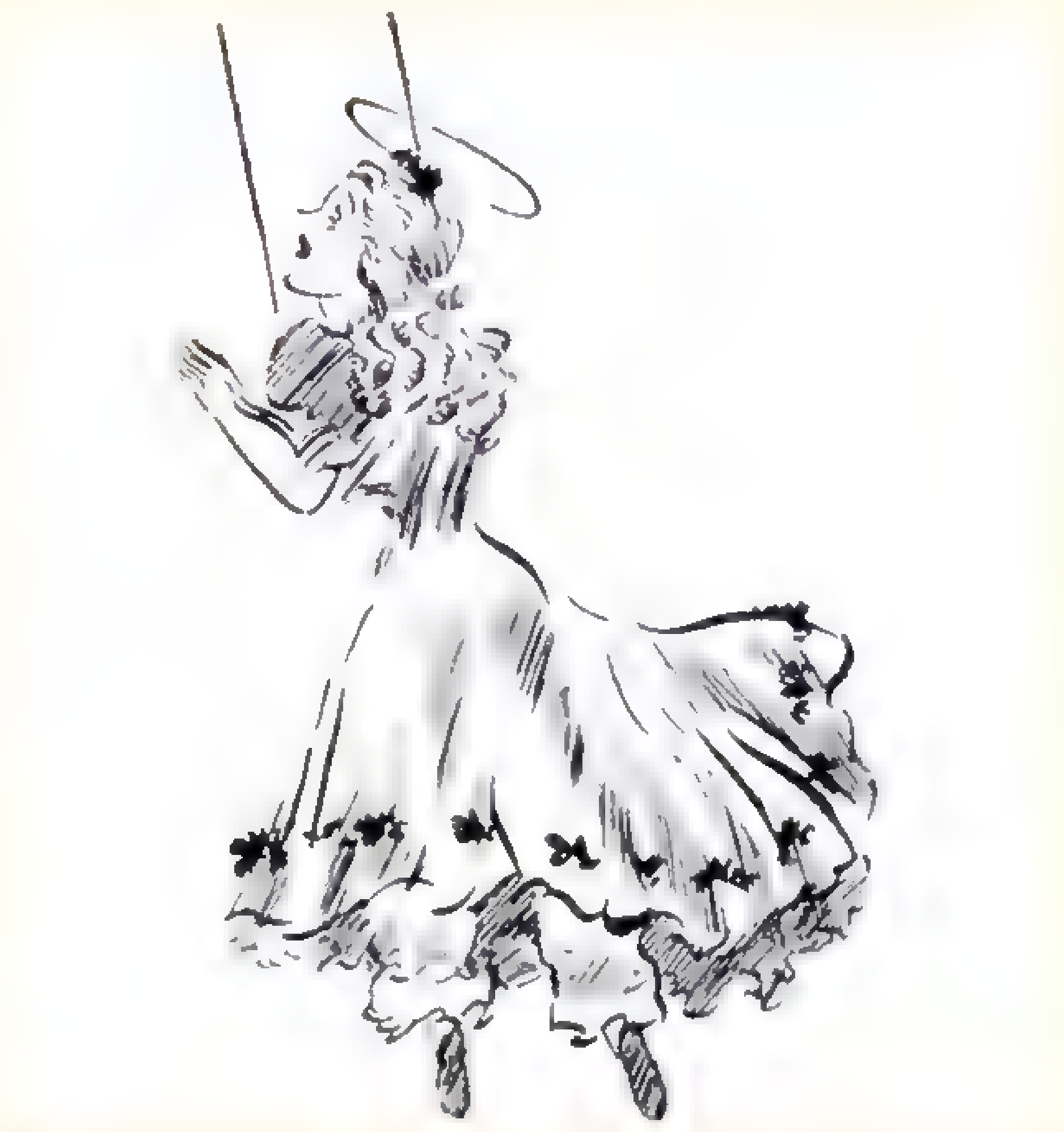
1—*Ah, let us now recall and praise*
Those clamorous, glamorous tent show days . .



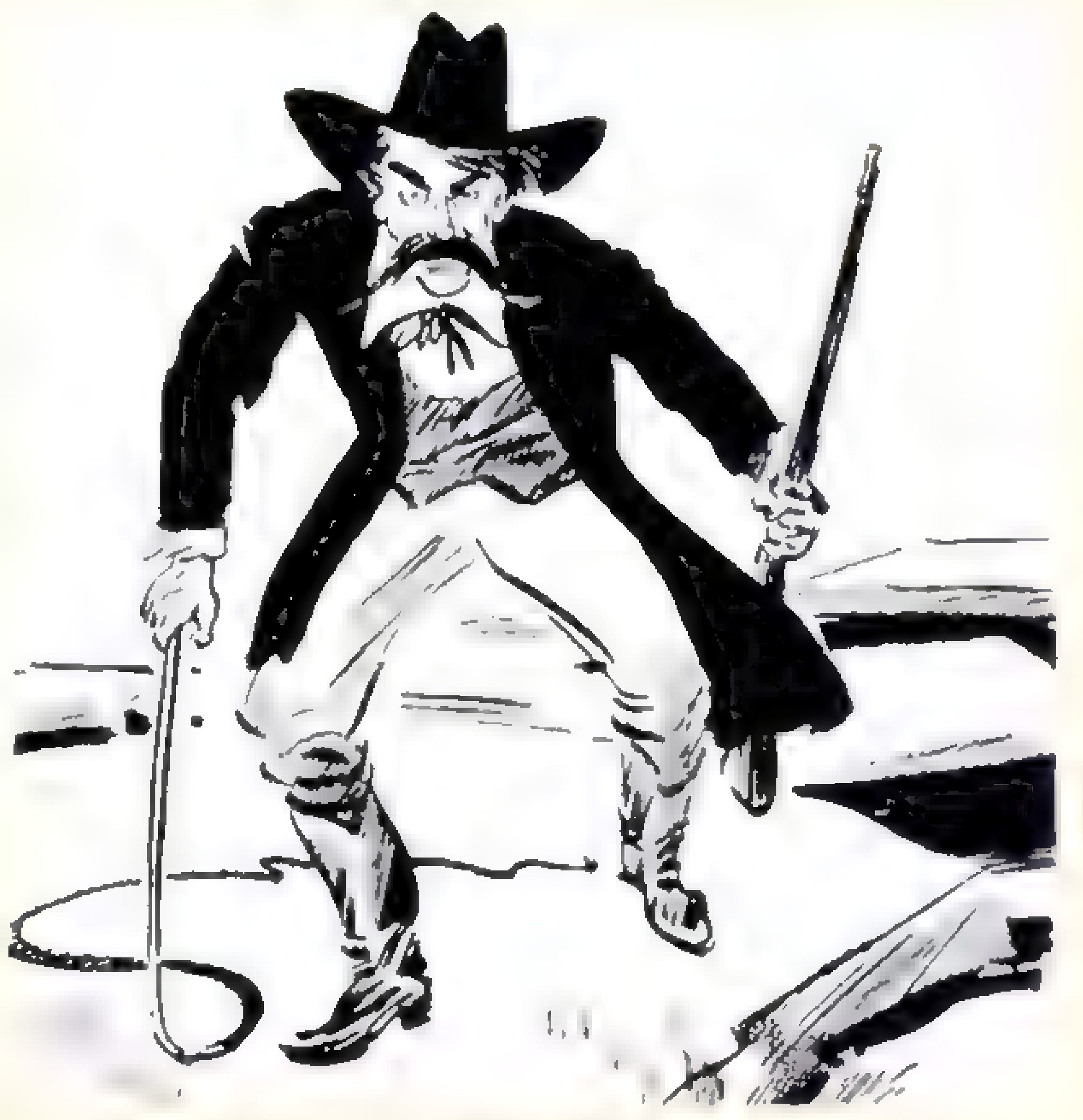
2—*The troupe emerging at the Station*
While moppets whooped in wild elation . . .



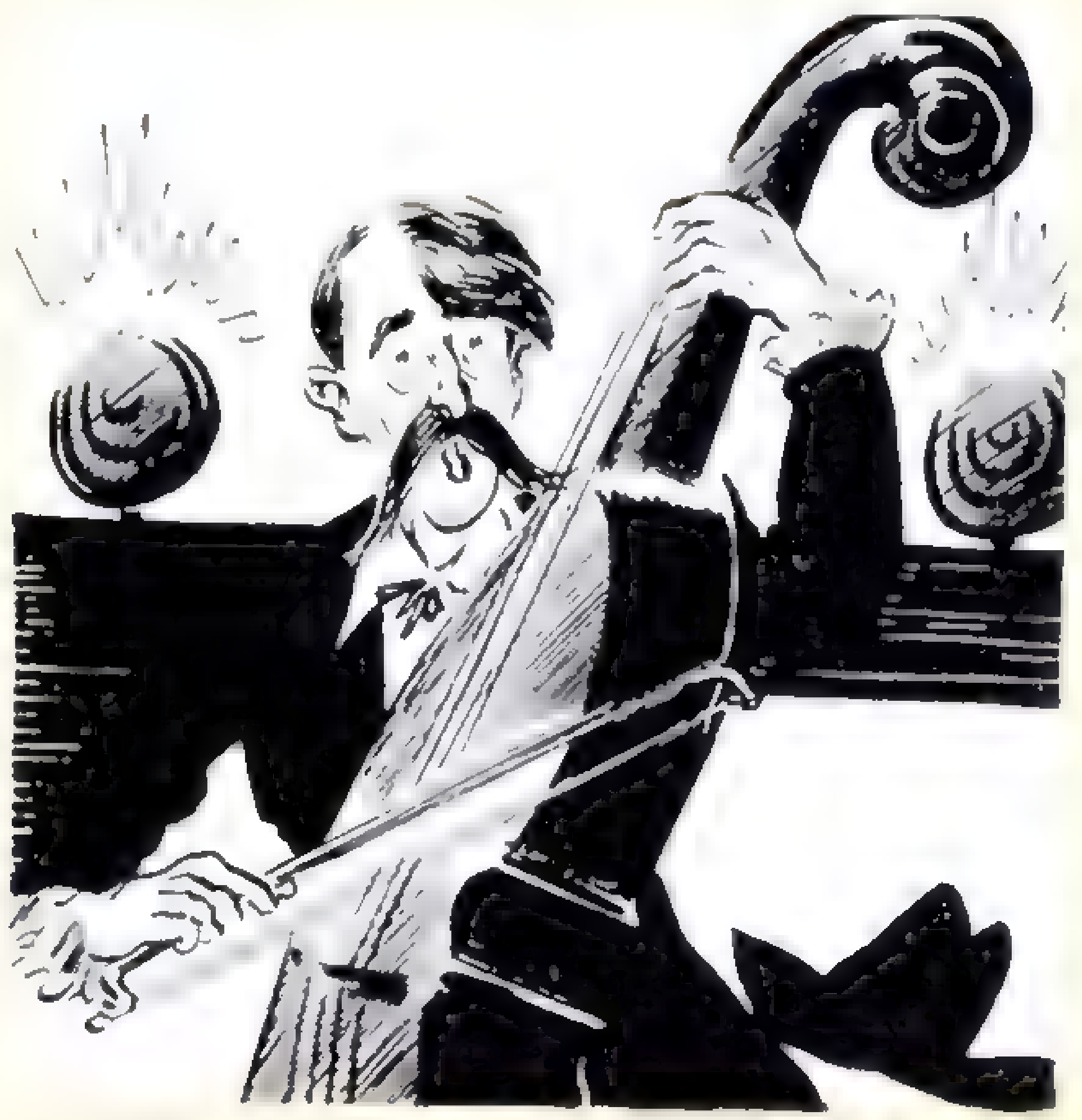
3—*The Street Parade . . . the Big Bass Drum . .*
The cry, immortal: "Here they come" . . .



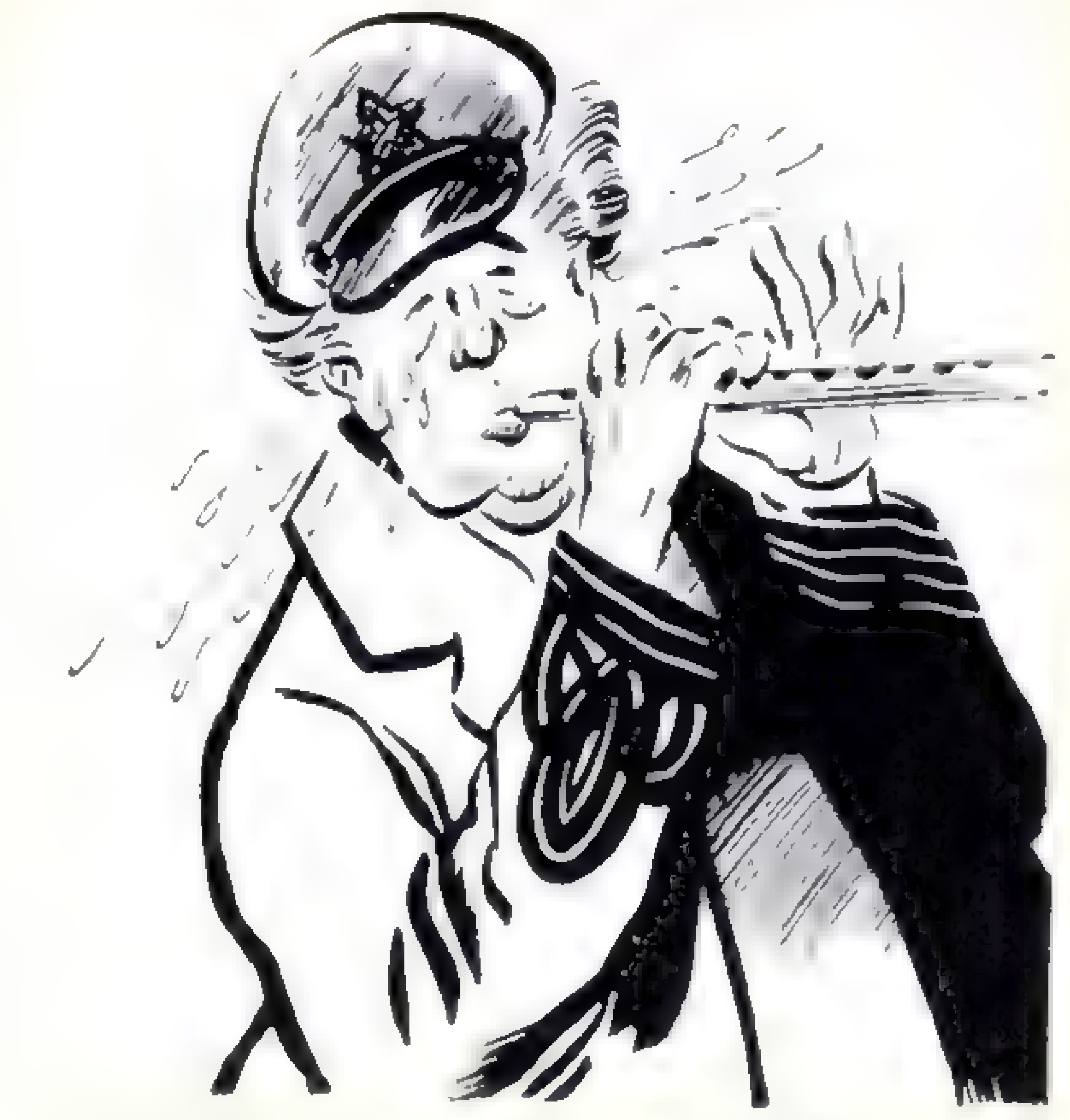
4—*The tears we somehow could not shake off*
As Little Eva staged her take-off . . .



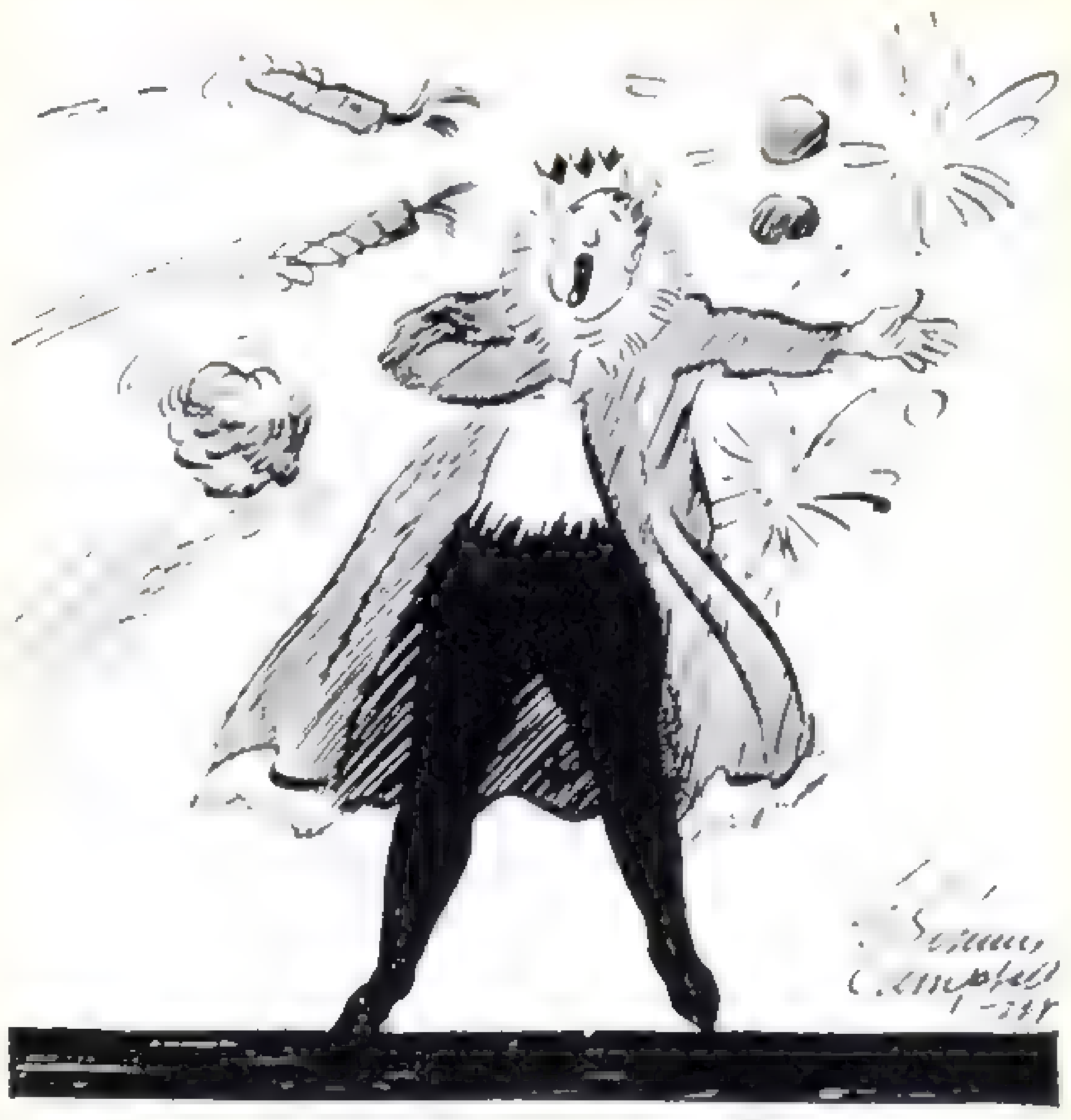
5—*The ice props that Eliza mastered,*
The hisses for Legree, the dastard!



6—*Between the acts, did magic flit?*
No! No! The Cast was in the Pit . . .



7—*The muse of Orpheus entreating*
As "Hearts and Flowers" took a beating!



8—*So thus, from Train to Curtain Call*
These Hams in hamlets gave their all!

—PHIL STACK

The Wizard of Wump

It was Hector Migglespot's night to howl, and people who tried to interfere received weird penalty

by WILMON MENARD

SATIRE

I was sitting in Joe's Bar having a beer and minding my own business, when a little old man with a dried-up, wrinkled face came in, slid onto a stool beside me and, pointing at Joe, said shyly:

"I can change him into a pelican."

I just pretended I didn't hear him.

Joe came hurrying down and shouted in his face:

"Cut out annoying my customers!"

He gave Joe a guileless look out of his robin's-egg blue eyes. "I'm not bothering anyone." His thin, pale lips trembled, as if he were about to cry. "I just told him I could change you into a pelican."

"All right, all right!" snorted Joe. "Cut out the hooey! What do you want?"

"Cognac."

"You've got the wherefore?"

The little man's eyes blinked once or twice. He took off his green fedora hat and handed it to Joe. His head was bald as a billiard ball. "I'll give you my hat as payment."

"Go on, scram!" Joe yelled at him, shoving the hat back.

He turned to me with ineffable melancholy expressed in his puckish face. "If you'll buy me a cognac I'll change him into a pelican."

"Give him a shot," I told Joe.

Joe almost had an apoplectic stroke. "Do not encourage him!" he screamed. "He's just a no-good bar-fly!"

"You heard what my pal said," the short one said impatiently. "Bring me your best cognac."

Joe flew down to the other end of the bar, clenching and unclenching his fists in futile rage and making noises as Old Faithful when it's about to erupt.

My self-elected drinking-companion held out a bony claw. "My name is Hector Migglespot," he said meekly. Then, swallowing hard, seemingly in acute embarrassment, he added: "I'm a wizard."

I smiled tolerantly and replied: "That's very interesting."

"You don't believe me, do you?" he whispered, watching Joe out of the corner of his eye. "Just wait until I finish my cognac, and I'll show you something you won't forget as long as you live."

"Oh, you don't have to feel obligated to do anything for the drink," I assured him.

"You're a very sweet guy," Hector said. "But I'm going to do it anyway. I feel in the mood."

Joe came lumbering back and banged his cognac down on the bar. "I still say you shouldn't encourage these kind of bums," he grumbled, giving me a glance of reproach. "Can't you see his baggy eyes and tell he's an incurable dipsomaniac?" I looked at his eyes. They were sad, like a water spaniel's.

Hector lifted the glass of cognac gently and waved it back and forth under his long, pointed nose, inhaling dubiously its bouquet. The nostrils twitched nervously like a rabbit's. He looked over at the check Joe had laid down in front of me. It was for fifty cents. Then his pale blue eyes fixed themselves on Joe's bloated, indignant face. "This is your *best* cognac?"

"Too good for you!" Joe bellowed.

Hector's skinny shoulders hunched up sharply and then settled back in a deep sigh. Then he downed the cognac quickly. His eyes blinked once or twice, and he gave a dry, hacking cough. He looked at me and shook his head plaintively. "It's rotgut."

Joe roared and slammed his two fists down on the bar. It made my heavy beer stein jump. "You get out!" he shouted at Hector. "You're an insult to my place!"

Hector folded his hands on the bar and stared at Joe intently; his lips moved soundlessly. A crackpot, I said to myself. Poor fellow. I had my beer mug to my lips, when it took place. *Jeezus!* I dropped the stein and the beer slopped all over the top of the bar. I had to hang to the edge to keep from falling off my stool. "Oh, my goodness!" I whimpered. I was suddenly cold all over and my skin goose-pimply and the hair was standing up stiffly all over my scalp.

Joe wasn't standing there anymore!

There was a faint, wet, splashing sound from behind the bar. I leaned over and looked down. A small goldfish was fluttering pathetically on the floor. "Wh . . . Wh . . . Where's Joe?" I gasped. I could feel my eyes bulging out of their sockets.

Hector was sprawled on his stomach across the bar, gazing down with shrewd speculation at the hopping goldfish. He turned his face to me, and it was all pinched up, as if he were going to bawl. "I can't get it to work right," he said in a faltering voice. He sucked his lips in, as if he meant to chew them off in his distress. "I meant to change him into a pelican, and look what happened."

He slid over behind the bar, filled a pretzel bowl full of water and, picking the goldfish up by the tail, dropped him into it. "No use letting him die."

I eased myself slowly off the stool. I didn't even bother picking up my change off the bar. I just wanted to get outside and run.

He suddenly raised his head from a steady, bright-eyed contemplation of the goldfish whirling furiously around in the glass bowl, and asked quietly:

"Where you going, Pal?"

I could only gibber idiotically. "Home . . . gotta get home . . . late . . . wife's mad!"

"Hang around awhile," he said softly, putting his chin back on his fists and gazing intently at the mad goldfish. "You haven't seen anything yet."

I held onto the edge of the bar for sup-

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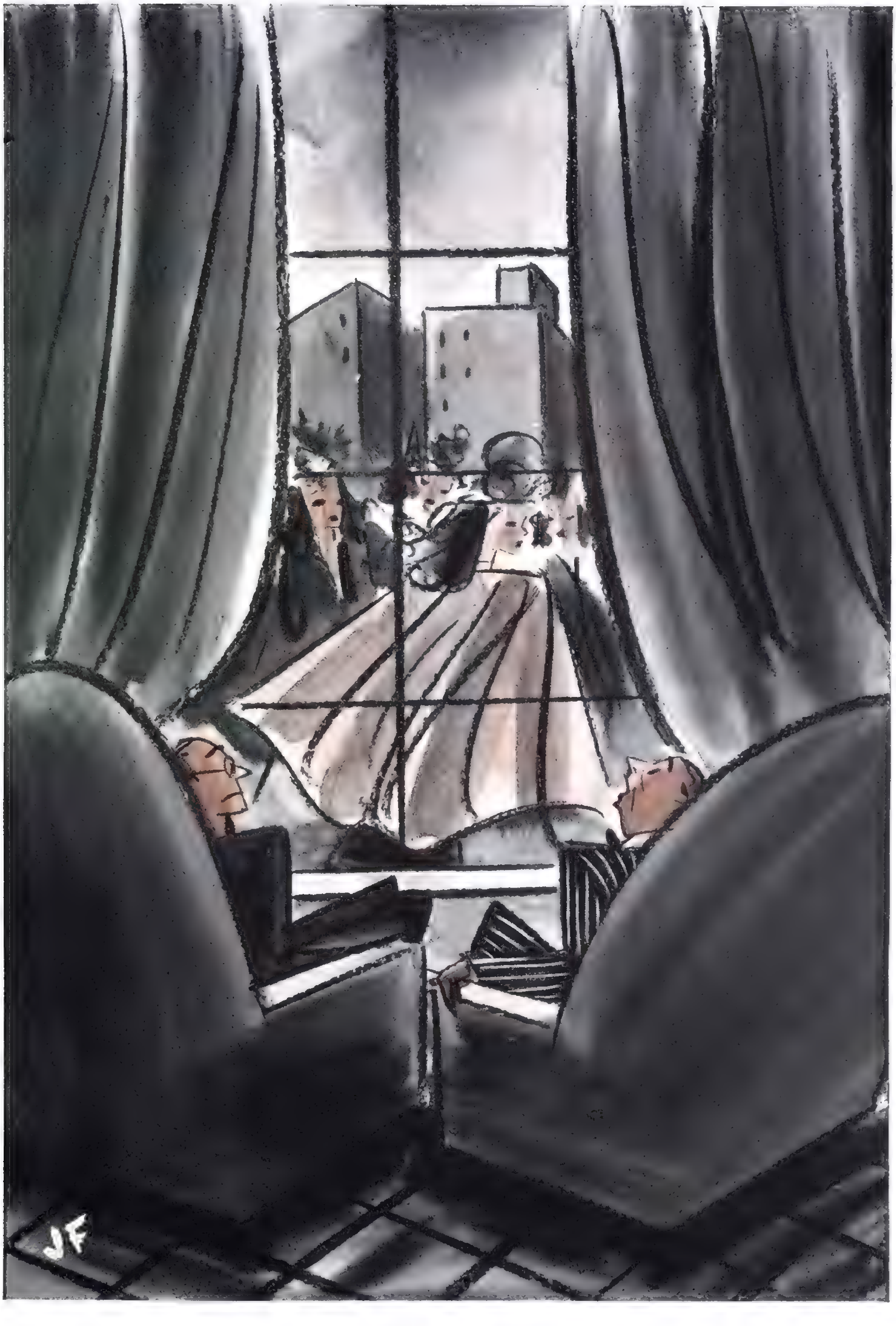

"I know what I want for Father's Day, but I guess I'm too old"

A Good Cigar Is a Smoke

Base your choice on burn, taste and workmanship, be sure it's fresh, then enjoy it leisurely

by AL BERNSOHN

• ARTICLE •

"YES, SIR?" And the cigar clerk looks impatient, in a hurry. Before him lies a showcase full of maddeningly similar boxes of similar looking cigars, all in rows like an organ keyboard.

You staccato a price and the name of some brand. He whips out the box with all the flourish of a shoeshine boy. You grab a few, plunk down some coins and stride out.

Anyway, that's how most men buy cigars. That's how I bought them until I met some seasoned old experts who were well dunked in cigar lore. "Son," one rumbled (the voices of most veteran cigar smokers seem to rumble), "you're passing up a lot of the pleasure that's packed into cigars."

"Huh?" I asked, brightly.

"You've heard of things like mellow fragrance, haven't you?" he asked. "And how vintage tobacco has a delicious flavor? And how there's a gentle reaction from fine cigars like that from good wine?"

"Oh, sure. In cigar ads."

"Well, they're in cigars, too, my boy. They make cigar smoking a *man's* luxury—right on a par with his other delightful vices!"

He went on to say that most men who smoke cigars miss much of the enjoyment inherent in them because (1) they choose their smokes largely by superstition and dabs of information much of which is all haywire, (2) they smoke improperly and (3) they take poor care of their reserve cigar supplies.

Now all this seemed pretty alarming, so more experts were interviewed. They insisted that you don't find pipe smoking's mumbo jumbo accompanying cigars. Cigar smoking's a simple sort of pleasure. In fact there are hardly any complications to it once a good cigar has been chosen.

The experts sneer nastily at folks who slide cigars back and forth under their noses to sniff if they're any good. They say you can't judge a cigar, generally, by its smell—especially when said cigar is still in its cellophane sheath!

Their tests for meritorious cigars are: Burn, Taste and Workmanship.

Burn:

If the cigar's lit evenly, so that the tip glows uniformly, it should burn as precisely as though a ring of fire were being slowly slid down over it. The glowing tip, when the ash is flicked off, should be either flat and perpendicular to the sides of the cigar or a low cone with its base perpendicular to the sides. Uneven burn plays hob with smoking satisfaction, say the experts solemnly.

The cigar should hold its fire well and not go out even though one or two minutes elapse between puffs.

Broken-down fibre in binder or filler shows in the breaking down of ash. Long ash advertises good workmanship and a long filler, but not necessarily top quality tobacco. Vintage tobaccos always leave an ash somewhere between white and steel gray.

Taste:

Taste and burn are interdependent. Without good burn, all is lost. But if the cigar tastes like a January 1st breakfast, who wants the blamed thing to burn anyway?

Taste springs from the type of tobacco used. No smoker could mistake vintage Vuelta Abajo Havana tobacco for rope! Once you've found a type of tobacco or combination of types that pleases you, that tense indecision of the first few experimental puffs is sidestepped and you become a happier man with a sunny disposition and no end of ability to impress your friends with your Cigar Lore.

A cigar isn't nearly as complicated as a screw machine or Sanskrit. It has two ends, the "tuck" that you light and the "head" that you macerate. It has a filler, the body or core of the cigar, which represents the greater part of its bulk; a binder which serves as the corset holding the filler in shape and in place, and a wrapper which finishes off the cigar smoothly.

Filler plays the major role in the cigar's taste appeal. Expert, sensitive tasters test blend after blend of tobacco, rinsing their mouths between smokes with black coffee, until they find exactly the desired combination of flavor, aroma, burn and body. Some cigars may contain as many as eleven different grades of tobacco in the filler alone! Crops of different years, from different tobacco-growing districts, are selected to harmonize with each other and counteract each other's weaknesses. And, because each year's crop is different, new blends must be worked out every year.

Some Havana (Cuban) tobacco is most desirable in any blend of quality filler. Havana is recognized as tops as filler, binder and wrapper. In this country filler crops hail from Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Texas!

Binders must be strong in everything but taste. Wisconsin, in addition to turning out LaFollettes, has been quietly producing for many years now our country's most important binder crop. Minnesota grows a hefty tonnage of binders too.

The wrapper is the outer dress of the cigar, the part you can see when you inspect it. It actually represents an average of about a tenth of the whole product, but that's enough to mean the difference between thumbs up and thumbs down on a cigar. Many's the cigar of debatable merit that sports a handsome wrapper; but generally a manufacturer who produces quality "bunches" (unwrapped cigars) will keep the wrapper up to his other manufacturing standards. Good wrappers are glossy, not rubbery, pebbly grained and of a taste that either blends well with the other

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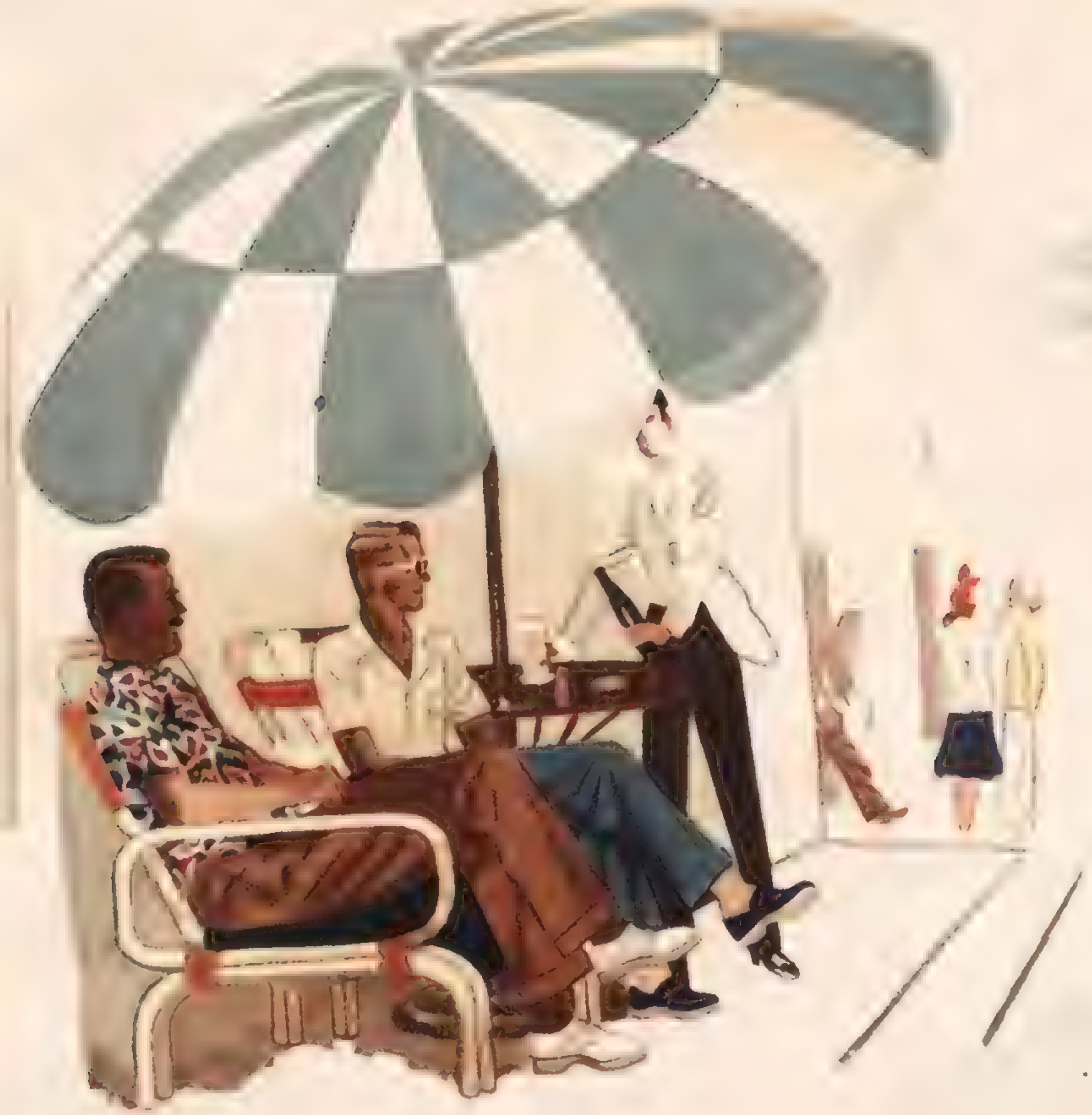

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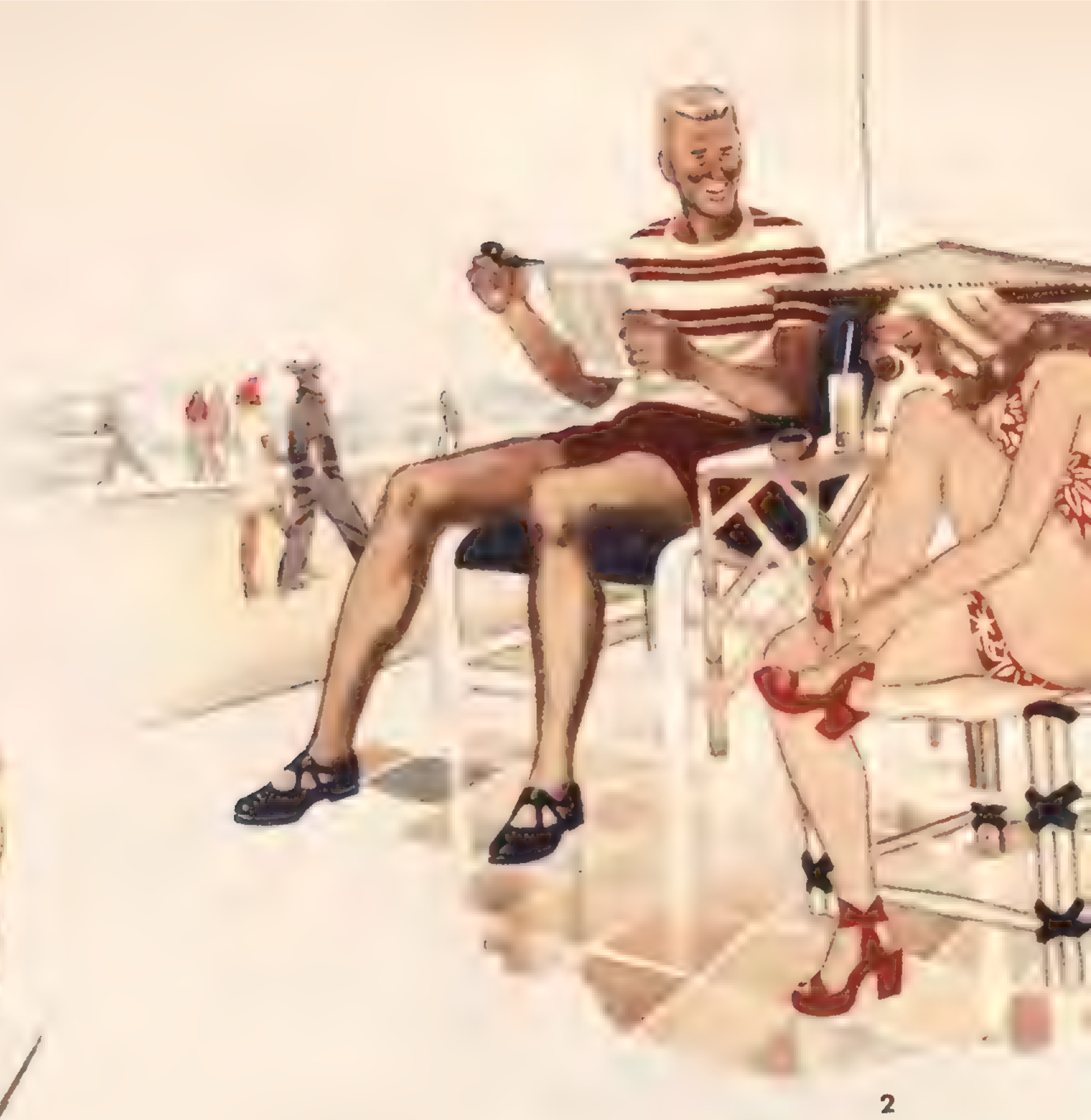

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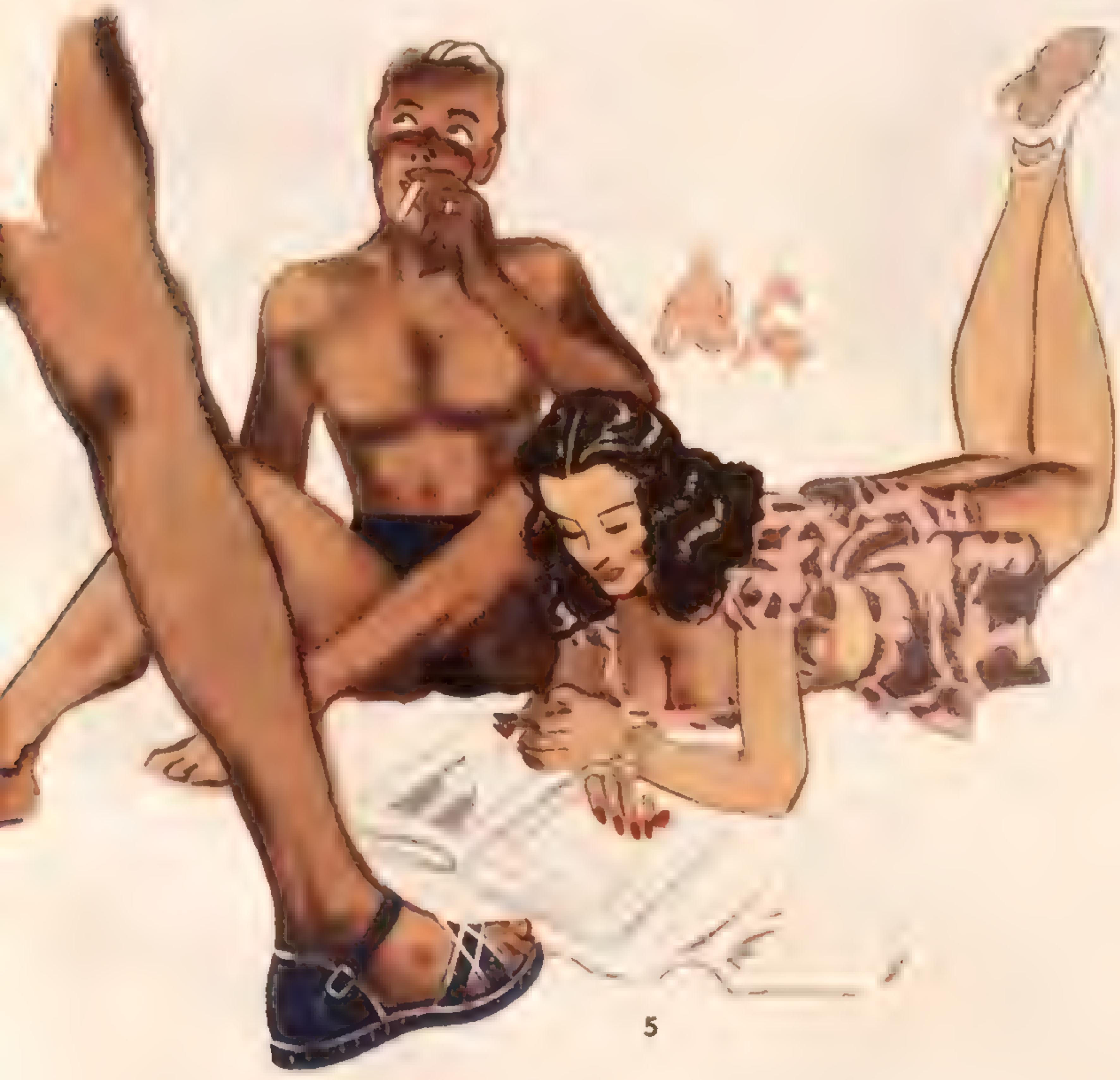

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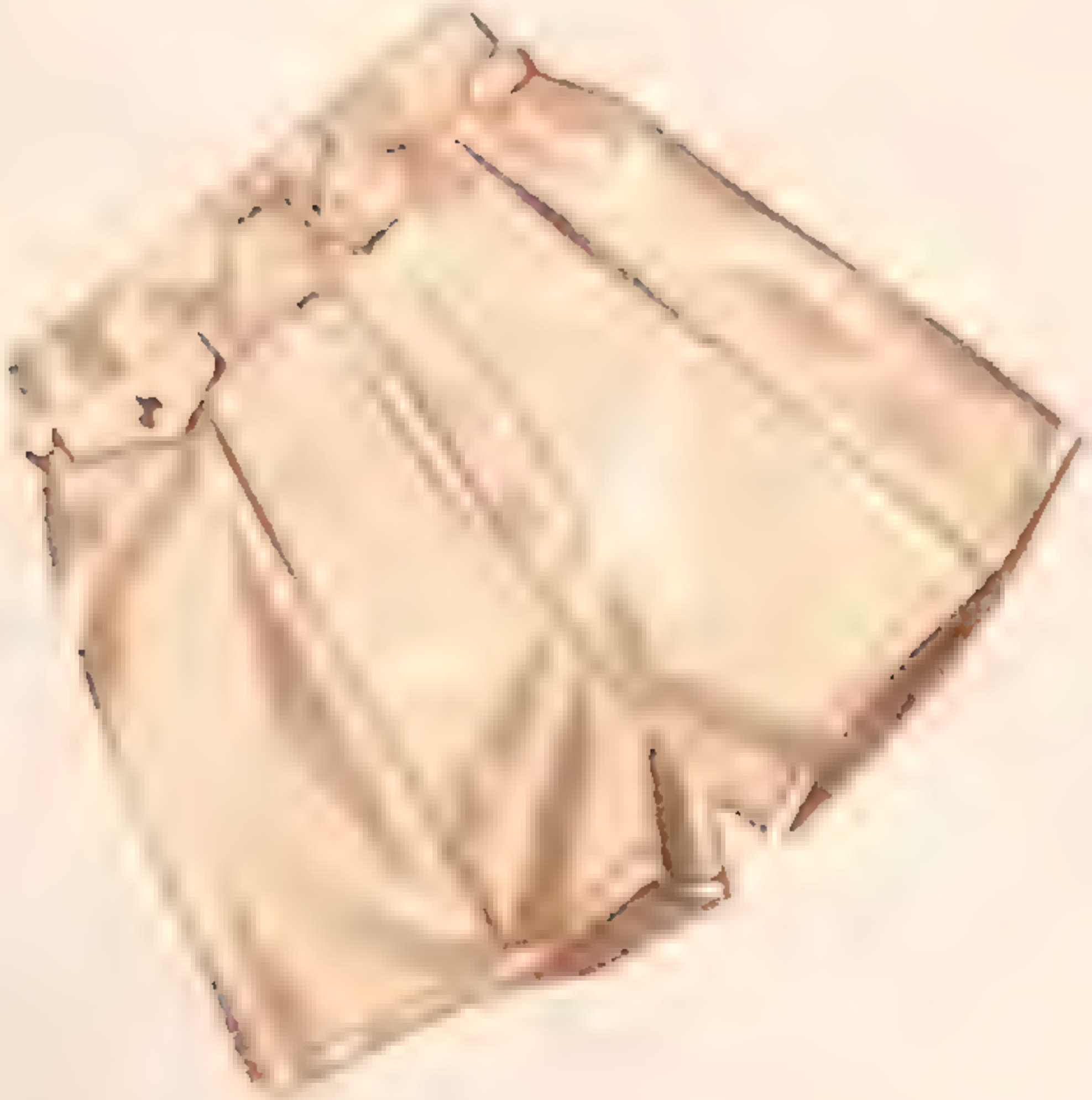

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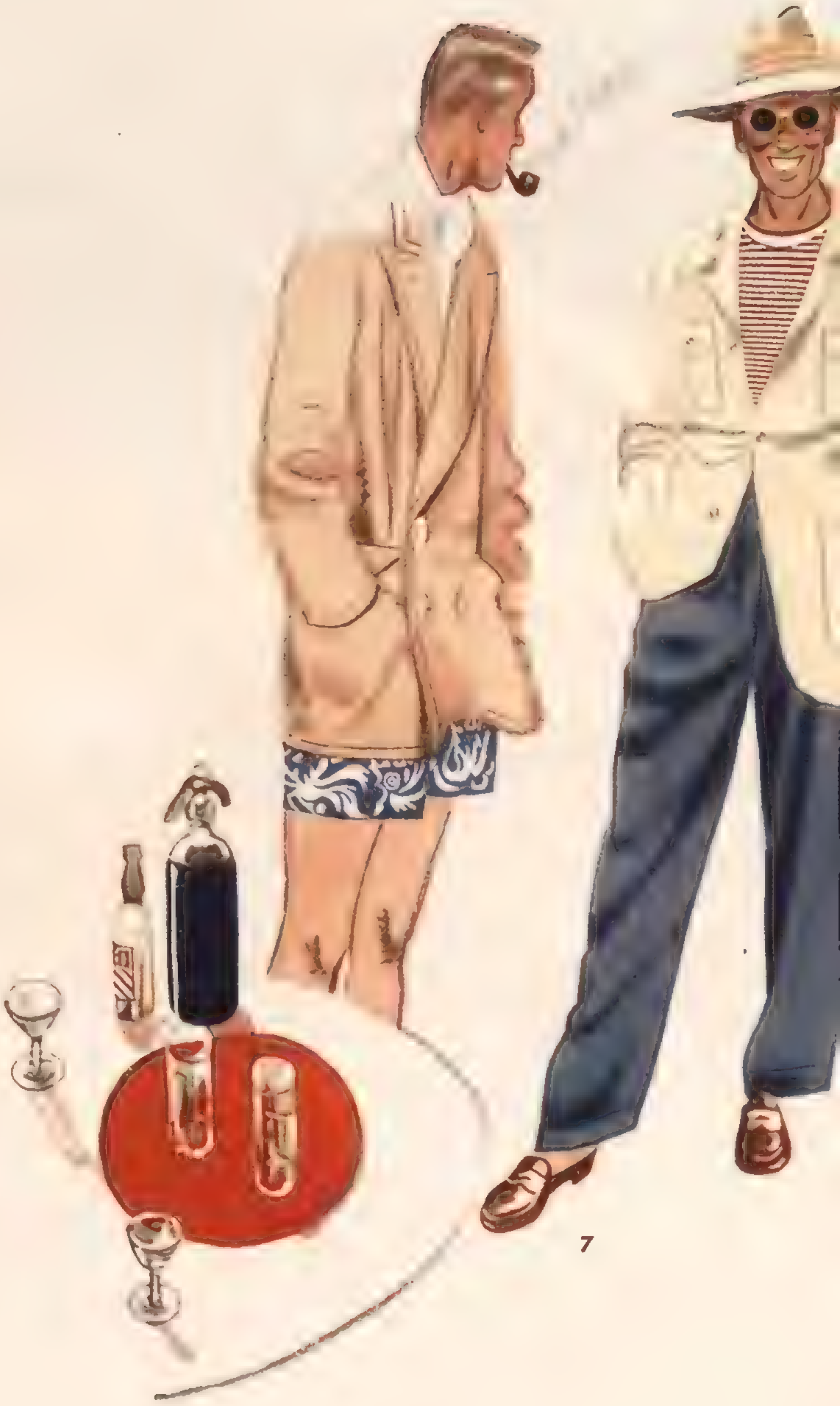

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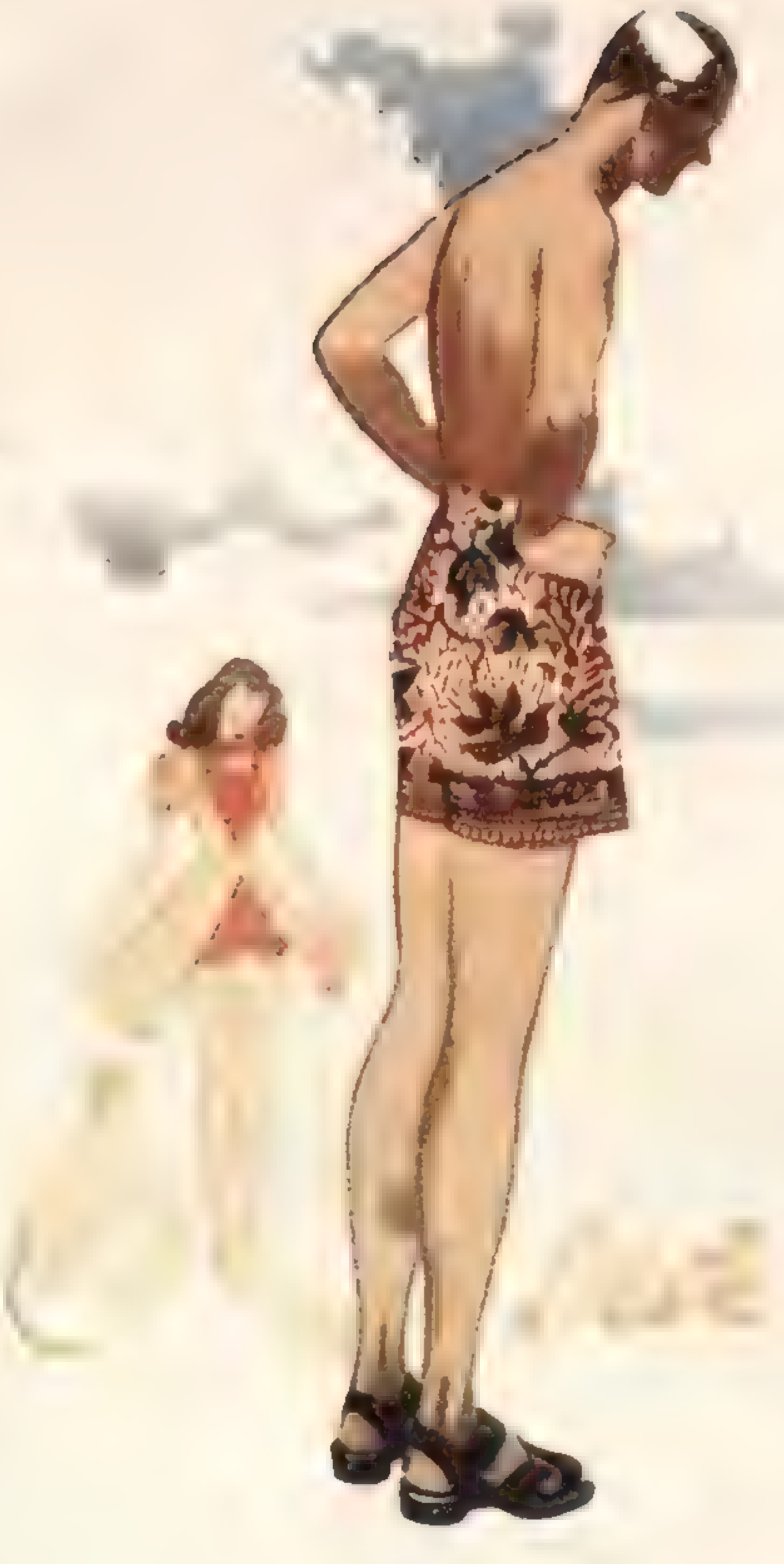

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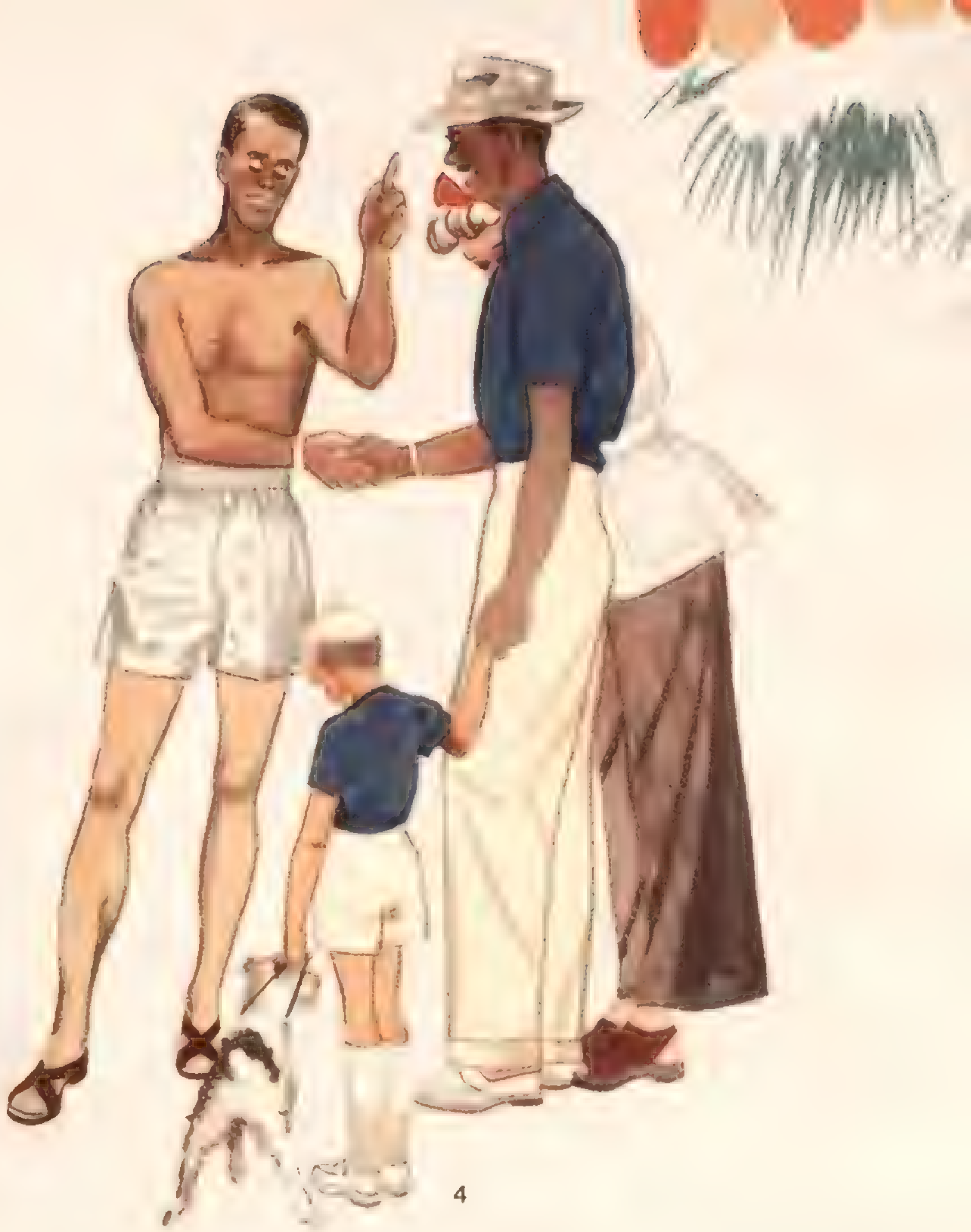

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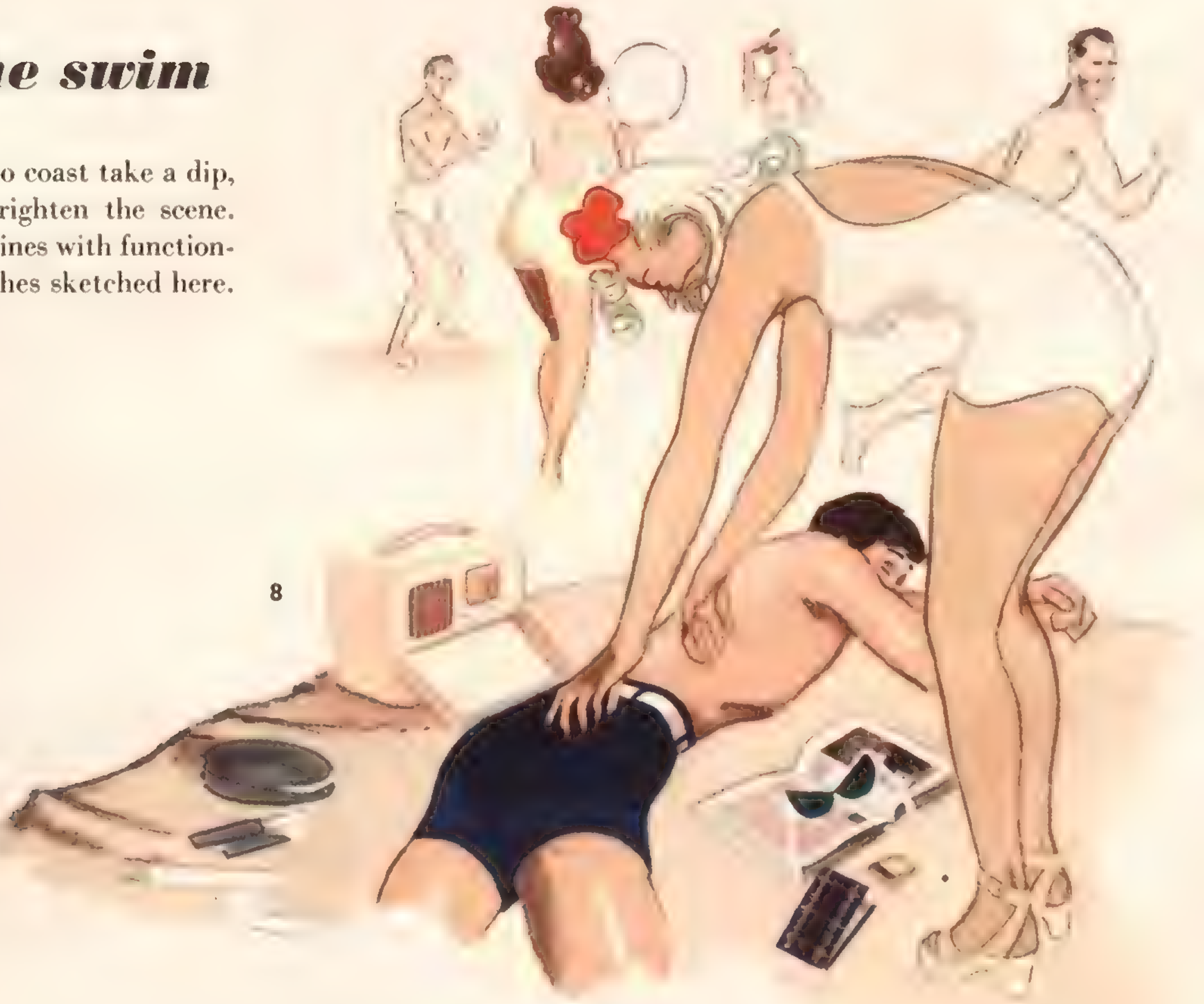
America in the swim

As men and women from coast to coast take a dip, fashions of variegated colors brighten the scene. Gaiety of designs and hues combines with functionalism in the accepted beach clothes sketched here.



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1—*Under checkered umbrella . . . mustachioed gentleman wearing a native print cotton shirt, rust colored washable slacks, brown anklets and canvas shoes with rubber soles . . . companion sports a natural tan shirt, blue washable slacks and blue canvas lounging sandals.*

5—*Beach lollers . . . he in a pair of blue knitted worsted trunks; she in a gay print. In foreground, blue rubber beach sandal.*

2—*Chatting with red sandaled girl . . . pipesmoker combines maroon and Sandune shoulder striped lisle pullover, maroon knitted wool shorts and blue perforated rubber sandals—an outfit that almost rivals her own in both comfort and colorfulness.*

6—*Lower left . . . a pair of tan rayon sharkskin shorts with metal fastener and convenient pocket at waist. These are both comfortable and quick drying.*

3—*Seaside cogitator wears native print shorts, fabric-top sandals with blue rubber, cork soles.*

7—*Beside highballs and cocktails . . . pompadoured young man wearing tan terry cloth beach coat, white terry cloth scarf and native print shorts. Sunglass wearer has on a broad brimmed native straw hat with Sandune band, red and white knitted cotton pullover, Sandune jacket, blue slacks, moccasins.*

4—*Family greeter . . . elastic banded tan cotton shorts with slide fastener pocket and leather strapped sandals . . . greeted combines the blue rayon sport shirt, Sandune gabardine slacks, tan cotton gabardine hat and white moccasin slippers for more inactive beachcombing.*

8—*On the beach towel . . . sun basker about to be disturbed from his nap exhibits a pair of blue knitted wool swim trunks.*

". . . so take my advice and just bet your shirt!"

Unhappy Promotion Day

Poppa had bought a sack of a thousand marbles to celebrate his boy's passing from the 4B

by CHARLES SAMUELS

FICTION

I WAS nine years old when my father first began to doubt that I was going to become a great man. Like most parents, he had toyed with this curious phantasy almost from the moment of my conception. What ripped the veil from his eyes was my failure to be promoted from the 4B class of Public School 154, in Brooklyn.

Never, let war and famine and flood come as they may, will I forget the sunshine-bathed June day when I carried home the gruesome tidings. I raced most of the way to escape the hordes of jubilant schoolchildren who were waving their report cards in the air and shouting:

"Did you? *Did you?* DID YOU?"

Nearing the two-family red brick house whose upper floor we occupied, I slowed down like a partly-paralyzed tortoise. Home I found my mother and my sister Jeannette, an Honor Pupil in the 6A, waiting for me with eyes shining.

Both of them burst into sympathetic tears on hearing of the catastrophe. Unmanfully, I joined them.

After the first shock was over, my mother, always a brave little woman, took me into her arms and assured me that I was still her son even though I hadn't been promoted. That didn't surprise—I'd expected something pretty fine of her.

The real ordeal lay ahead. What would poppa say? Endlessly and boringly, he'd outlined his plans for my career—high school, Yale, law school, then Lincoln-like triumphs in the courts that would astound all Brooklyn, particularly his friends, enemies and drinking companions.

As a child, I was afraid of my father even when I hadn't done anything. He was and is exactly five feet, six inches tall but in those days he seemed like a giant, omnipotent, indomitable and with a terrifying moustache which reminded me of Desperate Desmond, the black-hearted and ingenious villain of my favorite comic strip.

"Now don't either of you children say one word to him," cautioned my mother. "Perhaps your father has forgotten it is Promotion Day."

Far from forgetting, poppa that evening brought home rewards rich beyond our wildest dreams: for Jeannette, a stately-looking, imitation leather schoolbag; for me, a grey-cloth sack containing one thousand marbles.

These, with a fine flair for dramatic suspense, he did not offer us at once. Silently, he removed the wrappings and placed the princely gifts on the sideboard where we could admire them while having dinner. I knew that the grey-cloth sack contained a thousand marbles because it was so printed on the bag and I had furtively felt of the contents while passing to my seat at the table.

As we ate, poppa kept rubbing his hands briskly together, winked at my mother and bathed first Jeannette, then me, in a toothy, benevolent smile.

He didn't refer to the promotion presents. Neither did we. I scarcely touched my food that evening, but I remember everything that was served—chicken noodle soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes and turnips, string beans, apple strudel and coffee.

To celebrate the expected scholastic advancement of Jeannette and myself, my mother had prepared all of poppa's favorite dishes. Evidently bemused while mentally rehearsing his presentation speeches, he neglected to reproach me for my lack of appetite.

Usually, I gave him little trouble in that respect. Generally it was Jeannette's animosity toward mashed potatoes and turnips and finicky refusal to have anything to do with dark chicken meat that aroused his ire.

Children being what they are, I was brooding now more over the fate of that staggering fortune in marbles. The flaming denunciations and other torments that awaited me had become secondary in importance.

With a thousand marbles I would be the boy Rockefeller of the neighborhood. Nobody on our block had so much as a hundred. I'd never even heard of anyone speak of a thousand.

I only hoped he wouldn't throw them out of the window. If he did, the McLarrys would get them. There were six of them and one or two McLarrys always seemed to be around when anything interesting was thrown out of a window.

I had nothing against the McLarrys. Their father was a police lieutenant. Once he had let me put his hat on. But the oldest of the McLarrys, Frankie, was my best friend and chief rival in everything. I hated to think of how he'd swagger and boast if he got, even in partnership with his brothers, the thousand marbles my father had brought home for me.

At last, the dreaded moment arrived. Poppa patted his moustache with his napkin and lit his evening cigar. An elfin look came into his brown eyes as he picked up the schoolbag and the grey-cloth sack and went into the parlor.

"All right, children," he called to us amiably over his shoulder, "you may bring in your report cards now."

The three of us looked at one another like a trio of guilty conspirators whose bloody secrets were about to be exposed and punished. As Jeannette started to rise from her chair, my courage failed me. I made a mad dash down the long hall of the railroad flat and dived under the bed in my room. For interminable minutes I lay there quivering with woe and apprehension.

What followed was strikingly like the

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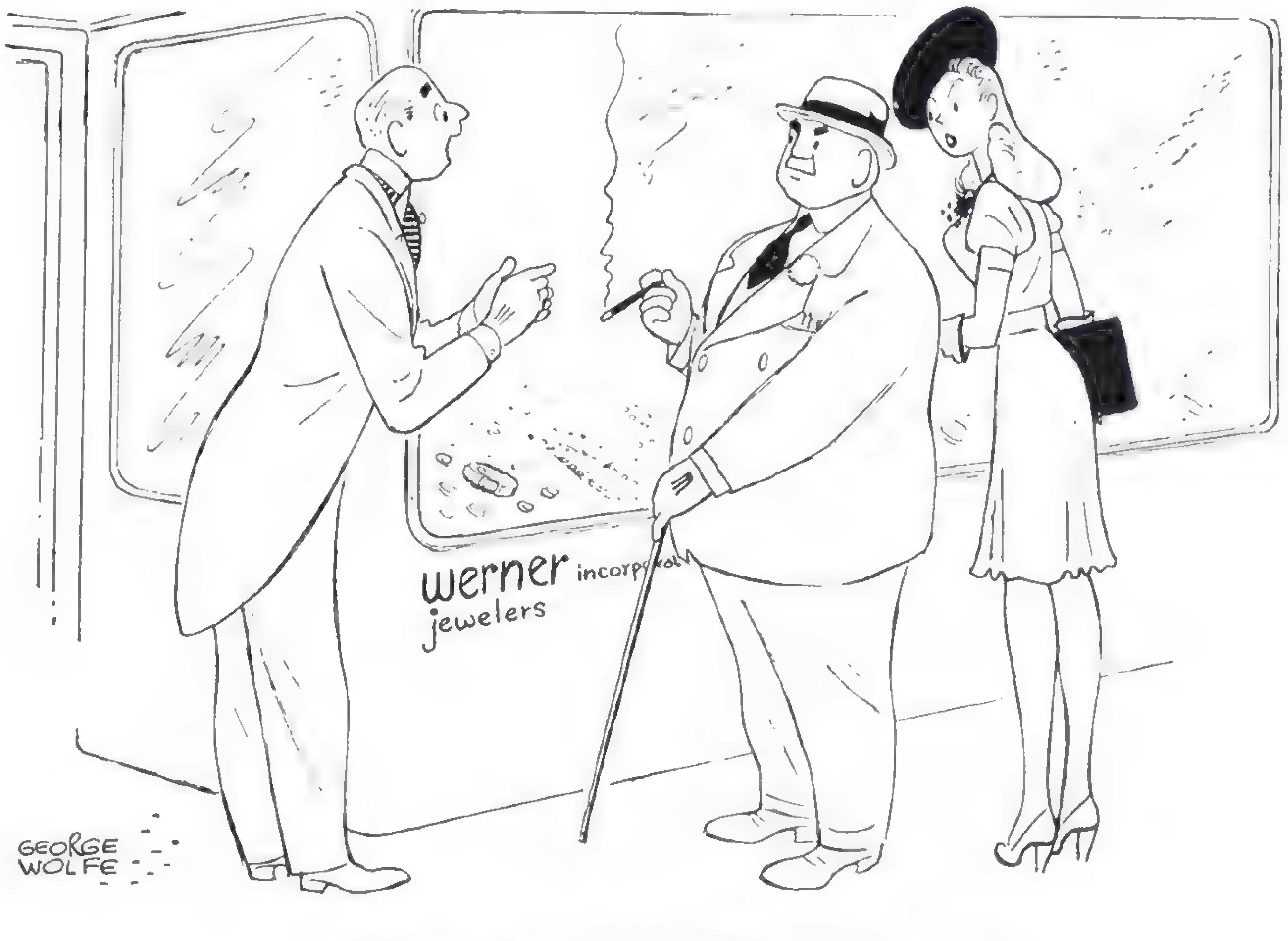


"A diamond bracelet for Father's Day, sir?"

A Corporal Under Protest

All Smoot asked of life was a little peace, and then they had to take and give him a squad of draftees to nurse

by LOUIS PAUL

SATIRE

℞

Corporal Smoot threw off his web belt and loosened the top round of his spiral puttees. It was a hot day. Perspiration showed through the back of his khaki shirt. Smoot had no sooner exposed a package of cigarettes to view than Ortwingle and Corky Smith appeared magically out of nowhere and appropriated a smoke apiece. It had been a tiring morning on the drill field.

"Never light no three cigarettes on one match," Corky advised as a matter of course. "It is always bad luck, almost invariably."

"That ain't the ony thing which is almost invariably bad luck," Smoot complained, eyeing his depleted pack of cigarettes sourly.

"I guess Smoot here is got a weak memory," Ortwingle commented in an ironical aside to Corky Smith. Ortwingle was obviously referring to the old days when they'd soldiered under Corporal Edwards, whose main function appeared to be the alleviation of Private Smoot's chronic financial distress. Times had changed considerably since then. Corporal Edwards, recently made first sergeant of a new company in one of the draftee battalions, had brought the three inseparables along with him. "I guess," Ortwingle added, "I guess he is forgot how when he is a private hisself there is nobody who hollers for more attention than Smooty here."

"A corporal is got the responsibility to see that the guys in his squad is happy," Corky observed sententiously.

"Not if he is bein' kept a corporal against his will," Smoot protested. "Who wants to be a corporal?"

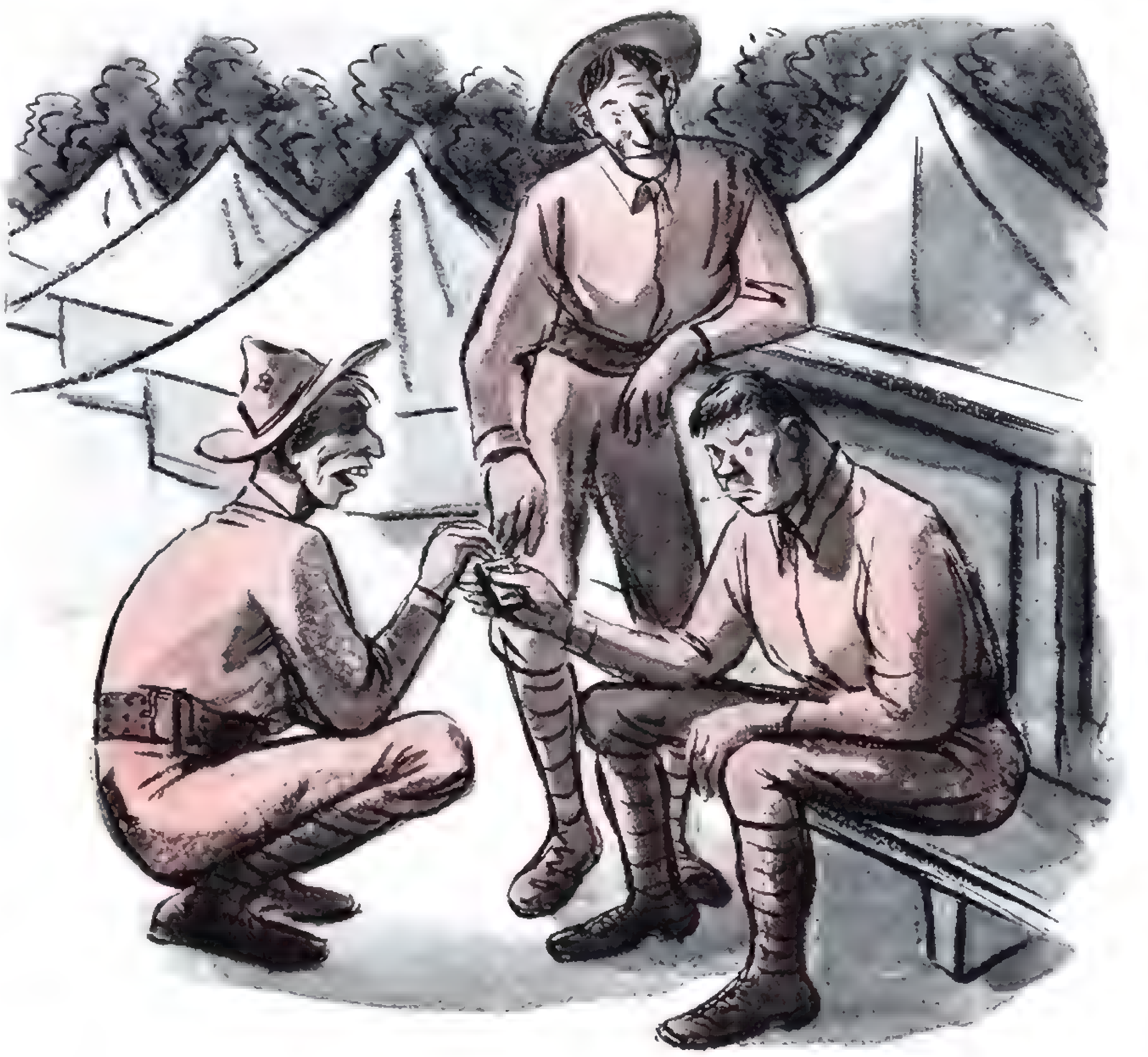
"Well, it is good money in it." Ortwingle spoke with a gravity which poorly concealed the satiric intent of his words.

"How is it good money in it with guys which is always bumming stuff off of a person such as cigarettes and Dyanshine and two buckses all the time? Next to bein' ran over by a tank I guess the worse thing that can happen to somebody is getting made into a corporal."

Ortwingle sat down on Corky's bunk alongside his partner. "If it wasn't that a corporal is got the responsibility to see that the guys in his squad is contented," he explained, "the U. S. Army why would it haff to pay him more money than it does to a private?"

One of the newly arrived draftees, a kind of lost-soul expression on his features, came over and apologetically interrupted the conversation. "I—I beg your pardon, corporal," he murmured, "but I don't—well, I just don't seem to get the hang of wrapping these leggings."

Smoot stared sorrowfully at the new addition to his squad. "How do you expect to wrap them puttees with your britches draggin' the floor? Here." Smoot took up the recruit's leg as though he were about to shoe a horse, adjusted the lacings on the britches, and bound the puttee skillfully.



"Gee, thanks very much, Corp. I guess I'll get it with a little practice. Thanks a lot."

"That is what I mean by bein' held a corporal against my will," Smoot sighed as he removed his bayonet from its scabbard and ran over the metal parts with a bit of oil rag. "When I went ahead and decided to reinlist up in the army was it anything mentioned that I would haff to become a corporal? No. All I ever done was to swear to help and protect the U. S. of America against all enemies foreign and domestic. Now what I would like to know is if a draftee is a domestic enemy that I have got to button up their pants for them and teach them how to use the latrine and see that they say their prayers at night?" Smoot examined his bayonet minutely for signs of rust spots but could not find any. "If I would of knew I was gonna be made into a corporal of a draftee company I'd of went back into civil life and became something else beside a soldier, that's what I would of did."

Corky, who incidentally had his nickname by reason of his ability to extract corks from bottles with his large buck teeth, glanced slyly at his partner Ortwingle, a glance which contained in it a signal to egg the unfortunate corporal on. "I hear there is a rumor bein' gossiped around," Corky said unsmilingly, "that the new battalion commander is decided that on account of all these new guys jist comin' out of home, that everybody from now on is got to sleep in pajamas at night from now on."

Smoot's mouth fell open. "Is this kidden?"

"Kidden? Certainly it ain't kidden. The way I hear it, this new battalion commander figgers out that all these kids is in the army against each of their wishes, so the lease it could do to make them feel like at home is to allow them permission to wear pajamas at night. There is some firm, I hear, which is already makin' up designs for regulation pajamas for the army."

Corporal Smoot viciously thrust back his glistening bayonet in its scabbard. "Well, all I got to say against such a rumor is that the day anybody will ever ketch me goin' to bed in pajamas it will be because I am been chloroformed first."

Ortwingle shrugged. "If the orders comes to wear pajamas into bed you will wear 'em, don't worry about that. I guess you ain't never read in the papers that it is the worst crime than even murder or arsenic to interfere with the Defense Program."

"That's right," said Corky.

"Defense Program? What the hell has wearin' pajamas to bed got to do with that?"

"That is how ignorant Smoot is," Ortwingle observed to Corky.

"Yeah," said Corky. "He sure is ignorant."

"A man that he is as ignorant as all that

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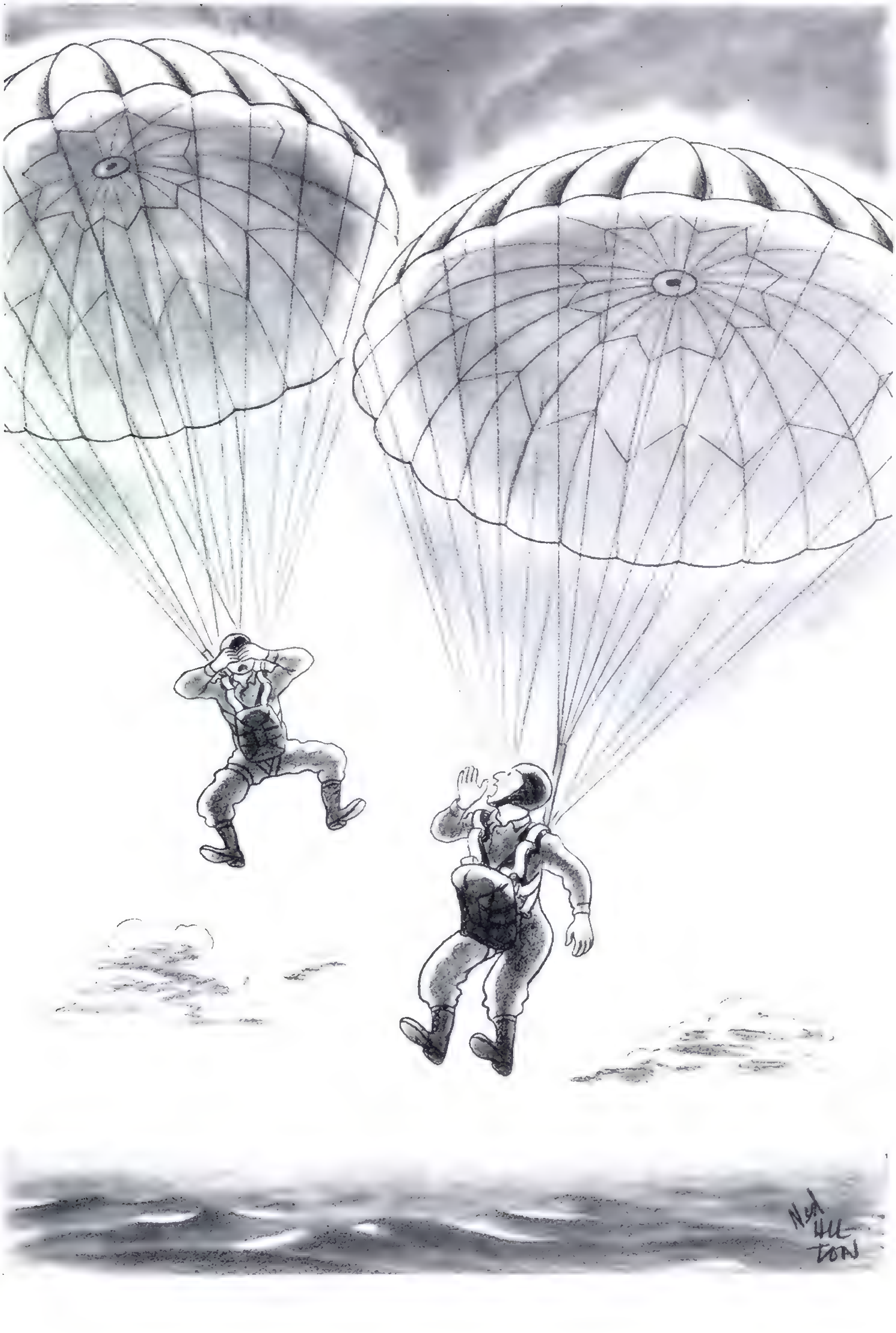


"You can open your eyes now, Herkimer—it worked!"

The First Born Son

If David really hated the plowed land, the land that would be his some day, then Martin had no son

by ERNEST BUCKLER

• FICTION •

THE pale cast of fatigue smudged Martin's skin and little grooves of it emptied into the corners of his mouth. But this land was his own, and a son of his own flesh was holding the plow that broke it. His thoughts were tired half-thoughts but they did not ache.

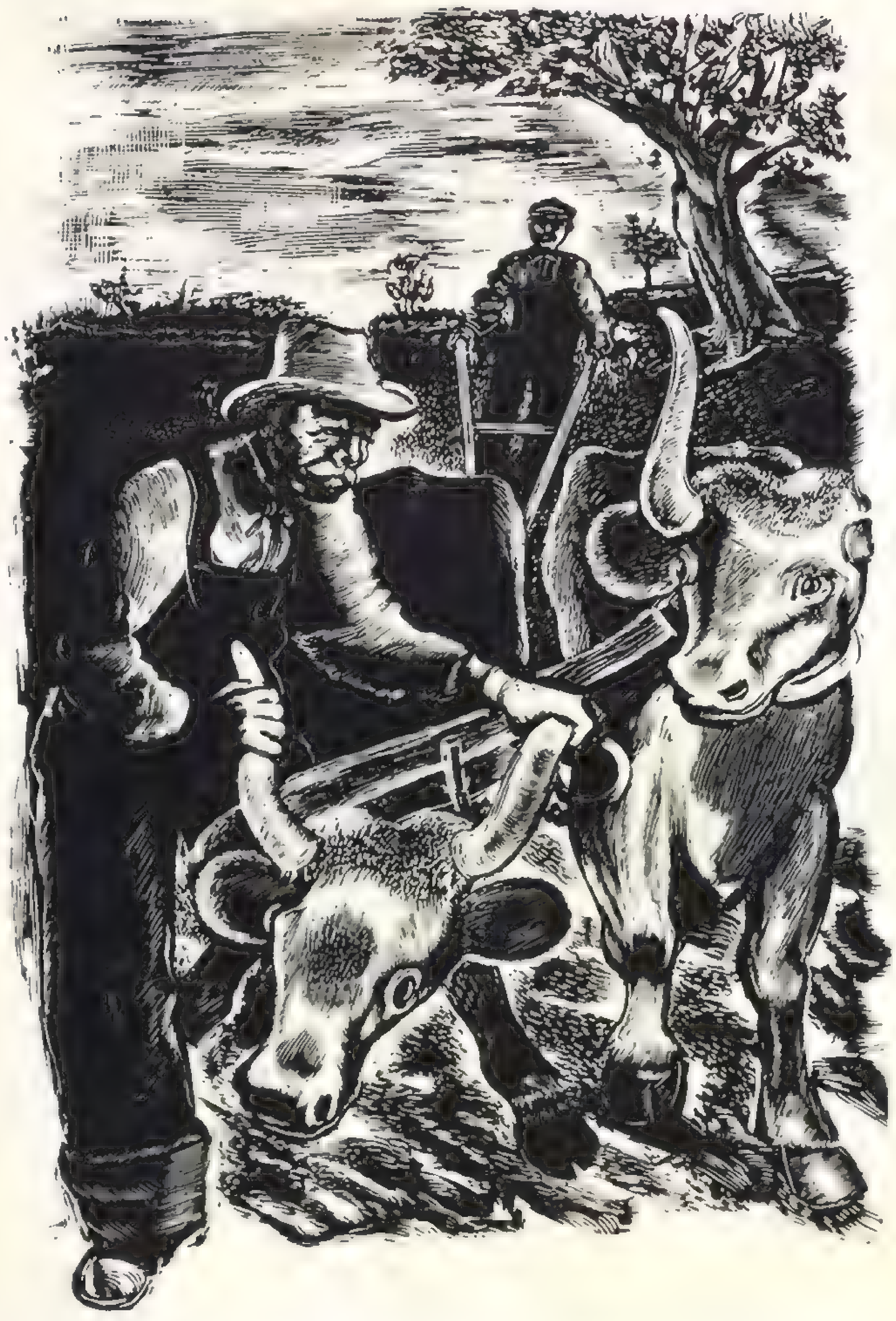
He felt the wine of the fall day and for a minute his feet wandered, inattentive, from the furrow. The dogged, slow-eyed, oxen followed him, straining nose-down at his heels. The plow ran out wide in the sod. David tried to flip over the furrow with a sudden wrench of the handles, but the chocolate-curling lip of earth broke and the share came clear.

"Whoa!" David yelled.

"Whoa!" Martin roared at the oxen.

"For God's sake, Dad, can't you watch where you're going? It's hard enough to hold this damn thing when you keep 'em straight."

"Now don't get high," Martin said. But there was no echo of David's temper in his voice. He knew David was tired. And David could not learn to handle his weariness. He fought it. It was no use to do that. If you let it come and go, quietly, after supper it made a lazy song in your muscles and was good to think about. Martin remembered the night David was born. They had thought Ellen would die. It was Christmas Eve. There was not a breath of wind in the moonlit, Christmas-kindled air. Snow lay in kind folds on the ground, shadowed in the dead-still moonlight like the wrinkles of a white cloak. On the brook Martin could watch the gay, meaningless movements of the children skating. And sometimes a fragment of their heartless laughter would break away and fall inside the room. Ellen's pain-tight face stared at her pale hands outside the quilt. The kind-smelling Christmas tree was a cruel mockery. Now and then Martin would go outside and listen, bare-headed, for the doctor's sleighbells, trying to separate their faint, far-off tinkle from the frost-crackle of the spruces. He would think he heard them. Then there would be nothing. Runner tracks shone like ising-glass in the moonlight. He heard nothing but the heartless laughter of the children.



It seemed hours later, when he was not listening at all, that he looked out and all at once the dark body of the horse turned in the gate, by the corner of the house. His heart gave a great leap. The helplessness left him. This man could hold Ellen back from death. The moonlight seemed to turn warm. After the doctor went in with Ellen the laughing of the children did not seem so far-off and strange.

The quick white grip of fear came again when he heard the doctor's hand on the door again . . . but Martin looked up and the doctor was *smiling*. Suddenly the whole night was a great, neighborly, tear-starting friend. He had a son now. He knew it would be a son.

Martin felt shy to kiss Ellen in front of the doctor, but there was a new peace and a strange swagger in his soul. When he got the doctor's horse for him, it seemed like the best horse in all the world; and half-ashamed and half-afraid not to, but somehow wanting desperately to thank *some*one, he knelt down for a minute on the hay and prayed. Outside the barn, the voices of the children laughing were a glad song in his ears, now. In the bedroom, Ellen murmured "My own little Jesus" . . . and the thick spruce-cosy smell of the Christmas tree and the shining moonlight outside and the soft peace after danger past clothed the minutes in a sweet armor . . . A son . . . A son . . . And Ellen well . . . Martin couldn't believe how good it was. He would never die now. He had a son, now . . . when he was too old to break up the land he loved, any more, this son would come in at night and they would plan together, just the same. This son's sons . . .

"Well, maybe you think it's *easy* to hold this damn thing," David said. It *must* be that he's tired, Martin thought. He can't mean that . . . this same David . . . my own son cannot find it hard to plow this land of our own. I never found it so, when I was young. Plowed land was always the prettiest sight in the world to me. It was always good at the end of the day, to stand and look over the brown waves of earth and know that I had opened my land to the sun and the air and the rain. I don't like to hear this son of mine talk that way. He says too many things like that. I don't like to hear my son talk that way. The plowed land was here before us and it will last after us and our hands should be proud to work in it.

"Haw," Martin called, and the lip of the earth curled back and buried the grass again.

In the city, David thought, their bodies are not dead-tired now. They have not walked all day in their own tracks . . . back and forth, back and forth, in their own damn tracks. There is movement and lights and laughing. Every day there is something *new* . . . something to keep alive for. The same people here . . . the same talk . . . the same eternal drudgery . . . your nose in the ground all day long, from morning till night, like a damned ox . . . cooped up in that damned circle of trees.

The last brown beech leaves on the hardwood hill drifted down to the ground, dreamily, a little sad to die. A flock of partridges made their heavy headlong flight into an apple tree and began to bud. In the fields, the potato stalks lay in blackened heaps. The earth was grey and brown. All the color was in the sky or hung in the thin air. Only the stray pumpkins, left to ripen on the withered vines, gave back any of it. They were like bubbles of the sad October sunshine. Martin loved these quick chill dusks, and then later the kind eye of lamplight in the window, and the friendly, wood-warmed, table-set kitchen.

They came to the end of the furrow. Martin split the rest of the acre with his eye.

"Will we finish her before supper, son?" he asked.

"Do you want to work all night too!"

Martin stopped the oxen.

"What's wrong with you today, Dave?" he said. "If you planned to go after the partridges . . ."

"Partridges, hell!"

"Well then, what's . . ."

David hesitated.

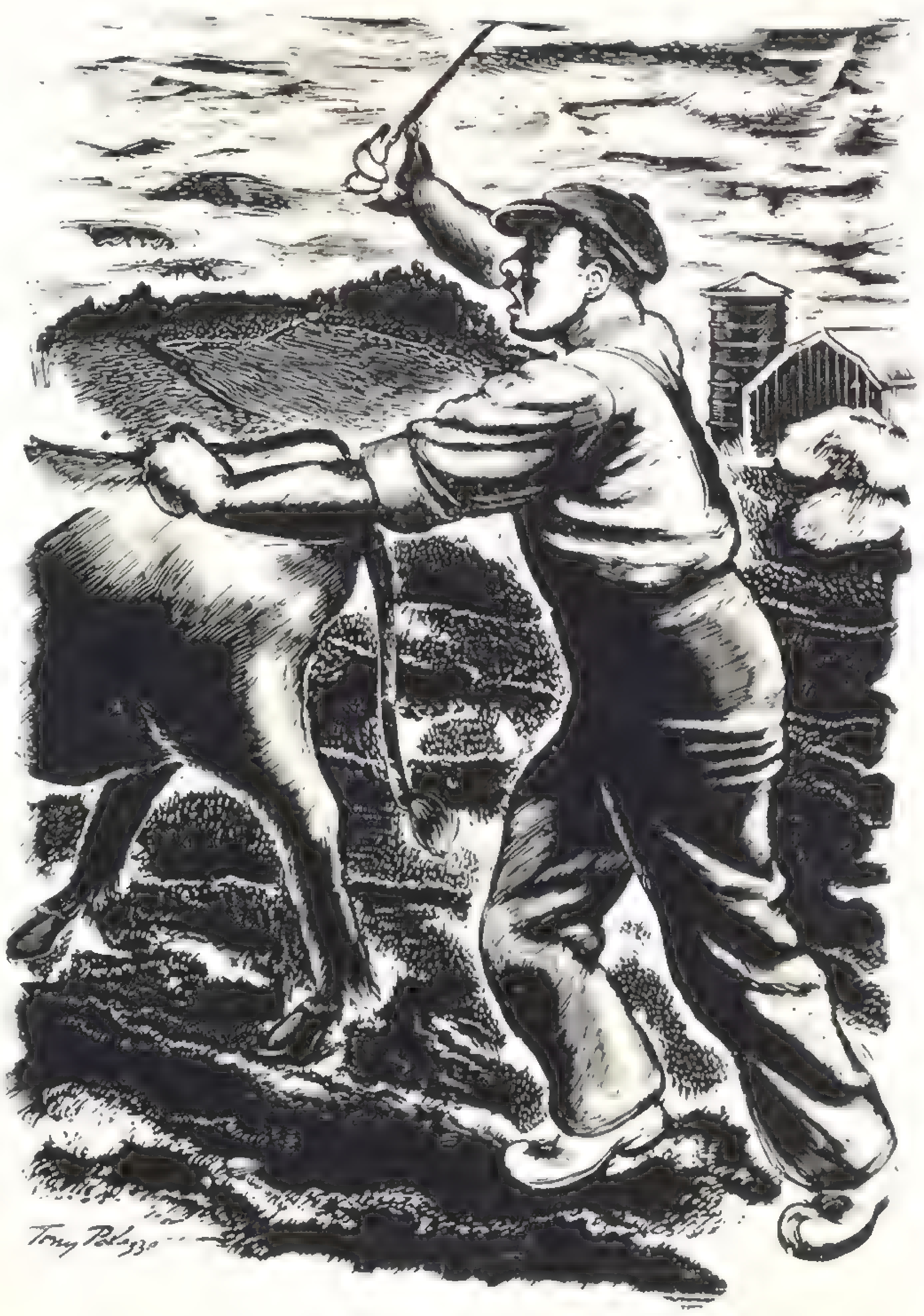
"I'm so goddam sick of this damn place I . . ."

"Is *that* so!" Martin said slowly. "What's wrong with this place?" He kicked over a sod with the toe of his shabby boot. An old man looked out of his face for the first time. It was true, then . . . It had never been because David was tired or lonely or weak or young . . . It was because David had always *hated* this land . . . the land that would be his own some day. A sick little cloud settled on his heart. He *had* no son, then.

"What's *wrong* with it?" David said. "The same damn thing over and over from morning till night . . . every day and every day . . . what future is there for anyone here?" David kept his back bent to the plow handles. He felt a little mean and ashamed when he heard the sound of his own words.

"What future is there here?" The question sounded meaningless to Martin. He had the truth, to contradict it. There is the first day in April when the fields stir again and it is good all day just to feel your breathing . . . There is the sky-blue August day when the whole green wind is full of leaves and growing, and Sunday morning you walk in the waving growth-full garden rows and wish you could keep this day forever, hold it back from going . . . It is good, too, when the snow whistles cold and mournful because it can never get inside the pane to warm itself . . . It is *all* good, all of it . . . Men live here as long as their sons live, to see the clearings their axes have made and the living grass that sprang from their tracks in the first furrow and the green things their hands gave life to . . . "The same thing over and over . . ." Martin did not speak. Only his sick thoughts pleaded, patiently, silently, incredulously. We did not plough yesterday, David. We took the day off and last night this time we sat at the edge of the woods and waited for the shy-eyed deer to come out into the old back field.

I thought it was good to sit there and smoke with my son after we boiled the supper kettle, not talking much but not feeling the silence either, and watch the dead leaves drifting down past the rocks in the cool-talking brook. The fire itself felt good, in spite of the sun, and it was good to hear the nervous twitter of the partridges in the apple trees just before it got too dark to pick out their heads along the sights of the gun . . . Or is this like the day last spring we nodded at each other across the pool with the foam on it each time we held a broken-necked trout throbbing in the tight of our palms? Or the day we cursed the heat in the alder-circled meadow and our shirts stuck to our backs like broken blisters? The hay smelt good that night, just the same, and it was good to hear the wagon wheels groan on the sill just before the dark thunder-frown of the sky burst and the barn roof beat back the rain. I remember the night we ate our first supper in the house I had built with my own hands. That night the neighbors came in, and we danced half the night to the fiddles. It was easy with everyone, like with brothers, and we loved them all . . . and it was good that night to lie in bed and let sleep's drowsy wind blow out the candles of thought. The day they brought your brother Peter home loose in their arms before it was dinner time, his dead body so broken your mother could not hold it, that day was different . . . And the next day . . . And the next day . . .



"Well what kind of a place suits *you?*" Martin said at last. David straightened.

"The city, of course! Who'd want to live in this God-forsaken hole when you can get a job in the city?"

"Did you say the *city?*"

"Yeah. The city," he said laconically.

Martin listened with sick wonder to this stranger who had been his son. The city . . . It's *there* the days are the same. I thought it was very lonely in the city, the time I was there. The stone things move, but they do not change. My feet were always on stone. I could not walk on the ground and look over it and know it was my own. They never looked at the sky there, or listened for the rain.

When I looked at the sky there, the sun I saw was a strange one . . . it did not make friends with the stone. The stone houses were alike, and the days were alike, and never till they died could the people lie in bed at night and listen to rain on the corn after a long heat. They had nothing to breathe but their own tired breaths. I remember their faces. There was stone in them, too. They were all alike. They looked as if they never awoke from their tired dreams of the night. Their minds kept turning in their own tracks, like the weary wheels that could find no rest on the pavements. The soft-fingered women-faced men lived in houses, and the house-smell clung to everything they said or did when they went outside. When they talked, it was empty, because their eyes saw nothing but the stone things that their hands had not built . . . and none of them had anything to say that could not be said with words. It was very lonely there. They laughed too much. But not even love or death could melt their aloneness. Even when they laughed, their eyes did not change. And when they died, no one remembered, and there was nothing left of them.

I liked it in the city, now, this time, David thought. The street lights began to come on, a little before it was dark, and excitement seemed to stir in the busy pavements. The wind was not strong enough to lift itself above the street, but the women's skirts clung to their bodies as they passed. So many different women's bodies! What if they *didn't* speak? The bright, metallic, faces of always-rich women seemed to shine in the shop-window light, and you knew you would feel clumsy and ashamed with them, but it was good to think of having their soft flesh alone somewhere in the dark. There was so much light there, then . . . and life. Like when you took off your work-clothes and shaved and felt smoother and brighter and ready for things. There was life, not death, at the end of the day. Here, my God . . . the same old bare maples weaving back and forth against a sky that made your lips blue just to look at it, and never the sound of a strange voice, and later the snow sifting lonely through the spokes of the wagon wheels . . . What a God-forsaken place to be *young* in. Maybe his father didn't mind, they didn't seem to mind *missing* things when they got old. Old people didn't seem to dread being quiet and letting things slip like this. They

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How to Improve Your Putting

Use the Vardon or Reverse Vardon grip, but never grow careless in performing these vital essentials

by MARK G. HARRIS

SPORTS

In observing players practice their putting, I have found that a great part of it is time wasted, by the mere fact that they do not understand its component parts and essential features, and how important one is to the other.

They will start their putting in the morning one way—in the afternoon try another, and keep changing from time to time, simply because they have no system or method. On this account a uniformity of performance is never attained.

In talking with one of these players a short time ago, he was cussing his poor putting and sarcastically exclaimed: "I suppose it's asking too much of the Lord to make a good putter out of me. I seem to be exploring for some hidden secret or magic that will roll the ball into the hole. But I don't seem to find it."

This man was like thousands of others who are putting without knowing what they are trying to do. In other words, he had no system. But there's no reason why he could not become a good putter if he had the advantage of verbal or written instructions on how to do the job correctly.

The average player does not realize the great importance of putting. The records show that since 1921 (when Jim Barnes, the great English golfer and exceptional putter, won the U. S. Open by a 9-stroke margin) up to the present date, practically every National Open has been won by the superior putting of the contestants. So, it naturally behooves any golfer to give putting as much attention as he does the long end of his game. And as previously stated, with a proper system, it's not difficult to become a good putter.

A good method will be easily understood and practical of application, and is bound to place any golfer eventually in a position to do first-class putting. So I herein offer one that instructs the player how to do putting scientifically from start to finish and that I know will produce remarkably good results.

In putting, the first thing in order is to take the proper grip. There are really only two grips used today by the best players the world over. In one the little finger of the right hand overlaps the index finger or forefinger of the left hand. This is known as the Vardon grip. In the other method the index finger of the left hand overlaps the little finger of the right hand. This is called the Reverse Vardon. Either of these two grips will afford the player a delicacy of touch, which avoids rigidity, yet makes for firmness without stiffness and keeps the club solidly in position. It doesn't matter which of these grips the player uses as long as he feels a freedom in the hands and has control of the club. When the grip is taken properly, it will be found that the back of the left hand is fairly parallel with the face of the putter and facing the hole.

After properly taking the grip, the next thing in order is to inspect the line the bal is to take to the cup by standing behind the ball and getting the line firmly in mind. After this direction line has been determined, place the toe of the left foot directly opposite the ball, about six or seven inches from it. This position, with an imaginary line running through the center of the shoe, should form a right angle with the line to the cup.

The player then takes his stance. He places the right foot parallel to the left, with the feet about six inches apart. Weight is fairly evenly distributed on both feet, with possibly a bit more weight on the left foot. Knees are slightly bent, which forces a relaxation throughout the entire body. This produces an easy, rhythmic stroke (everything else being equal) and places the player in a position to do the very best kind of putting.

The body and head are bent forward sufficiently so that the eyes will be directly over the ball.

The putter face is then squared across the line of putt, with its sole (the bottom of it lying flatly on the green at a right angle with the line to the cup.

Many times when a player's putting is off he will find that he is neglecting one of the simplest and most important mechanical points: That of having the putter blade flat on the ground at address. If the toe or heel of the putter is up, the entire balance of the club is thrown off and only through sheer luck will he strike the ball properly.

Occasionally, even the best of them, through a little carelessness or fatigue, instead of placing their putter at a right angle, with the line to the cup, turn the face of it outward or inward, which is bound to land the ball to the right or left of the cup. If the player is guilty of this serious fault, the chances are when he comes forward from the back swing, it is just as apt to be as incorrect as it was to start with. Naturally, the ball will not land in the cup.

Many of the best players handicap their short game by the impractical practice of jumping the putter back and forth over the ball, to obtain a line to the cup. This habit simply becomes a nervous action. It builds up a case of jitters for the player and does not truly establish the line he is seeking to obtain.

As a substitute for this impractical habit I have devised the following:

Place the putter back of the ball so that the toe of the putter is even with the outside edge of the ball. The position of the face of the putter will now form a perfect right angle with the line to the cup. With the right angle thus checked, gently slide the putter forward so that its center will be directly back of the center of the ball. You are now ready to make

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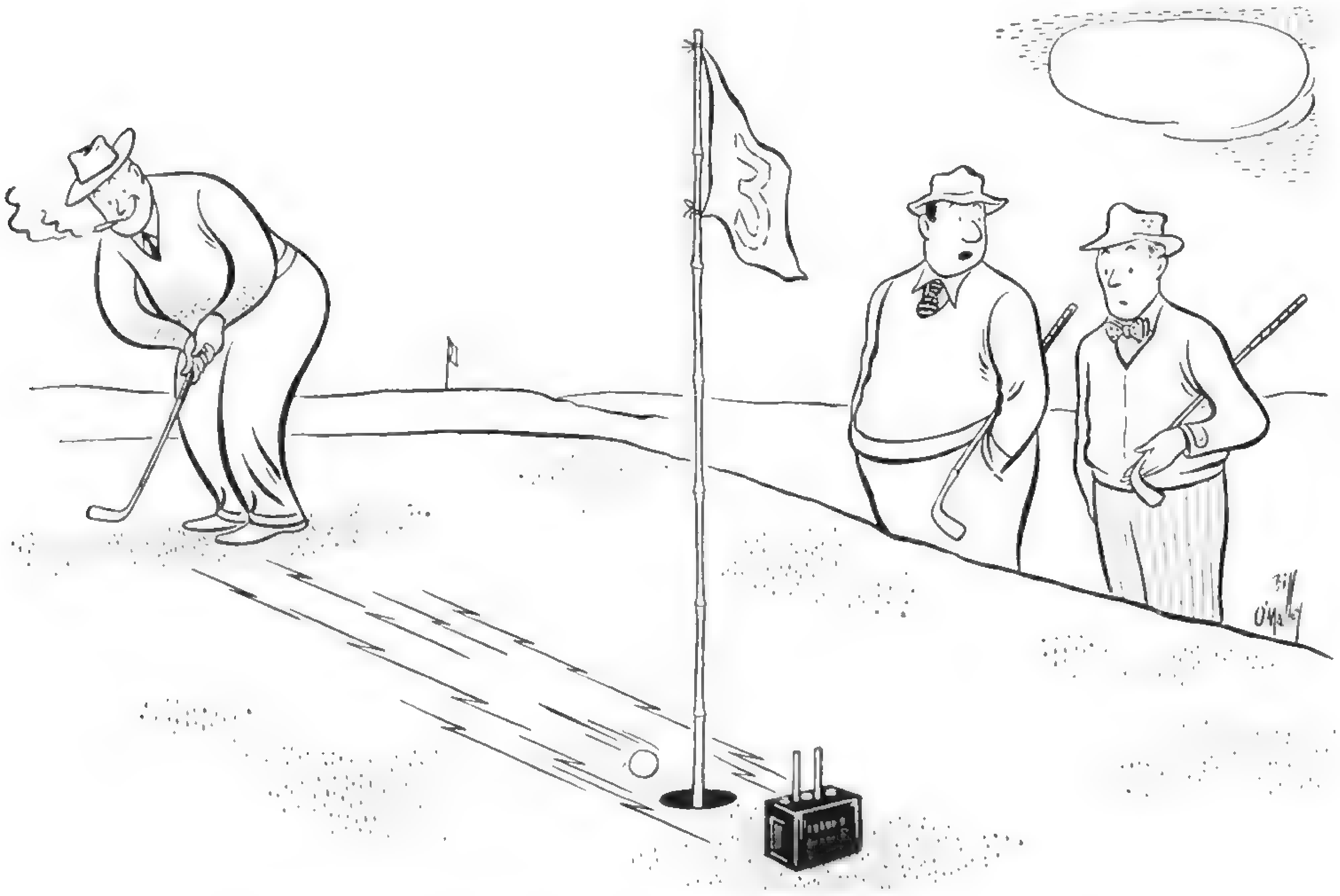
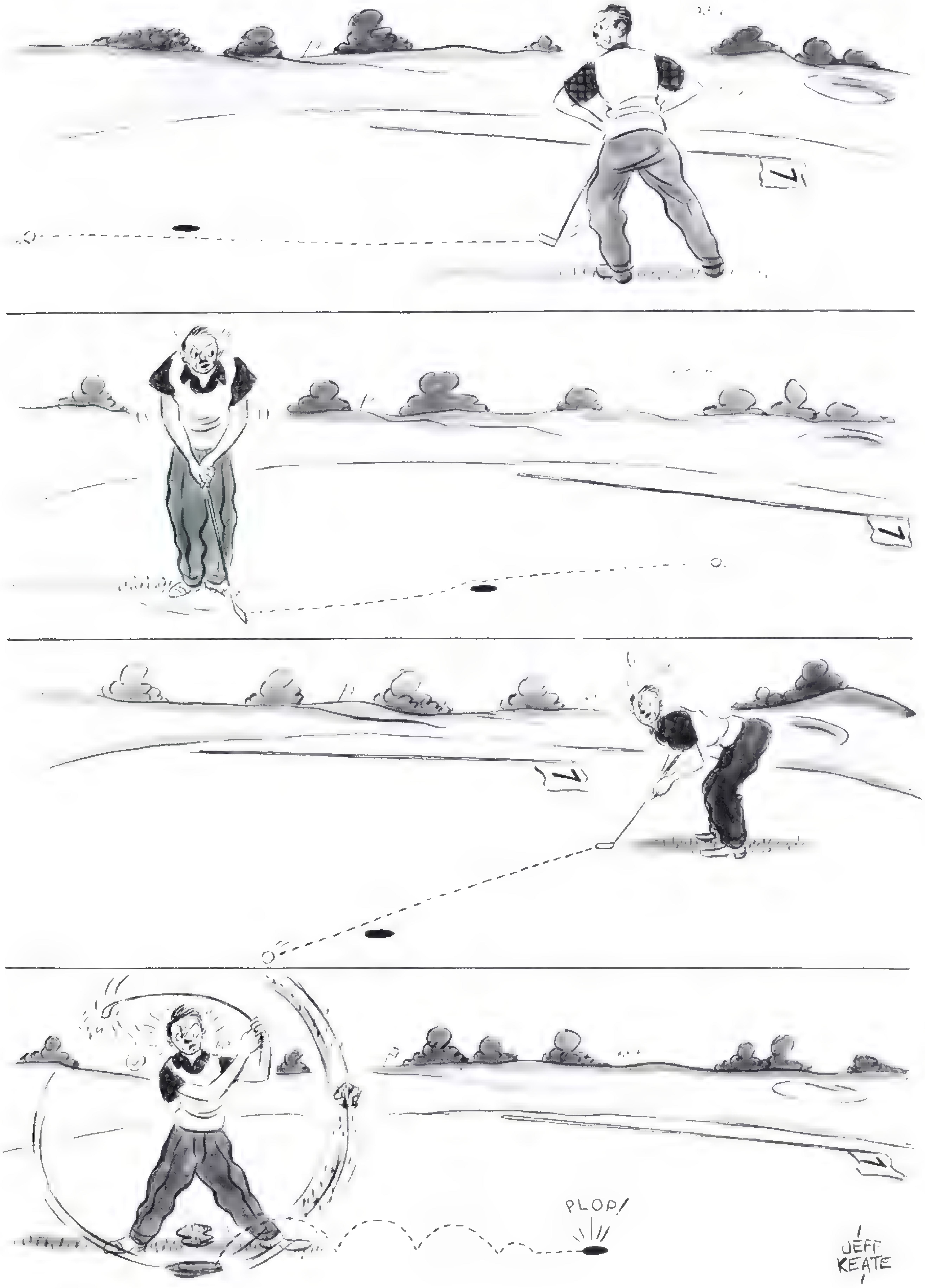


"He never misses—since he got that 'radio beam' idea"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PLOP!
JEFF KEATE

Make Mine with Water

Yachtsman explains why millions of Americans—bank presidents and milk men—like to "mess about in boats"

by CRITCHELL RIMINGTON

• ARTICLE •

To say that the United States is "leisure minded" is to put it mildly. Perhaps the five-day week is responsible for the phenomenal growth of all manner of sports and pastimes which has taken place in the past few years, or what is more likely, it may be that most of us now realize that there is considerably more to be had out of life than a "mere living"—the routine holding down of a job and the none-too-certain rewards of trying to outsmart one's competitors. The depression taught us not a few simple truths, and not the least of these is the desirability of the pursuit of happiness. Whatever it may be, the result is that we are now learning to have fun, all kinds of fun—and we're certainly having a grand and glorious time doing it!

You don't have to look far to see what I mean. Take your local tycoon. Give him the slightest chance to really take down his hair and dollars to doughnuts he will talk you deaf, dumb and blind about the glowing attractions of a particularly dilapidated farm house he is remodeling for week-end use. Moreover, he is doing half the work himself—and loving it! The chances are that your "playboy" friend of a few years back is spending these spring week ends perspiring joyously over a garden which he insists will shortly boast of the finest delphiniums for miles around. Just to make it more convincing, I'll take even money that at least half the people you know are so engrossed in a hobby of one kind or another that it is practically impossible to get them to talk about anything else.

It's the same story whichever way you turn. Railroads have been thriving on hobby trains catering to diverse enthusiasms ranging from photography to falt-boating and barn dances to husking bees. Winter sports have had their best season in years, and even now tennis courts and golf courses are turning them away. For that matter, and believe this if you will, recent figures reveal that there are more bicycles being ridden by adults today than there were in the boom years of the "bicycle built for two" craze.

It all boils down to the fact that as a nation we, at long last, are learning how to get out and play. But what is more, it means that we can relax, that we can have both health and fun in doing those things that we really enjoy the most, and that we can fit all of these leisure time activities into our personal pattern of living. Best of all, today's leisure has no relation to either the *Social Register* on the one hand or the number of figures in one's bank balance on the other. It's "escape," if you want to call it that, escape from the humdrum and the workaday. Everybody's doing it—and boy, isn't it fun!

* * *

But of all the sports, that one which has shown the most rapid growth is that of yachting. Today, the very term "yachting" encompasses the use, for pleasure, of literally anything that will float—ranging from the converted wooden washtub that invariably risks the life and limb of every juvenile mariner who voyages on the local crick to million dollar steam yachts. Thirty years ago the term "yachting" conveyed a Currier & Ives picture of white-flanneled, blue-jacketed gentlemen grouped picturesquely against an eye-filling background of dashing waves and white-winged yachts of liner-like proportions. It was then principally an activity for the wealthy few, and the public diffidently looked upon it as a sport as exclusive as polo or racquets.

Today all is changed, and with good reason. If government figures can be taken as authoritative it would seem that a large percentage of pleasure-seeking America is "going down to the sea in ships." As evidence of this, the number of registered motor boats on Federal waters (all pleasure boats up to a certain size, if propelled by a motor, must be numbered by the government if they are to be operated on Federal waterways) at the end of 1940 totaled approximately 315,000, while the number of outboard motors which had been sold during the past three years amounted to 350,000. If we add to this imposing number those boats which are on privately owned lakes we can consider 750,000 as a fair estimate of the size of our present yachting fleet. And all of this is exclusive of the thousands of boats, ranging in overall length from ten feet on up, which are propelled by sail alone (which are not required to be registered). A major sport indeed!

It's big business too, the sale of and equipping of this huge, privately owned navy, for boat builders and manufacturers estimate that a total of $157,500,000 is spent annually for its purchase and upkeep. Most significant of all is that the individual amount spent per boat is relatively small, for the average yearly maintenance cost of a pleasure boat is but 15 per cent of initial purchase price, regardless of size. (Maintenance can be considered to include operation, insurance, lay up, haul out and overhaul. Food, potables, damage done by over-enthusiastic guests and the skipper's new hat are not included!)

But there is far more than mere figures behind all this. Yachting of the 1941 model is a sport for the masses, made possible by thousands of miles of ideal waterways, by the surprisingly moderate cost of boats and by the proportionately low cost of operation and upkeep. On our three seaboards, on our thousands of lakes and rivers we find that bank presidents and butchers, family scions and the local milkman are all enthusiastically "messing about in boats." This is due in

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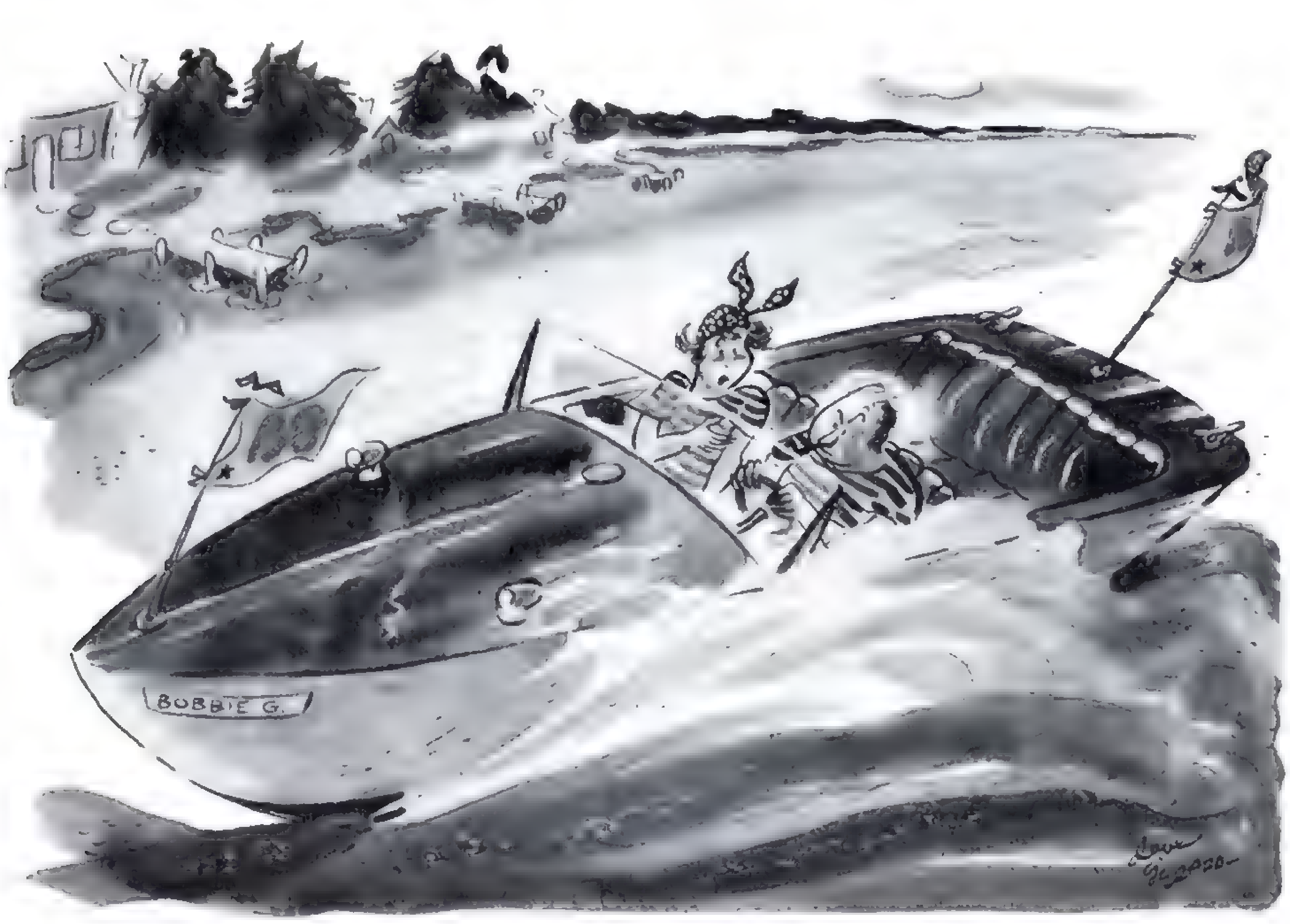
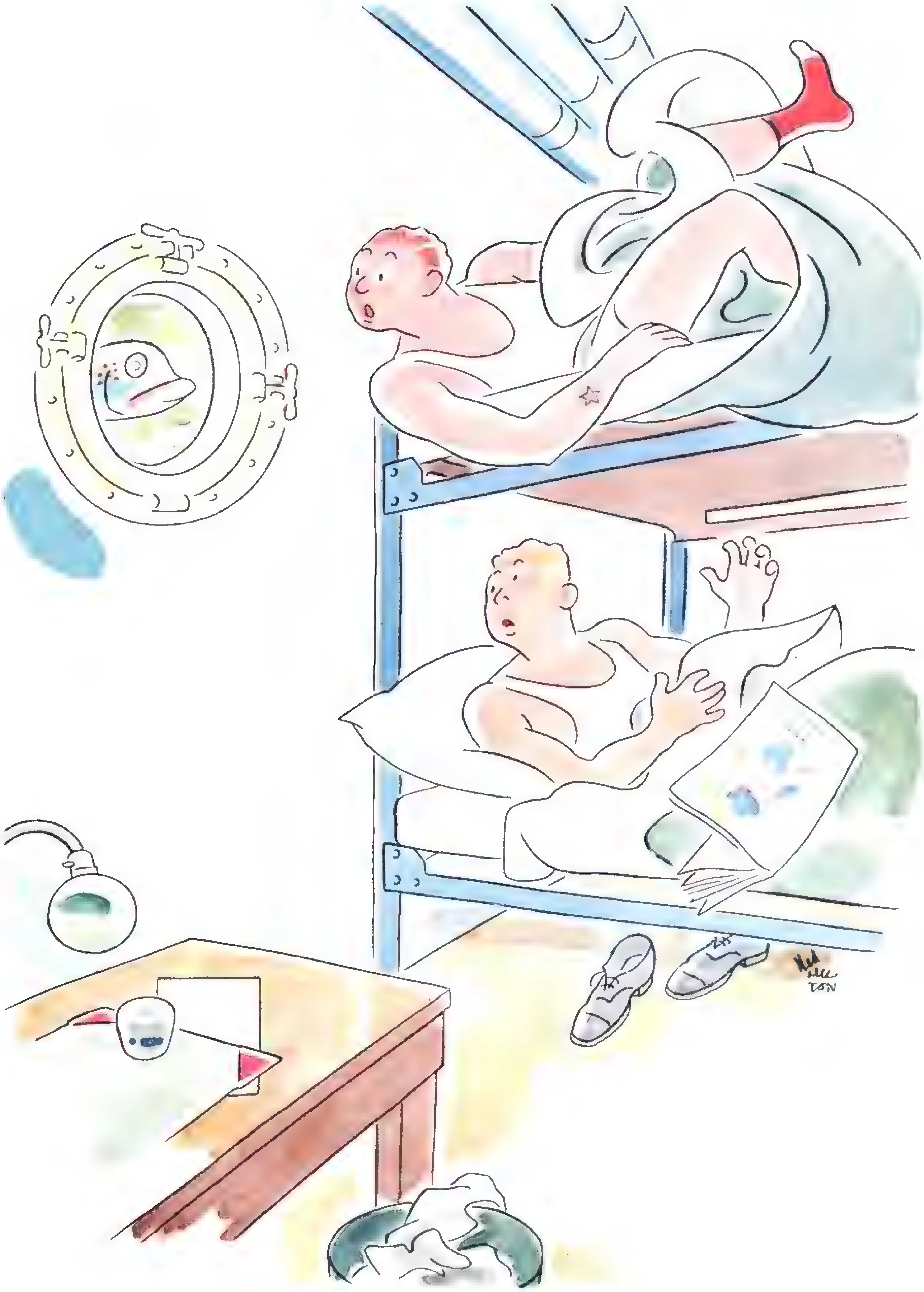
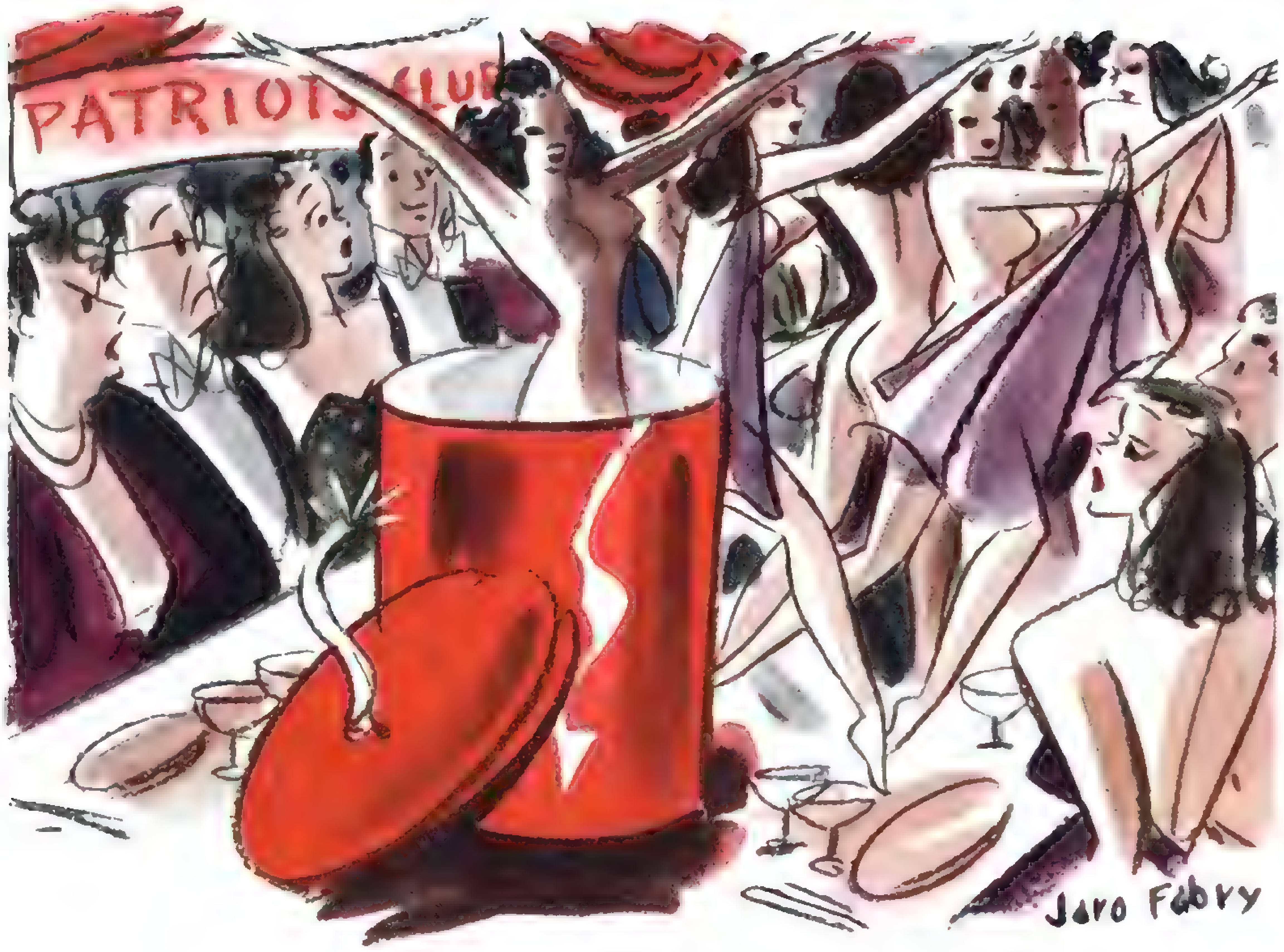


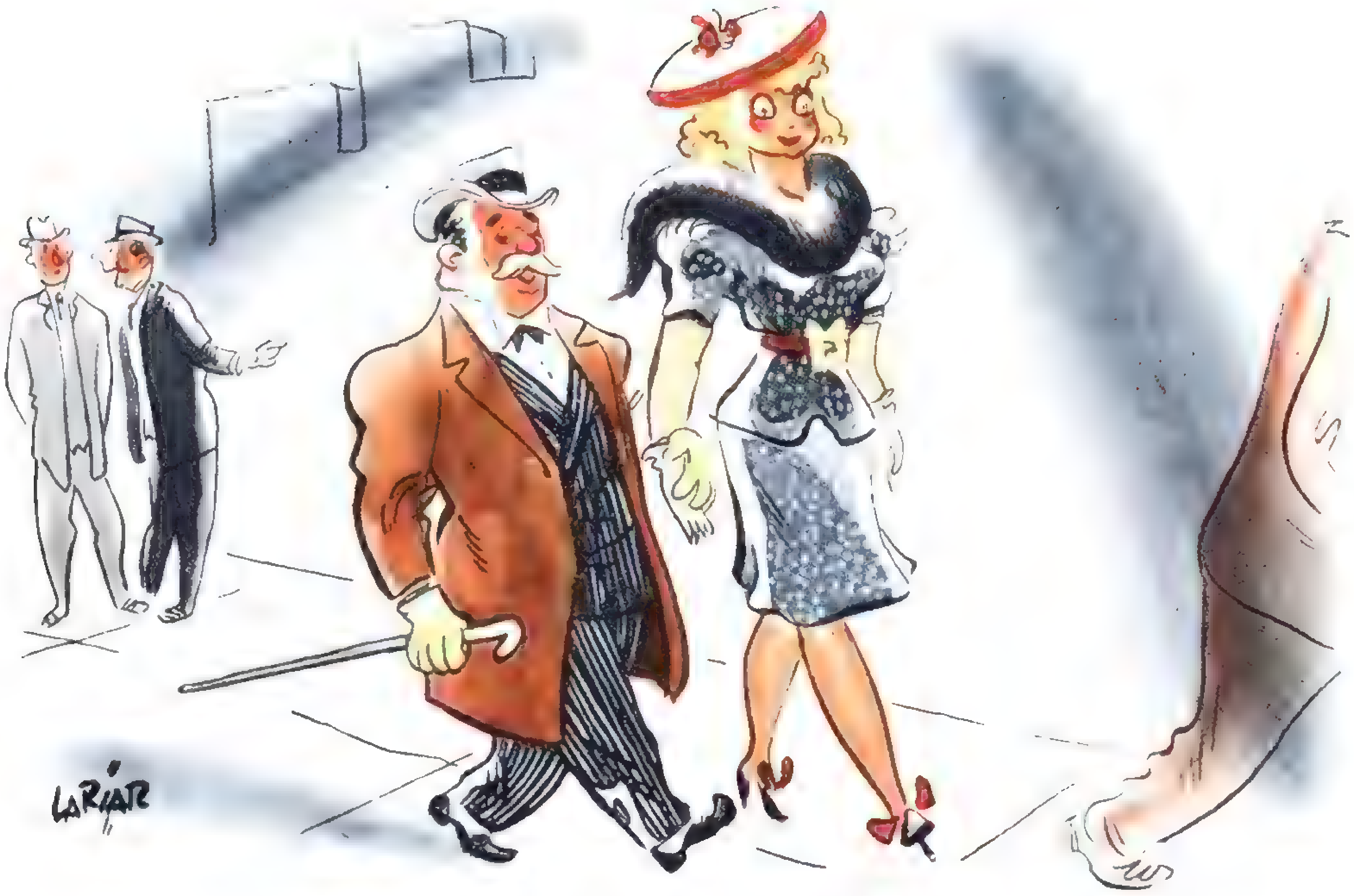
"Aunt Julia's been reaching for more water lilies, George"



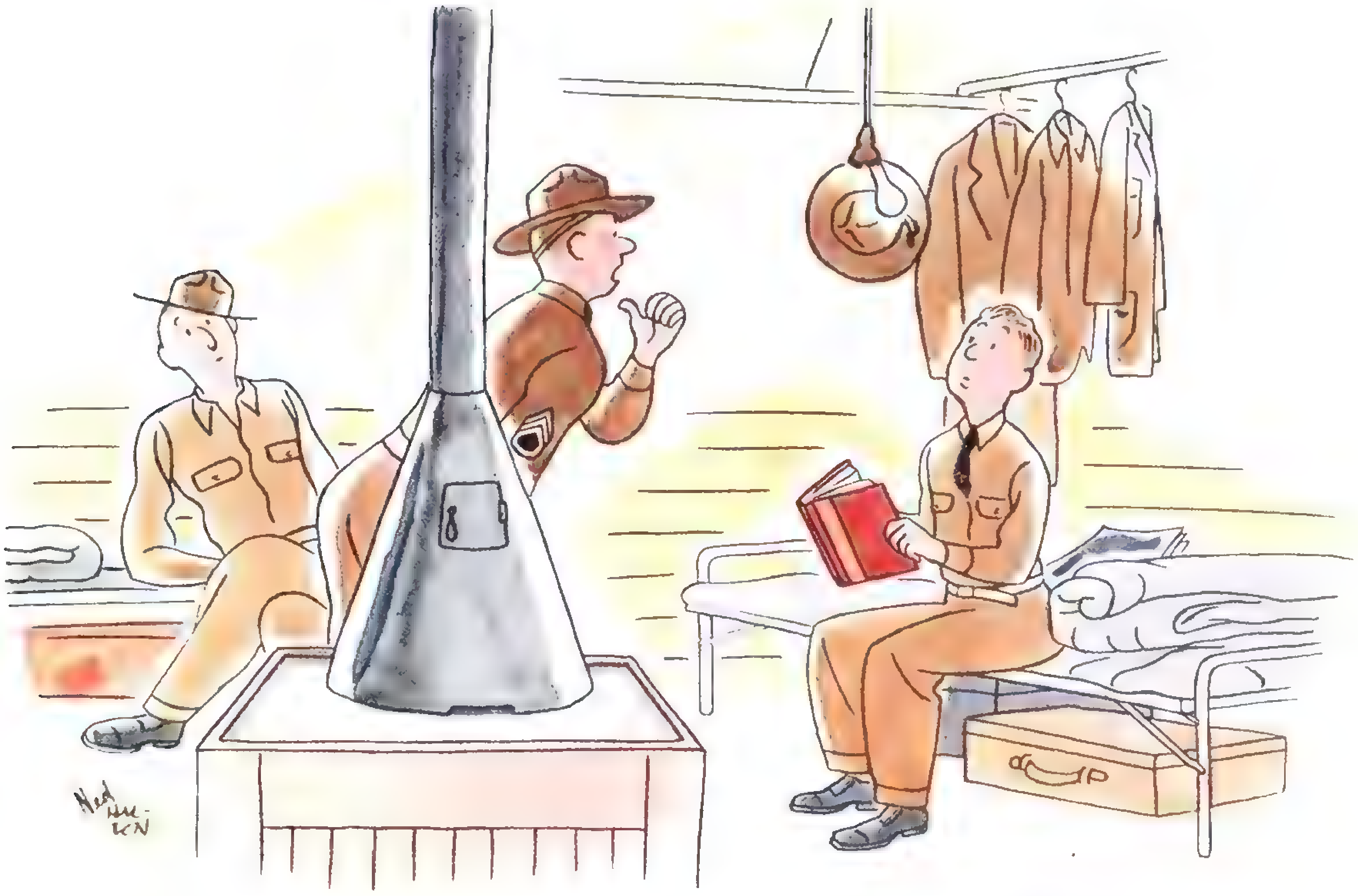
"If that ain't the first mate—then the ship is sinking!"


PATRIOTS CLUB
Jaro Fabry

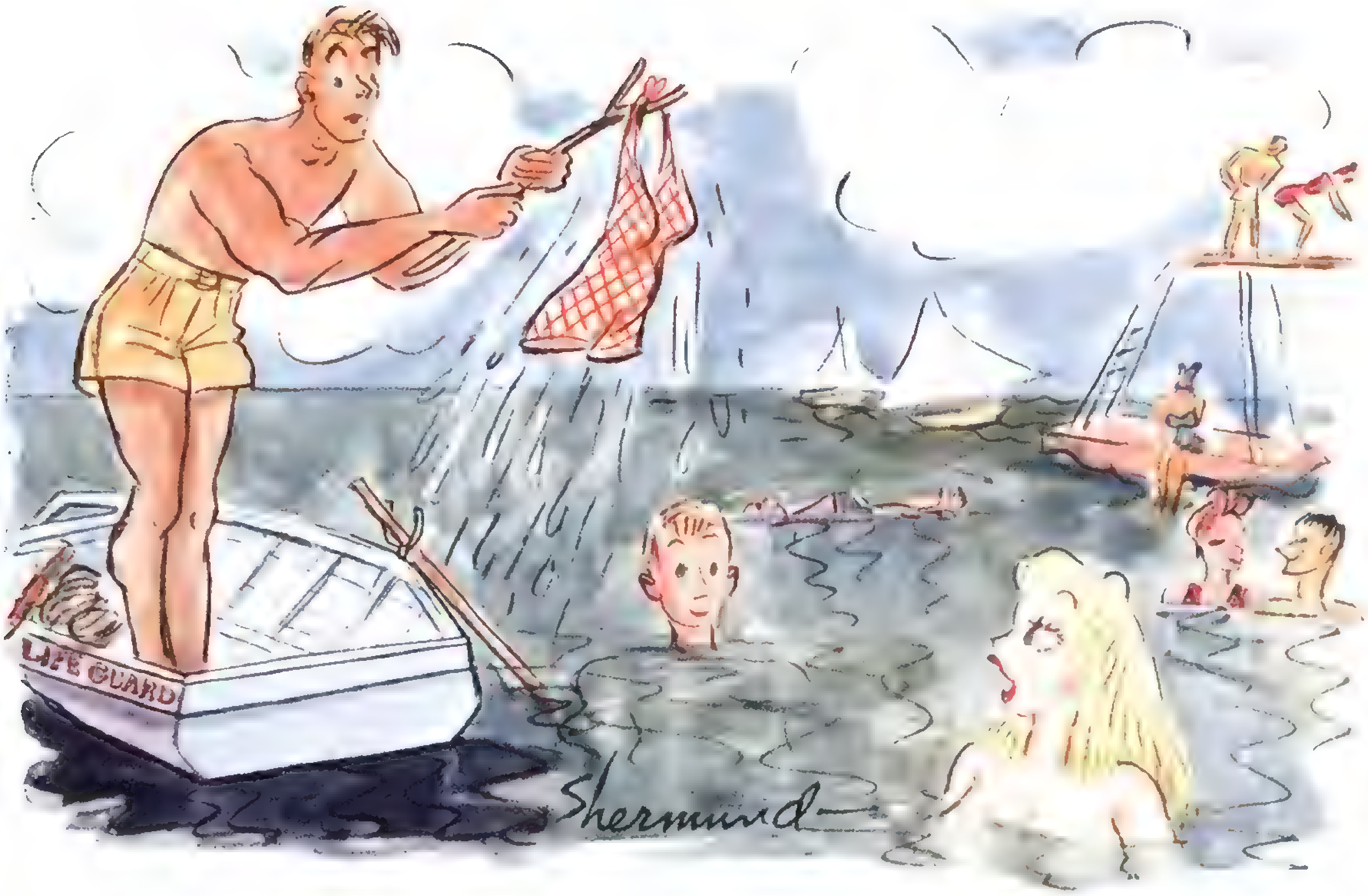
"But I distinctly understood them to say that Girl Scouts would pop out and salute"



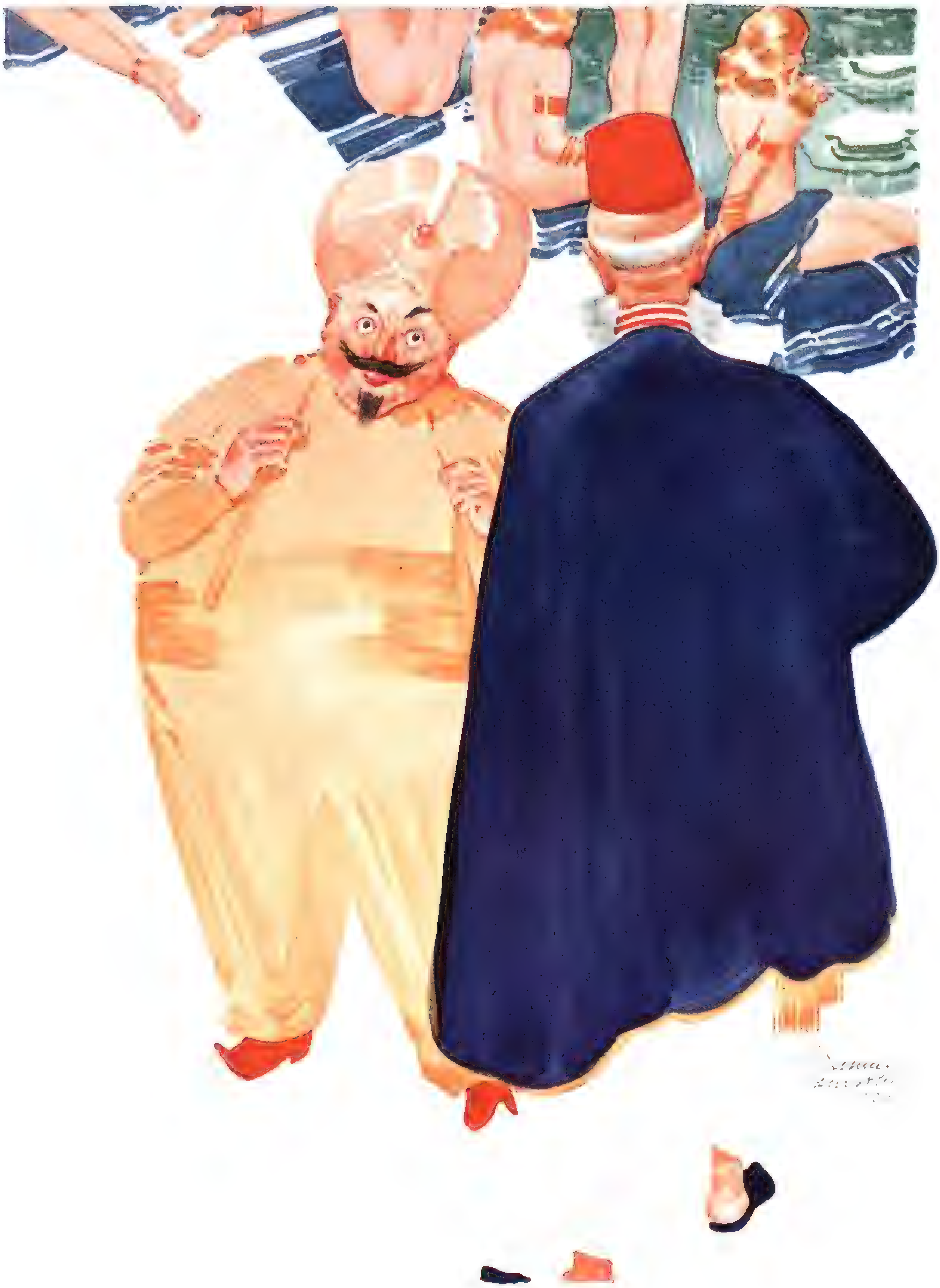
"He's got what she takes!"



"Hey! Your mother's outside with your rubbers"


LIFE GUARD
Shermund

"No, thanks, it isn't mine—I never wear one"



"Around here every day is Father's Day!"

Within the Arena

Pilate was warned that the Temple trouble-brewers would go to all ends to keep Lazarus from racing

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

"And where is Lazarus?" asked Pilate after returning from a full morning at court.

"Lazarus," replied his dwarf slave woman, "has gone to the arena to make ready his horses."

"Then send at once and warn him that the Temple trouble-brewers are determined to prevent his racing in the arena. They will go to all ends. Let his stable boy be warned and order four trusted soldiers to stand guard, one beside each of his Arabian steeds."

The servant sent at once and the courier, running from the palace tower to the arena, a distance of about twelve city squares, arrived only in time.

While Lazarus and his slave boy were rubbing the white stocking legs of the fawn-colored mare with olive oil, three dark-bearded ruffians dressed as Greeks were loitering about the stable entrance. In fact, one of these hired knaves was already across the threshold when the shout was raised.

All three ran and were soon lost in the crowd. But in their haste to escape they dropped a small bag. It was found to contain ordinary grain, a mixture of oats and rye. But with the grain were flakes of dried hemp leaves. This powerful drug was intended for the Arabian steeds.

The warning came just in time. And four sentinels, as directed by the Procurator of Judea, took their places in the stable beside the four stalls. It was barely noon when this incident occurred and people were already arriving in great numbers in order to secure good seats in the common tiers.

In the arena itself laborers with yoked oxen were dragging flat boards to smooth down the race course. At the east end the keeper of the gilt balls had climbed to the wall and taking these wooden spheres from the basket—each as large as his head—he placed them in their sockets. At the west end of the arena the keeper of the golden dolphins was setting up his seven gilt fish. The gilt balls and fish were the customary markers. One was removed each time a lap was made by the contestants.

These markers were visible to all attending the games; and even the contestants themselves could not fail to notice at each turn just how many more laps the race had to run. Seven times around was the normal race, though sometimes only five times around was run. This was called the short race and used for the trial heats to eliminate the slowest horses. The final race, however, was always a full one of seven laps, marked by seven gilt balls and seven golden fish.

Two of the rival chariots were to be driven by two of the best Roman charioteers in Jerusalem. The third was to be driven by a notable Greek who also held laurels for his javelin throwing. This Greek was a popular idol of the arena and highly respected for his fair play and good sportsmanship.

Before the race, he came over to where Lazarus was standing and said: "I will try to win and leave you in the rear; but one thing also, I will give you plenty of room in case you are able to pass me."

Lazarus thanked him and said he would do the same.

"The Romans," warned the Greek youth, "sometimes like to do a little crowding. They consider it fair sport. Be careful they do not catch you between them. They like to run abreast and then open up purposely to allow you to get between them for this scissors squeeze movement."

"Thanks, I will watch out."

For the amusement of the arriving crowds, special foot races and field events had already begun. Shouts of encouragement to the runners reached the little street behind the stone galleries where Lazarus walked impatiently up and down.

For a brief moment he paused before one of the dungeons built beneath the stone arena seats. It seemed an odd little place, built with low doorways on either side and with a grilled exit directly into the arena. It was in places such as these that wild beasts had in former days been kept for arena sports.

He examined the dungeon minutely. The place seemed to have a strange fascination for him and he recalled in his youth having heard his father tell of an escape he once had made from just such a place as this. And oddly enough the escape did take place from this very arena in Jerusalem.

"Perhaps this is the very dungeon," he said to himself.

As he spoke these words a strange feeling came over him. Glancing about quickly, he discovered the three dark bearded ruffians close at hand.

"There they are!" he shouted.

They lifted their Greek tunics and ran as fast as they were able. This time two of the Roman guards pursued them but were unable to catch up with them. The soldiers soon returned, panting for breath.

"What evil are they up to now?" asked Lazarus.

"They can do nothing while we are here," assured the Roman captain of the guards. But little did he know.

"Better make certain that your men remain at their posts while I watch the saddle horse in the first race," Lazarus warned.

Now the arriving crowds grew in number. The time for the great event was approaching.

With a flourish of rams' horns and a pounding of those long desert drums, the troop of Arabs who had come all the way from the borderland of Judea to attend this event entered through the main portal. The field events were interrupted as these proud

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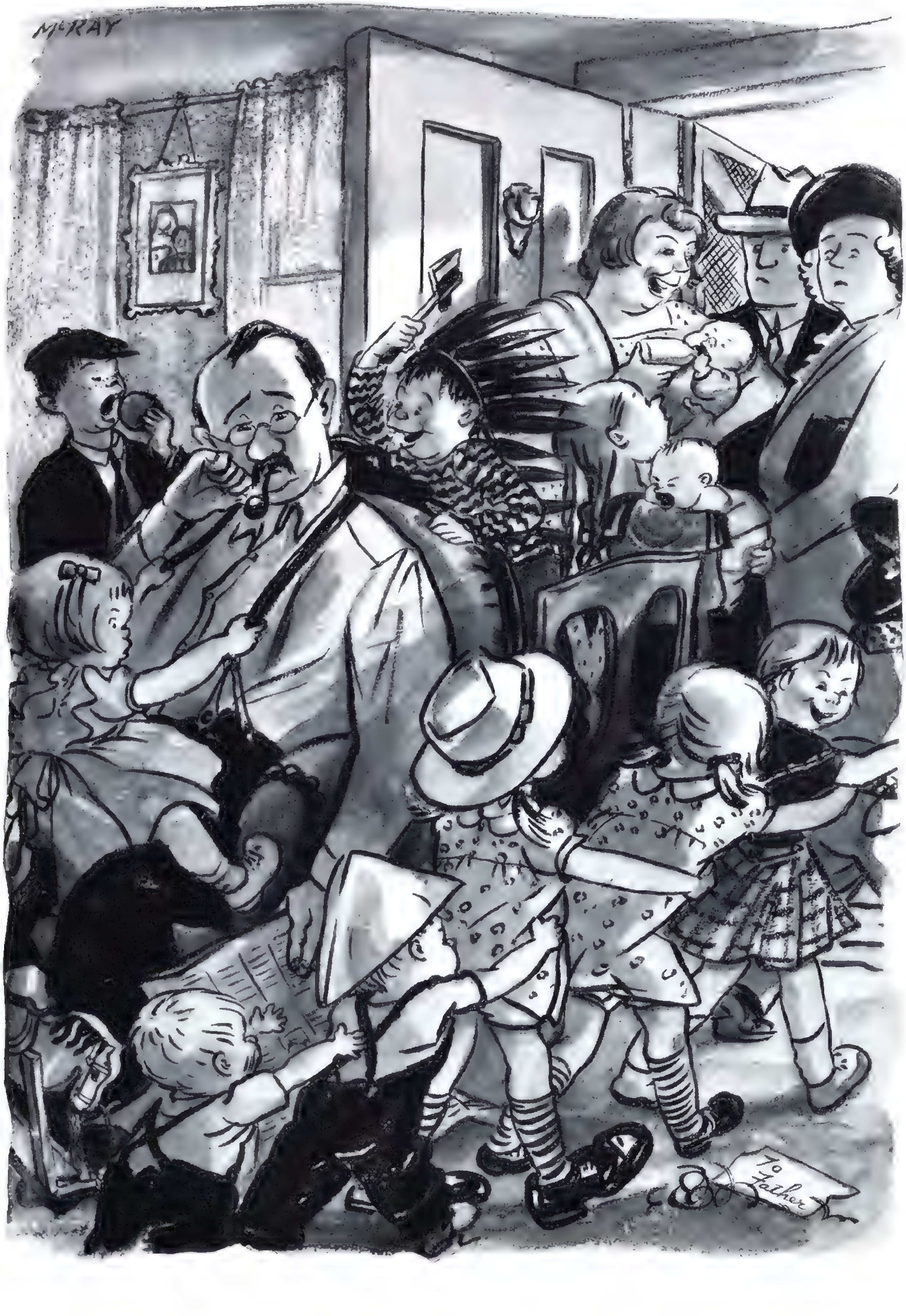
"Yeah, that's my number, but most everybody just calls me 'Grand'"



McRAY
To Father

"All the fathers at the office are getting the day off, but Harvey feels he's entitled to a week"

Songs for Times of Jeopardy

The song form represented by the *Ballad for Americans* presents an exciting challenge to composers

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

A gentleman of the cloth, perhaps not as cloth-headed as he sounds, has noted a state of affairs and drawn a conclusion. The state of affairs is that people about to drown do not sing the same kind of songs they sang when they were about to drown in 1914; the conclusion drawn is that we lack spirituality.

Neither religion nor death are chosen topics for my superficial, but honest, reports on American entertainment. However, one of the songs which aroused the clerical gentleman falls into my field; and there have been quite a number of new and interesting developments in the business of making people listen to songs, even if you can't make them sing. So let us brush off the facts of the case brought up by the vicar (an English bishop, I believe, but in the nobler sense, a vicar). When the Titanic struck and foundered, the passengers sang *Nearer, my God, to Thee;* when a ship carrying men, women and children escaping from England was torpedoed and started to go down, the passengers sang *Roll out the Barrel.*

Perhaps you have seen some of the amazing moving pictures of disasters at sea; two or three years ago an amateur movie fan took some and they were blown up and exhibited; they were pretty terrible to contemplate. But they, like the bishop's favored singers, were associated with an accident; people were terrified and either gave in or fought back, being called cowards or heroes; but they did not have to consider, in their final moments, that the criminal stupidity of their own species, the bestiality and incompetence of human beings, had led them to their death. So they might sing a hymn. Whether those about to drown sang *Roll out the Barrel* in derision or in desperate hope, I don't know. But they sang no hymn; they testified to no faith. They were not dying; they were being killed; by an enemy torpedo and by twenty years of their own leaders' bungling, which had invited the torpedo. They sang, incidentally, the song which a few weeks later, the Australians sang when they landed in Singapore, to complete the encirclement of the world by war.

In the troubled byways of our own country, Irving Berlin has written *When that Man is Dead and Gone* which, if you can sing it without the words, without thinking of the words, at least, is a good marching song; and Jerome Kern has written *The Last Time I Saw Paris,* and I think I would be many times happier if he hadn't; or if people wouldn't moon as they sing it; or if Oscar Hammerstein II had written other words; I don't like to see tipsy people getting a sentimental kick out of a bad contralto pulling all the vox humana stops and giving out a great Caruso sob—and then five minutes later have the whole thing jazzed up—in which version it makes a rather good song. (Berlin's *A Little Church in England* hasn't apparently made so swift an ascent in popular favor; perhaps by the time this is in print, you will know it better; and there is the consolation that the song about Paris will begin to fade, although it wasn't killed off by the radio at the start, on account of the ASCAP-BMI war.)

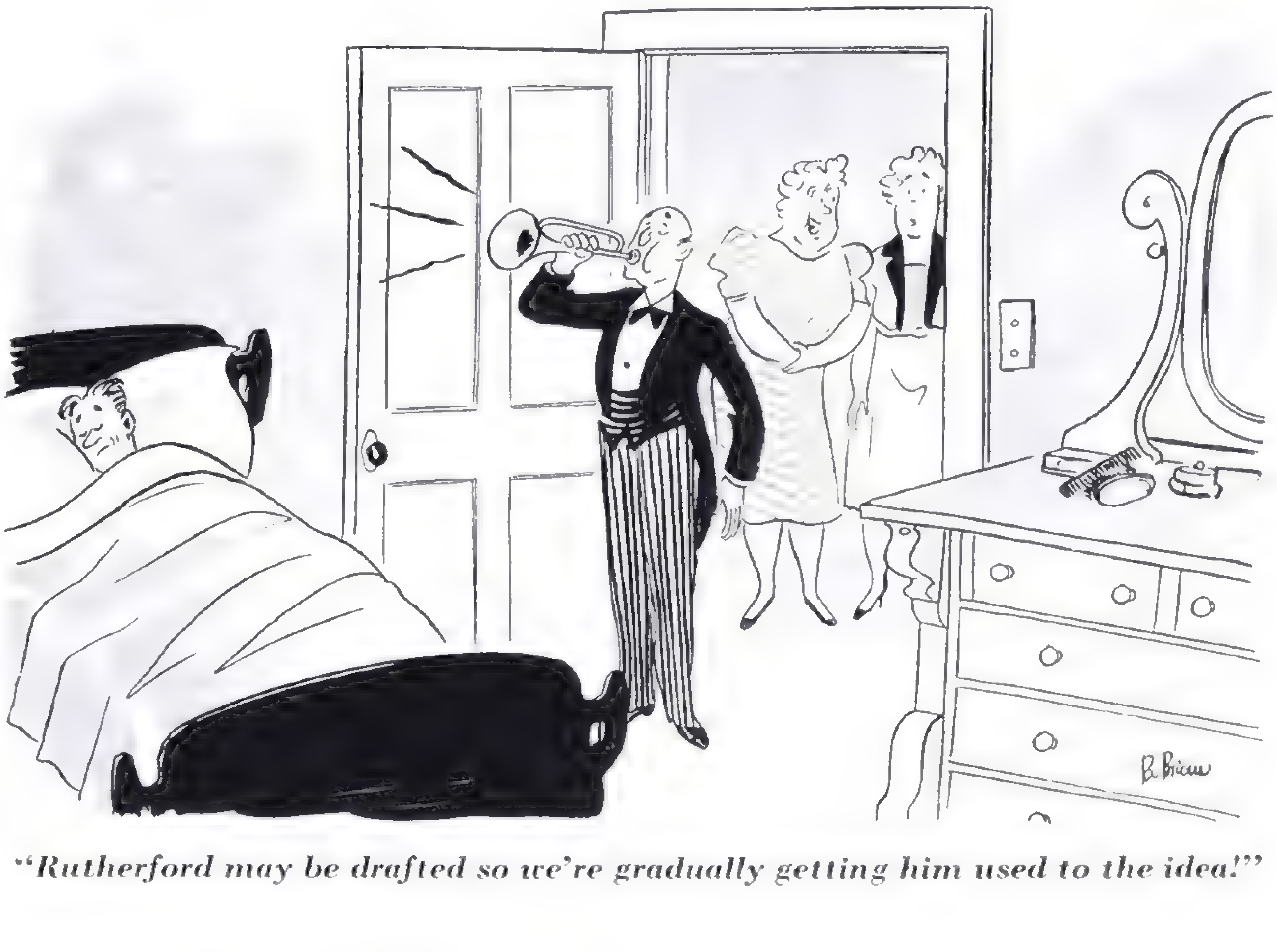
Songs which celebrate a single event, a single portion of this engulfing war won't last long; as the shape of our own future becomes clear, we may have songs with a large frame of reference, like *Over There;* but I don't think that we will live on true war songs any more than we did last time, when Berlin's major contribution was *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning,* and not *God Bless America,* which he composed at the same time, but put away; perhaps correct in his judgment that it was out of place in a cheerful war-revue. We will sing the songs the Australians sing and those of the Londoners; and some of our own which will be songs of drooling sentiment or cheerful ditties with sharply marked rhythms or whatever happens for outside reasons to strike our fancy.

We are, however, listening now to something fresh in the way of songs; few people sing them, and those few have to be good. To my profound astonishment I heard about two years ago a Negro quartet, standing on the stage which Olsen and Johnson had abandoned for five minutes, singing a statement by Abraham Lincoln; ten seconds after they finished, Hellzapoppin had broken loose again; but in that interval they had sung—and this time I need to bow to no publisher for permission to quote, Lincoln's tremendous incontestable truth about America: "This Government, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

This was something new. The song-statement was like a *recitative* in old opera; it was even a little like a simple patter song of Gilbert and Sullivan; it was also like a religious chant. Here were Negro boys uttering great and terrible truths to music, and while no one hummed, while few people even paid much attention to the words, a significant thing had occurred. In a sense, the limitations which composers usually place upon themselves had been pushed aside; the area from which the materials for music was to be drawn had been enlarged.

Two years later, in a bright and brisk revue, I heard a chorus delivering the essential portions of the Bill of Rights, with a terrific snap added, in a direct shout to the audience, a command not to lose what had been won for us. And in between had come the most famous of all the narrations-to-music, the *Ballad*

Continued in center of page 174



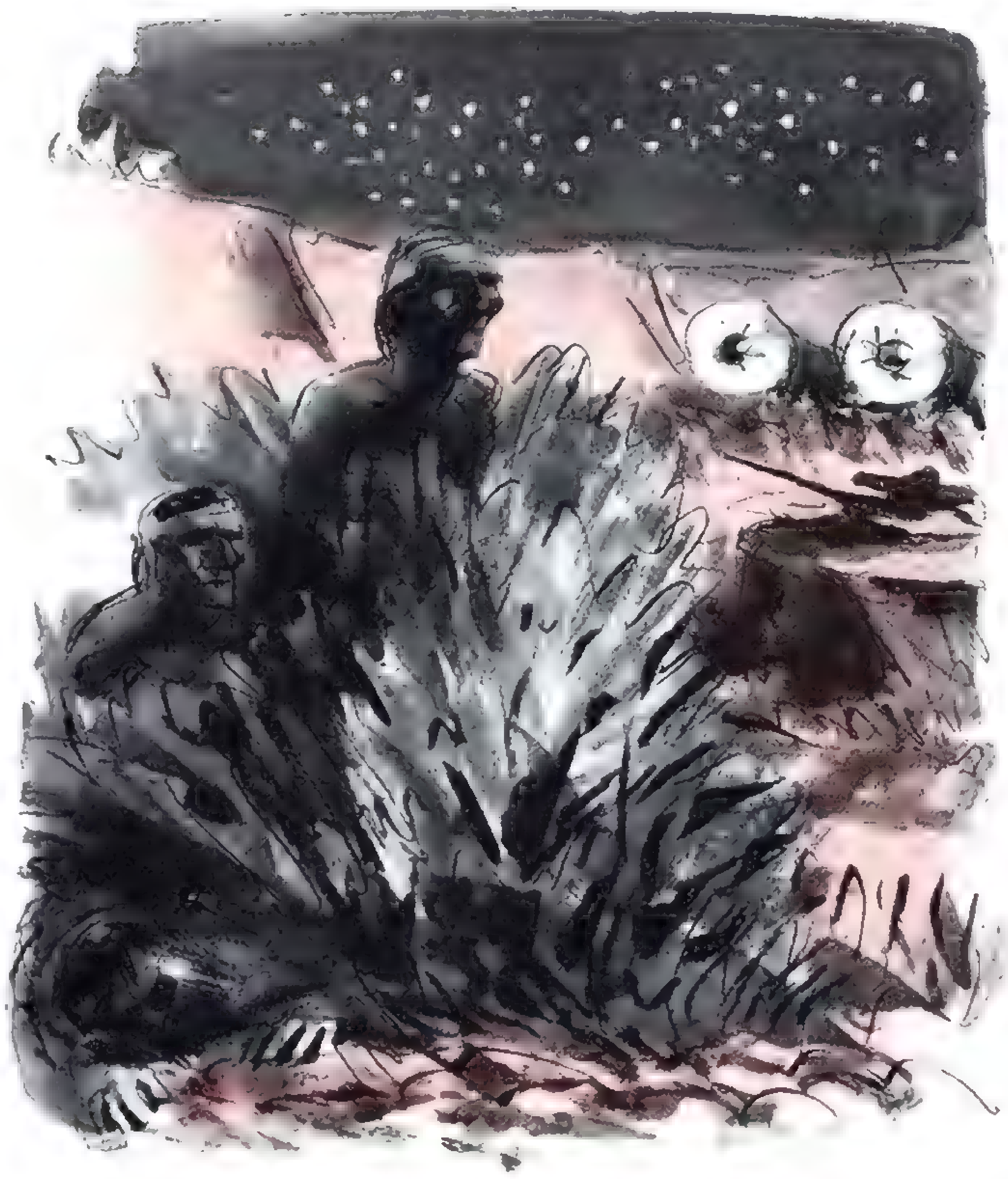
"Rutherford may be drafted so we're gradually getting him used to the idea!"

Old Men's Plans

While Indian chief and white leader struggled to hold the Santa Fé Trail each fought a fiercer war with youth

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •



Four prairie schooners and a spring wagon had already been brought down the slope at the head of the canyon and stood in line at the bottom. Near them the caballada of some seventy horses and mules was bunched in charge of two armed riders. Half a dozen pack animals stood near the line. Up on the rocky slope, in dancing heat waves, the last schooner was being slowly lowered and pushed down to where its mules were waiting at the bottom.

In the spring wagon sat a man and a woman. The woman was young, good-looking, well-dressed. She protected her complexion with a sunbonnet. The man was in his late fifties but still active. His grizzled beard was trimmed square, he was handsome without charm, and he affected a military carriage to fit his militia-title of "Colonel." He wore a felt sombrero and a broadcloth coat. He kept glancing around, but mostly he watched that last wagon being eased down.

He was nervous, and he would remain so until they were clear of this dangerous place and out in the wide part of the canyon beyond. He concealed his uneasiness as well as he could, for the authority of the Captain of a wagon train is no more than his personal prestige, but he had never imagined that José Gonzales' short cut would involve anything like this. He looked ahead, to the five mounted men, their guns across their saddles, strung out across the canyon, then back, to the five more he had placed at the head of the descent where they could cover the rear and dominate the rims of the canyon walls.

He had not planned to take his ward beyond Santa Fé, nor to leave there until the big wagon train with its escort of dragoons was made up. Even letting Susannah come with him across the Santa Fé trace from the East had been unusual enough, but somehow young people can force a man's hand. His eyes drifted to the man in fringed buckskin at the center of the line of advance guards. Beaver Jack. *Beaver Jack*. Dammit, as if he didn't have a last name. She didn't even know his last name when she began to be infatuated with him in Santa Fé. That "Mountain Man."

Colonel Hoyt had made up this little train, taken the plunge of letting her come with him to the silver mine, and at the last minute Beaver Jack had turned up on the trail, bound for Tucson he said. The wagon owners had voted him in enthusiastically, being a famous scout; there had been nothing to do but accept him.

In the shadow of the high cliffs above where they were struggling with the wagon, a turtle dove called twice; cool, liquid notes mocking their labor in the parching heat. A man took time off to curse the bird. Over on the other side of the canyon another dove answered.

It was a perfect place for an ambush, the Colonel thought. He had made his dispositions with great care, in reluctant consultation with Beaver Jack; he thought them sound, but he felt the uncertainty of a man who had no real experience and could judge the situation only by guesswork. The last wagon was down, and they were hitching up its six mules. He sighed with relief.

Three more camps and they would reach Crowley and the mines; there he could make sure that Beaver Jack continued on to Tucson. Susannah was a good girl, the infatuation would pass off. In the East and safe once more, she would forget him and marry young Ardsley. An excellent young man, a sound marriage, and very sound business.

He said, "I'm glad that's over. Frankly, I fully expected the Apaches to appear while we were coming down." He looked around once more. "But since they did not," he went on, "I am satisfied that they are not following us. The hunting grounds of the Navajo Apaches, Gonzales tells me, end here at the edge of the lower country. Surely this is the spot where they would have attacked."

The girl said, "That's good, Uncle George." (There was no blood relationship between them.) "Of course, I'll feel easier when we get to Crowley. And I do think you handled it so cleverly, the way you posted the men and all."

Her admiration soothed him. The driver of the rear wagon shouted, "All's set!" The other wagons repeated the cry. High up on the right a turtle dove gave its monotonous call again, and another answered from near the rear guard. He gave the signal to move, feeling lighter at heart than he had in many days.

At the rim of the cliffs on the south side of the canyon, Circling Warrior, old, leathery, supple, stared down. The sun beat on his bare back, but he paid no attention to it, lying as still and bright-eyed as a lizard. From near the bajada, Hurries to War gave a turtle dove call, and farther away, Heavy Man answered him. That meant that the last wagon had passed the ledge by the yucca bush. That Hurries to War, well named . . .

When you can muster only twenty-four warriors, one having been killed and three injured in a brush with White Mountain Apaches, and six being off on a private raid toward Zuni, and you are faced with a wagon train having nineteen men all armed with rifles—if you counted the boy, and he seemed handy with a gun—there are two normal procedures. You can send out some of your best young men to follow and wait their chance to pick off a straggler, to run off a few horses, to take what profit they can without risking open battle. Or if you want to teach these new people, the Americans, not to go cutting corners through the Navajo country, you can send word to Ute Killer at Sunset Spring and Broken Hand at By the Red Rock, gather an army, and at the right moment lay siege to the train and in the end, with luck, destroy it without too much loss of life.

But he was doing neither of these things. Instead, with twenty-four men only three of whom had guns, he was attempting the single, spectacular stroke of taking the wagon train unaided.

That Hurries to War—he meditated briefly on the irritating situations that can develop out of the ardors of young men and women. That spring two of his slaves had died. His wives were growing old. He had taken another twenty head of sheep from the Mexicans near Cubero. He needed a young wife in his hogahn, and there was still sap in him to rise up when he contemplated Grey Man's daughter. But Hurries to War was interested in her, too, and Grey Man and his wife had hesitated. Circling Warrior was growing old. Hurries to War had leadership in him, too; he would be the one to bring in horses, sheep, slaves, in time to lead the Cottonwood Valley people. Grey Man and his wife had more than hesitated, so that when the news of this trespass came in, it was necessary for him to propose something stronger, more striking, than anything Hurries to War had thought of.

The thought of that young woman intruded even now, when his mind should be clear for war. He was hampered by concern, worry, for it was not enough merely to make a brave attempt, he had to succeed or become nobody. He looked once more with regretful approval over the dispositions the American chief had made; it would have been foolish, too costly, to attack them as they came down the bajada. He reviewed what he had learned—that the Mexican now herding the caballada was a bad shot, but the other one was a marksman; that the man in the buckskin shirt was a real scout; that the man in charge of the second wagon was quarrelsome; that the scout was courting the white woman and the chief man did not like it—the store of intimate details gathered by himself and his men watching the train over eight days, lying close in the darkness, following, listening.

The train was ready to move. He uttered a turtle dove call, and Hurries to War answered it. They would camp at Treeless Spring. They would feel safe now, they would relax; on that his campaign was based. In the next two days and nights some little carelessness would bring his moment. In his stomach fluttered a pulse of eagerness, anticipating the moment of release from the long, slow patience, the instant when the war cry went up and it was all speed, conflict, and danger.

José Gonzales, riding with the advance guard, lifted his voice in song. He felt fine. El Coronel Hoyte, he had noticed, had been angry about the bajada, but then, el Coronel was not really a western man. Now that they had reached the wide part of the canyon it was all plain going. He was being paid solid, round dollars for this trip. In another month he'd be back in Santa Fé with a sackful of them. Then at last he would buy Uncle Miguel's field under the aciequia by Cerro Gordo. He would also get his wife some printed cloth from Saint Louis, but above all he would buy the irrigated land.

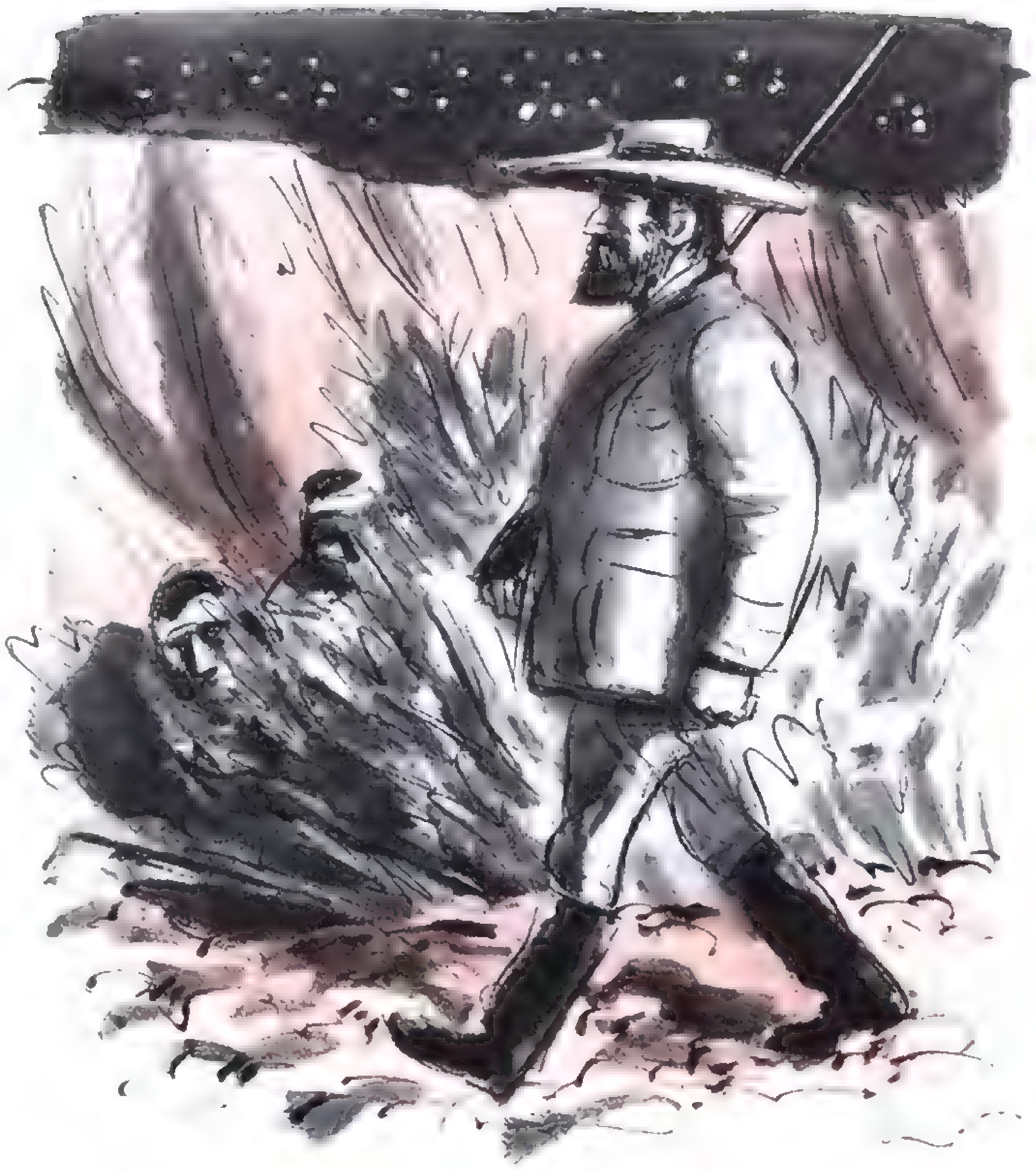
He rode over to Santiago, the big, dark-haired Americano, the only man in the outfit he recognized as a better scout than himself.

"Now our worries are over, as it seems to me," he said in Spanish.

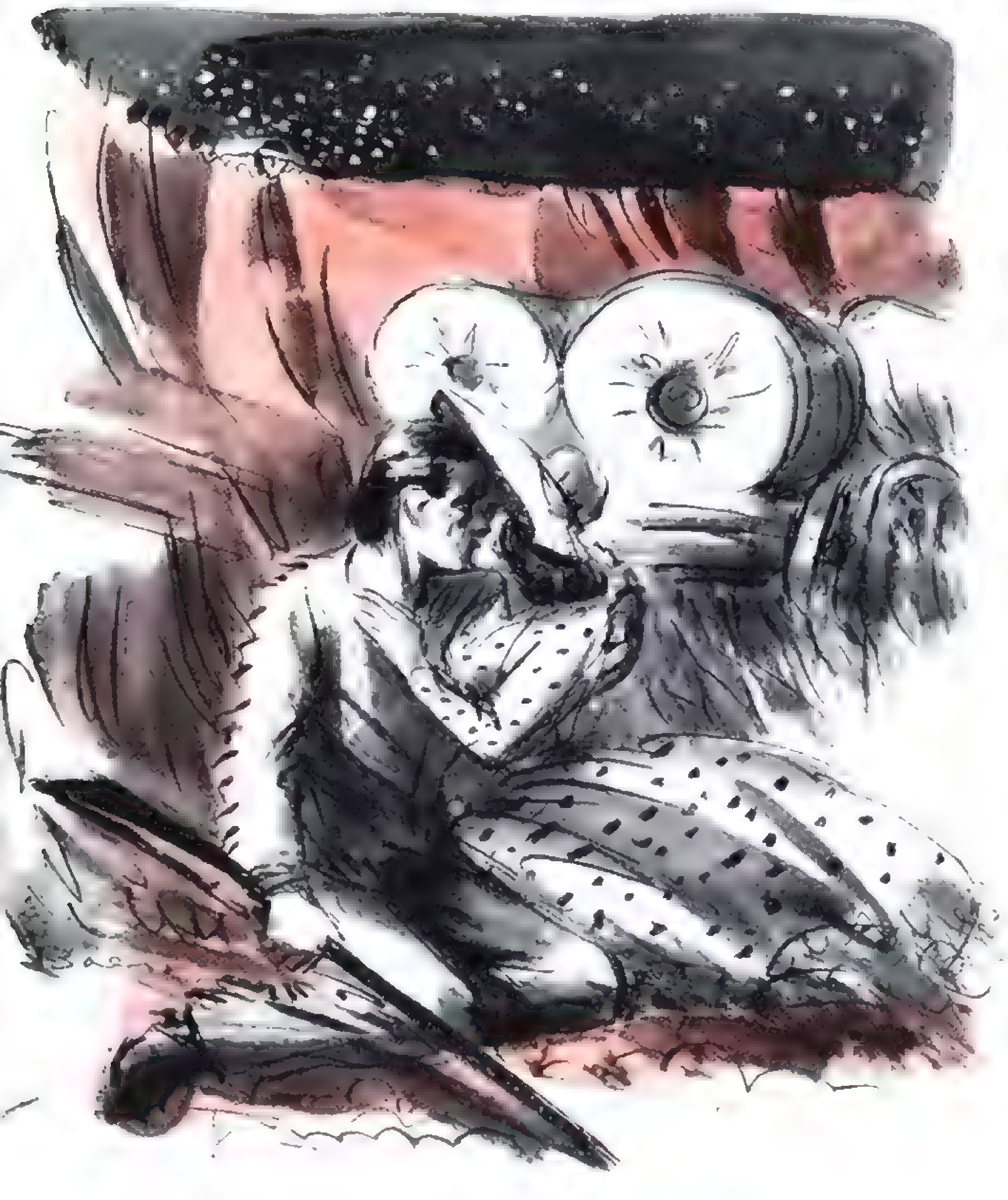
The Mountain Man looked around the canyon and nodded. "Perhaps yes. But we'll keep on watching just the same."

"How not? The Apache might decide not to co-operate."

Beaver Jack laughed with him. Jack himself had relaxed enough to be thinking almost wholly about Susannah. By God he was not going to let Hoyt take her back with him to Franklin and marry her off to a merchant.



Somewhere between here and Crowley he would take her away. There he planted his stick. Wah. The defiance was all very well, but how to do it? A delicately-raised girl, like her, might not be willing to cut and run. That depends on if she really loves me, he decided; the gentlest woman is a she-bear when she really loves. If she loves me, no other man will have her. He repeated the Plains Indian formula, there I plant my stick. Wah. He was determined, sure of himself, but still something in him was doubtful, hating the heavy, established power of old men.



Hurries to War, riding with his band along the top of the mesa, studied the old chieftain ahead of him, the sinewy back, like a young man's, belied by the rather sparse hair, tinged with grey, that fell over his shoulders from under his blue turban. Hurries to War could not bring himself to wish that this venture should fail, he could only hope and scheme for his part in it to be crucial and distinguished. It was a mad plan, you would never have expected the old man to propose it, yet it was well conceived; all these days he had been seeing why Circling Warrior was a chief. It was on account of Cedar Girl, of course, and if it succeeded, Circling Warrior would get her. Desire moved in him, and violent resentment at the power of skillful, wise old men.

He shook off the evil thoughts, capable of harming the whole party. To distract his mind, he meditated sympathetically on the courtship going on down in the wagon train between Buckskin Shirt and American Chief's daughter. American Chief did not like it; he tried to keep them apart. He felt a vague parallel between that young man's situation and his own. Hurries to War wished luck to the young couple, provided he and his band did not wipe out the train.

Behind Treeless Spring there was a wide, box-like break in the canyon wall. Some water seeped along its edge, and the grass grew knee-high or higher. The stock, save for the personal mounts the men kept picketed near their fires, could all be turned loose in there under a single herder. The wagons were placed in a semi-circle near the spring, with a sentry at each end. From their positions these men could command all approaches well enough. The ground was fairly open, with moderately high grass, clumps of chamisa, and a few, scattered piñones and junipers.

Circling Warrior personally inspected the Colonel's arrangement at nightfall. The precautions were mechanical, rather than alert. The people in the camp were gay, the young woman had wandered some distance outside the wagons to pick flowers, the herder was inattentive. He told his young men that if nothing better offered, they would probably run off the entire caballada before dawn. Then they could deal with the wagons at leisure. The camp had carelessly been placed so close to the cliff that they might even be able to drop rocks on it.

Beaver Jack had the first watch at the east end of the semicircle. His post was about twenty yards outside the wagons. He made himself comfortable in a spot where his head would not show against the skyline. He did not feel entirely easy. The camp was too close to the cliffs, he thought, and they were a little too sure there were no Indians.

About two more camps after this and they would reach Crowley, and still he did not know what he was going to do. He was not yet sure of her. He heard a step behind him and lay flat instantly, peering upwards. Susannah's sunbonnet was clearly silhouetted

Continued on page 190

They Do or Die for Dykes

How White Sox manager Dykes kidded his castoffs and sandlot hopefuls into playing commendable baseball

by EDWARD PRELL

• SPORTS •

JAMES J. DYKES, Manager of the Chicago White Sox, was sitting at a table in a Milwaukee night club.

He was in distinguished company. At his left was Gordon (Mickey) Cochrane, then manager of the Detroit Tigers. To Dykes' right was Spike Briggs, the sprightly son of Walter O. Briggs, owner of the Tigers. Completing the foursome was Billy Webb, Sox coach and Dykes' right hand man.

The master of ceremonies pranced out on the stage, swinging a cane and wondering what line of attack would be best to make the customers laugh.

Mr. Dykes and Mickey, his erstwhile pal when they were stars on Connie Mack's championship Philadelphia Athletics, had just outsmarted each other in a six-player deal. Or so both thought.

The Sox manager had given up Pitcher Vernon Kennedy, Outfielder Dixie Walker and Infielder Tony Piet for Outfielder Gerald Walker, Third Baseman Marvin Owen and an obscure catcher named Mike Tresh.

When Dykes spotted the funny man back of the footlights, his trigger brain responded. Tapping Mickey on the arm, he said:

"If I were you I'd go up there right now and get that fellow's cane."

"Why?" Mickey wanted to know.

"It will come in awfully handy for Piet when they start throwing curves at him," replied Dykes with an impish wink.

The exuberant leader of the White Sox has many claims to fame. If there's a sharper talking gent in baseball, he must use the sign language.

Going on forty-five, he is embarking on his second quarter century of baseball and his enthusiasm for the game is as intense as when he first gave an awe-stricken "yes, sir," to Connie Mack when he was farmed out to Gettysburg, Pa., in the Blue Ridge League. That was in 1917. Dykes served a hitch in World War No. 1, but his regiment never put to sea.

He is the new David Harum of baseball, a sharper who goes after and gets what he wants, usually at ridiculously low bargain rates.

You've seen him out there on the ball field, haven't you? Well, if you haven't, just to give you an idea: The umpire (a foul creature in Dykes' laboratory of human equations) makes a slip. From his squatting stance on the edge of the dugout, a short chubby man, chewing a long cigar, starts for the plate—and the umpire. His is the stride of a comic military tyrant. He sticks his jaw alongside that of the man in blue. A few minutes later he walks back to the dugout and disappears from view. Dykes has been chased again!

But this isn't the real Dykes, even though he is allergic to umpires. Even though he is an advocate of the freedom of strong speech on the diamond. Even though, to outward appearance, he is the closest approach to stormy John McGraw, immortal leader of the Giants.

What we want to tell you about is the serious Dykes, the crafty Dykes who operates beneath this armor of the umpire-bedeviled and wisecracking manager.

Jimmie Dykes never went to college. Long before most kids are out of high school, he was a professional ball player. But he is a natural born leader. And his running mate is Kid Psychology. He uses this weapon in every waking moment and always to the advantage of the ball club which he has brought from the depths of the American League.

The lively baseball has standardized the modern game. Every team plays the game the same way. In the early innings it's slam-bang for a lot of runs. If the game is close, they all play for a single run in the late innings. Base stealing is almost a lost art and other fine points have been neglected in the interests of mass production of runs. Modern baseball is predicated on brute strength.

So—the actual job of managing a ball club on the field is subordinated to managing it off the diamond. This is where Dykes comes in.

The White Sox win their games off the ball field. This will be heartening news to the chart makers who never figure the club better—on paper—than sixth or seventh when they are trying to predict in March what will come to pass in October.

Not once since Dykes took an undermanned, listless, despondent White Sox outfit in 1934 has one of his clubs had a right, figuring mechanical skill alone, to land in the first division. Yet in the six complete seasons he's been in charge they've wound up four times in the league's upper bracket.

Last season, in fact, the Sox were battling for the pennant until the final days. They finished in a fourth place tie with Boston's gold-plated Red Sox. The 'stiles at Comiskey Park whirled merrily and the club had its most profitable season in years. The Chicagoans whipped the champion Tigers eight straight times and held an edge over the Yankees in their 1940 competition.

And what with? All the naked eye can see is a collection of castoffs from other teams, old-timers who don't know enough to call it a career, and a few young huskies who have been developed in the budding White Sox farm system.

What the naked eye doesn't see is the ever-active mind of the Sox leader, his smooth psychology wrecking his men's inferiority complexes, instilling a contagious spirit to win. Keying up his men every afternoon, each one down to the batting practice pitcher firmly believing: "We're the only good club in this league. The other seven are lousy!"

The insidious Dykes can remove the last ounce of mental horror from his pitchers be-

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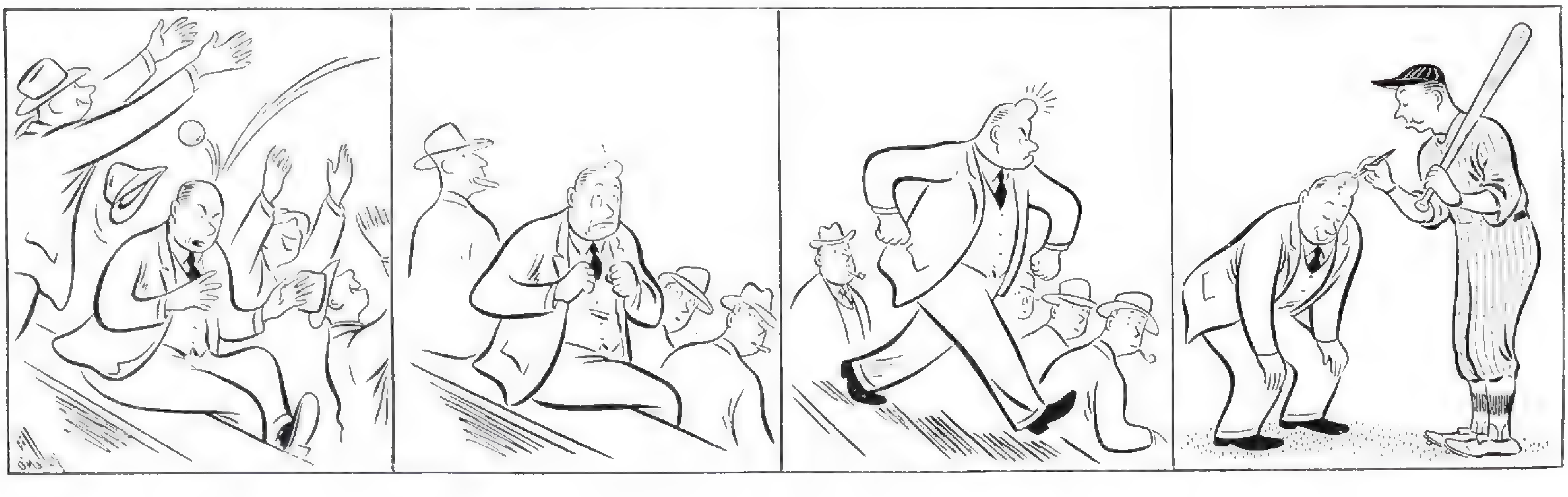

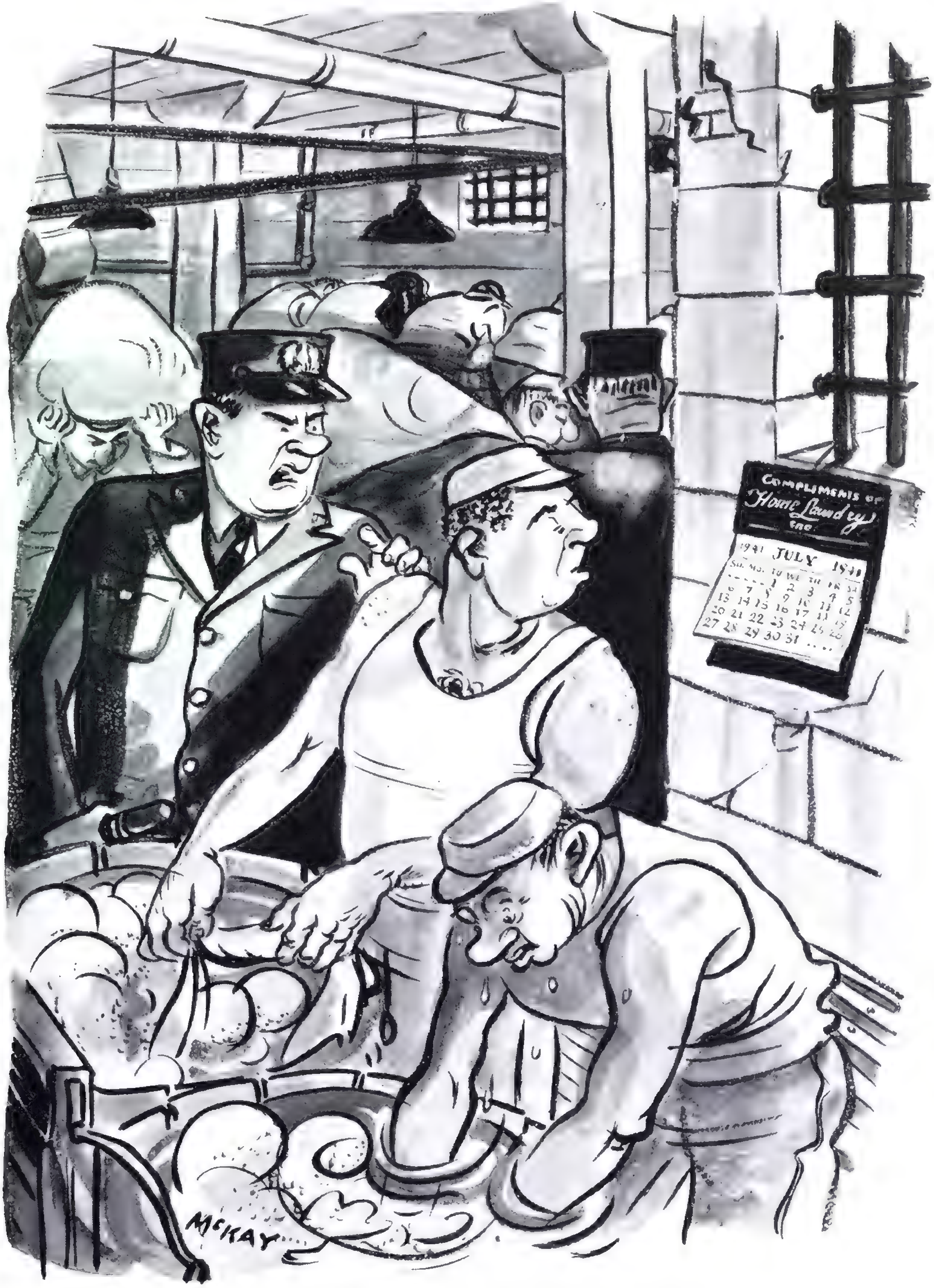
COMPLIMENTS OF
Home Laundry
INC.
1941 JULY 1941
McKAY

"Come, come, Grogan—we don't want any calendar watchers in here!"

Daughter of Danny the Red

The charge for assault and battery in that county was nothing compared to stealing a valuable hunting dog

by RODERICK LULL

•FICTION•

It was the first time I had seen my uncle alone for weeks, and I was enjoying myself. There was in it a pleasant sense of guilt, what with knowing of the small opinion the women-folk in our family had of his habits and his morals—an opinion that even my father was beginning to share to an extent. My uncle and I were talking seriously of serious things—primarily the raising and training of hunting spaniels, which to most of the men in our county was the most vital of topics. I was having sarsaparilla and my uncle a shot of rye, when the man came into the bar with the news that a bitch sired by Danny the Red was for sale. That would have been big news on any occasion. And now it was tremendous news indeed, for Danny the Red was dead—dead of an accident in the hunting field, which was a proper way for a dog of his ilk to die—and this bitch was the last of his get.

My uncle kept his voice calm as he asked questions, but I could feel the excitement in it. And no wonder. If you know anything of Springer Spaniels at all you will have heard of Danny the Red. There are those who still say he was the finest of them all when it came to real work in the field. And whether he was or whether he wasn't, today more good Springers go back to him, a long trail, than to any other sire.

It seemed that Danny's owner had died shortly after his dog's death and left his widow with two bitches—the one sired by Danny, the other of different breeding. Like most men whose life was the breeding and training and hunting of sporting dogs, he had died poor. His widow was going away to relatives in the East and was selling her possessions. She was now staying with friends near town and had the dogs with her.

My uncle looked down at me and his eyes were bright and eager. "About through, boy?" he asked. We finished our drinks together. "We'll go take a look," he said then. "Glad to have you along. You'll tell me your opinion of her."

My uncle drove the trotter fast. And suddenly my feeling of joyous association was gone. I felt unsure and nervous. For all the effort I gave to trying not to think of the hunting trip he and my father had taken me on last year, I thought of it the harder. It was a sore thing too seldom out of my mind. I had failed them, I knew, and miserably. I hadn't held up my end in anything—not in the shooting, the skinning and butchering of the deer, or the making of camp and the handling of the horses. They had been kind about it, especially my uncle, and their kindness had been like a blow in the face. For in their expressions, in an occasional unguarded word between them, it was evident that I was a disappointment and might, indeed, lack the stuff of manhood entirely. I remembered how desperately I had wanted to explain, to say something compelling in extenuation, and there had been no words for it. You came through or you didn't. And now my uncle was taking me to see a hunting dog and pretending my opinion would be of value. But again, his kindness was a bitter, hurting thing.

My uncle's brow was furrowed, his face serious and intent. "A bitch of Dan's," he said as if talking to himself, "could be worth a man's income for a year. Of course she may be no good—Lord knows Danny sired some of that kind too. On the other hand. . ."

Ten minutes later my uncle slapped my knee. "There's Hargan's house, where she's staying. How'd you like to have a hand in the making of her, Bub?"

"That'd be fine," I said in a half whisper, trying not to choke.

"Well, don't go planning on anything yet. No doubt we're due for a disappointment—just a pure waste of time." But I knew by the note in his voice that he expected the opposite.

The widow, a pale, ineffectual woman who obviously knew nothing of dogs, led us out to a small wire-enclosed yard at the back of the house, and there were the two bitches. They were real beauties for you, with bodies soft as velvet to your hand, yet flexing with good hard muscles beneath the skin. Great eyes, dark brown and deep. Feet padded well and too big for them, as they should be. And chests, even though they were little past the suckling stage, that told of strength and power. They were both black and white and alike as peas in a pod.

Alike as peas in a pod to me, that is. But not to my uncle. For a few minutes he handled them both, then drew one bitch away. He ran his hand down her flanks and stood up. "That's Danny's girl," he said, and so sure was the note in his voice that it was like a man announcing his name.

"There's tags in their collars my husband put there that tells which is which," the widow said. "I don't know one from the other. Only, my husband said one was much more valuable than the other."

My uncle looked idly at the tag on the collar of the dog he had picked, then dropped it and smiled at me. "I was right," he said softly, and there was no vanity in his voice at all. "No man could fail to pick Danny's girl from the other, could he, Bub?"

"No, Uncle Ned." It was a great lie, for I couldn't have told had my life hung on my decision.

"Of course not," he said. He slowly rubbed his chin with one hand and turned to the widow. "What is your price, ma'am?"

She stared at him, and her voice faltered. "My husband said—he said the best one,

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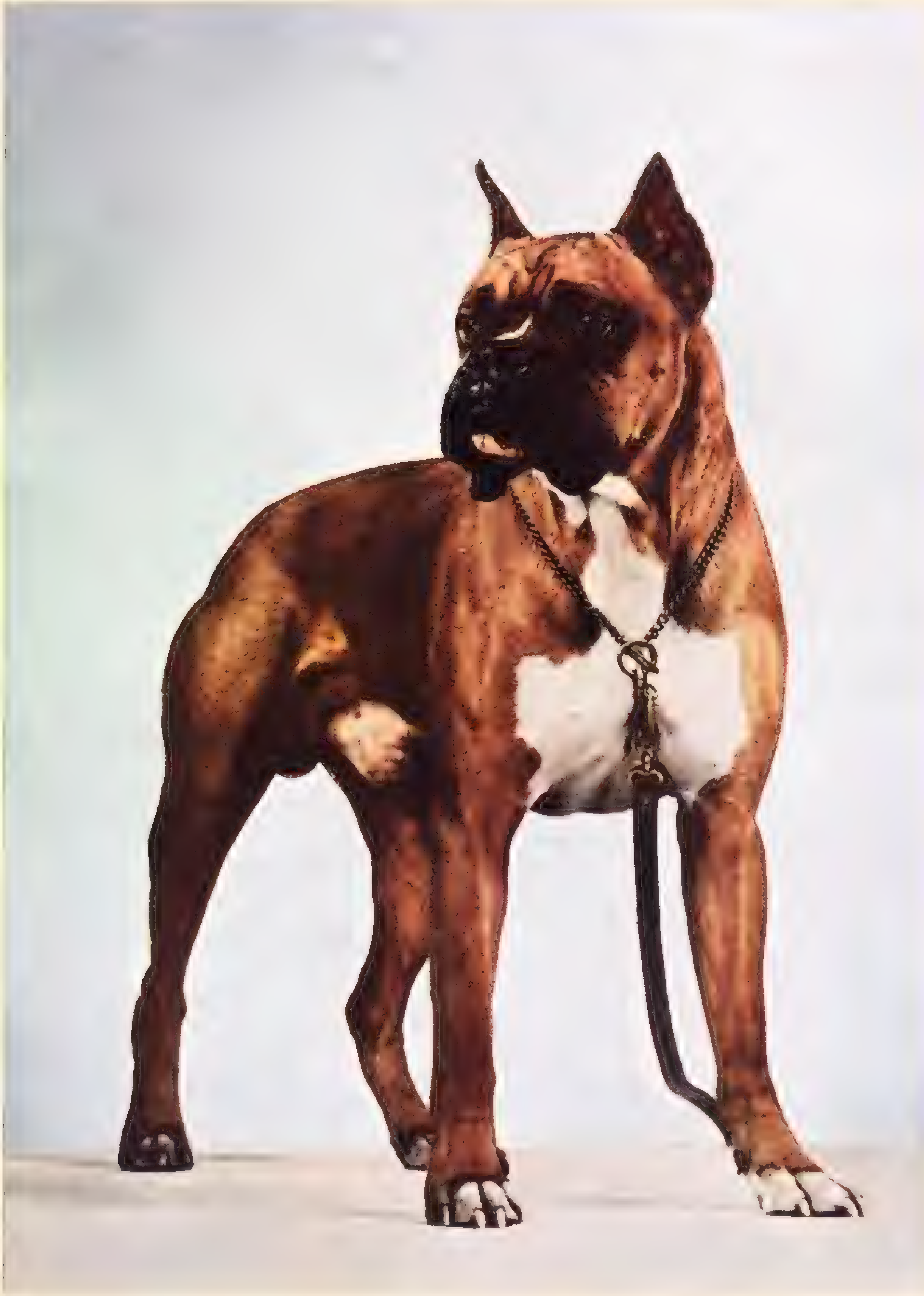
"Sell my three shares of Consolidated Copper and buy one share of American Metals preferred"



PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY [illegible]

Ch. Milo von Pfarrkirchen

OWNED BY SUMBULA KENNEL

The Boxer — two-fisted friend. Descendant of the fighting dog of Tibet, today's Boxer inherits the stout-heartedness of his ancestor. This courage, however, has been well-tempered and there is no troublesome aggressiveness in his makeup. While he can be depended upon not to retrieve the seats of tradesmen's trousers, he will settle thoroughly with anyone whose conduct is questionable. In fact the way he uses his front paws during a dispute is what earned him his name. A vast sense of responsibility is felt by the Boxer for his loved ones. Still, there is nothing grim in the way he shoulders it. The American Kennel Club registered the first Boxer Championship in 1915. But the breed has come to the front only fairly recently. Medium-sized, short-haired, stocky in build, his coat "comes" in different shades of fawn—all the way from stag-red to beige. The brindle variety of coat has a fawn background with dark stripes giving that brindled effect. The Boxer weighs between fifty and sixty pounds, his height at the shoulder is about twenty-three inches, so he is a practical apartment house size. But it's not just his weight and height that makes him practical, it's the comforting fact that he only bites the right people.—CHASE HERENDEEN

IDA LUPINO *stays in character for Warner Brothers' photographer. Her current picture, "The Sea Wolf," was produced by Jack L. Warner, assisted by Henry Blanke, with Michael Curtiz the director. Edward G. Robinson plays the Wolf.*

She's Wet All Over

Most Hollywood actresses are typed in "natural" roles, but when Lupino plays the streetwalker, she's acting

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

I WENT out to see this girl at her place overlooking Hollywood. I mean, you could see a long ways from the living room windows, or window, I think it was just one long window, Hollywood and Los Angeles and almost to the sea.

"Would you like some tea?" she said.

I suppose so. I felt like saying, "Is that all you got?"; but after all I didn't know her, so I said, "It would be very nice." She went out and told somebody we wanted some tea, and after while a girl brought it in, and she poured some for me, and the girl went back and got some crackers.

"Take a cracker," she said.

I took a cracker.

I had thought maybe she would blow a whistle, and a fellow wearing an apron and armbands would come in, and she'd say, "Beer, Casey, for everybody. The dollar grade."

When you're visiting a fancy lady, as the polite expression is, you don't look around for any tea set. But anyway I sipped the tea, which wasn't strong enough and not any too hot, and looked across at this beautiful babe. Some mouse, I thought. I said, "Well, what have you been doing?"

"I'm a streetwalker again," she said.

"Too bad," I said.

"Not too bad at all," she said with spirit. "Why do you say that? I love it. There's nothing I'd rather do. I always put everything I've got into it."

"I've noticed that," I said. She smiled. I said, "You're the best in the business."

"How about Claire Trevor?" she asked me.

I sipped some more tea.

"How about Claire?" she said.

"Different type. Passive, big heart, kind, able to take care of herself but always being fooled by any heel who says he loves her. I mean, she's a natural for that sort of thing. Ones like you are in there clawing, fighting upstream, no wooden nickels."

"Well," she said, "I certainly liked this one. It was one I'd always wanted to do."

"What is it?" I said.

"*The Light That Failed*," she said. "With Ronald Colman. I thought maybe you'd seen it."

"I don't get to the movies very often," I told her. "I'll catch it some place. I remember that first one, that English one. *Money For Speed*."

She laughed, and I laughed too. I knew the story about that one. In it she took the part of a vicious little tart, strictly out for what she could get, and in one sequence she became as sweet, darling and innocent a little lamb as you ever saw in your life, in order to pull the wool over the eyes of a wealthy prospect. Otherwise she was a pretty terrible item.

Right after the picture was produced—in England—a couple of American impresarios of the cinema were looking around for somebody of virtually impossible sweetness and light to play the part of Alice in *Alice In Wonderland*. She must be young, pretty, wide-eyed, and a lily. During their search they were shown a sequence out of *Money For Speed*, and of course it would have to be the one referred to.

"Who's that girl?" they demanded.

Ida Lupino.

They burned the cables, as the expression is, getting her to America. When she arrived, they took one look at her and began shaking hands behind their backs. She was even more lovely than they had hoped for. They told her what they wanted. She began to laugh. "Go back," she told them, "and look at the whole picture, then let me know if you still want me to play Alice. A lot of people have seen the whole picture, you know."

They went out and took a look at the complete picture and they did not want her to play Alice.

Miss Lupino stayed on in this country anyway, to the curious confusion of Hollywood, which is easily confused by pretty young ladies who know how to act—of whom there are in Hollywood, besides our heroine, exceedingly few.

The average movie babe is no more an actor than I am, until the age of thirty-eight, when some of them get good. They get by because of the large variety at hand, directors usually are able to select one who, to play the part called for by the script, has little to do other than to get in there and look like Janet, if her name is Janet, and smile when they tell her to smile. They are simply uninhibited young exhibitionists, not afraid of the camera.

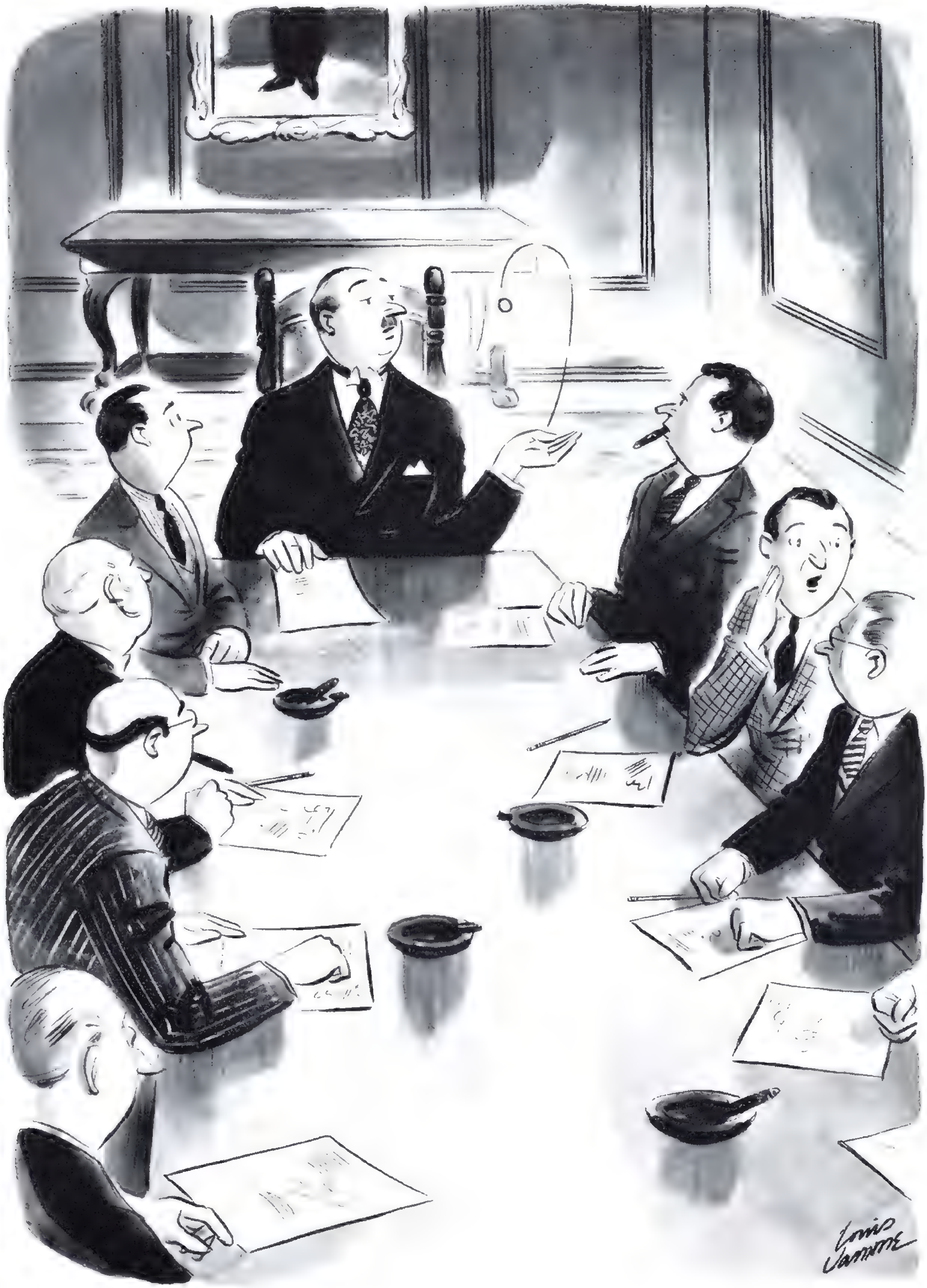
Miss Lupino, on the other hand, never has played herself yet. There isn't the slightest connection between Miss Lupino acting a part on the screen and Miss Lupino sitting on her own sofa stirring her tea. She started acting at seven, and was a professional at thirteen, and no Shirley Temple. Her family has been acting for four hundred years. For the first hundred and fifty they were strolling players in Italy, for tossed coppers or whatever they could pick up, either during or after working hours, and for the next two hundred and fifty years they acted in England, starting where they had left off in Italy and going on up, until now the Lupinos are scattered all over the British stage and in British movies, and Miss Ida is tastefully ensconced on a Hollywood hillside, looking out almost to the sea.

Her succession of harlots is the most distinguished of the screen, for the double reason that such parts always require acting—unless the character is a semi-pro, in which case Marlene Dietrich can do it with her eyebrows

Continued in center of page 153

GIFTS FOR FATHERS D
DAY
IDEA
Barr

"Now to get you a father"


Louis Jamme

"I think this is one reason our recent decisions have been criticized"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Citing Serge Koussevitzky's Berkshire Music Center in Tanglewood as one place where honest men live and work in music

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

If a bachelor's degree were given every child at birth, our universities would accomplish more. As it is, they waste time on kudos and credits, overlook learning. Nonsense and tomfoolery have paraded many years in cap and gown. Endless fiddle-daddle has been dished up for the witless.

Now is the time to demand results. Dozers in the ivory towers must be wakened. It is not only that they squander other peoples' money: they throw away irrecoverable opportunities to make this democracy a richer place in the 1950's.

Hitler gained unprecedented response from the German youth because he restored their self-confidence and gave them promise of a better life. They are fighting *for* something, not *against* something. Our younger generation does not understand clearly what this struggle is about, or why they may be asked to die. Their experiences have given them little confidence or optimism for the future.

They have entered on their studies, many times, with honorable purpose and invaluable enthusiasm only to be misled and discouraged by eunuchs posing as professors. They have gone away from college incompetent mediocrities and fakirs. They learned to appear to know rather than to know. Their opportunities to do work that is mentally and spiritually exhilarating have been too few. For example, the chorus in a recent Radio City Music Hall contained seventeen A. B.'s, a civil engineer, six Bachelors of Music, a certified public accountant, a quartermaster in navigation, a metallurgist, and three guys who still expected to finish their studies at Cornell.

The fault, of course, is not entirely with the dreamers in our universities. It lies also in our mad-rushing, mechanized society, led as it is by self-satisfied gentlemen who have been so busy hugging themselves that they have not bothered about civilization's collapse. They, and we, have an obligation to our youth . . . for the future.

They, and we, have been mistaking means for ends. In so-called music education, we have spent more, per capita, and received less than any nation on the face of the globe. Literally, we have misused millions. Our public schools are filled with incompetents who haven't a vague notion of the expressive purpose, or the wonder of music. They teach it in the same manner and with the same inspiration that is used on arithmetic tables. Half of them will be pounding out-of-tune pianos when our children march up the steps next September.

Our university Departments of Music are jammed with pedants with an unquenchable appetite for pedal points, and little else. Their incalculable influence is best demonstrated by the fact that when the Boston Symphony plays at Harvard's Sanders Theater, fewer than two hundred students among an audience of eighteen hundred come to hear it.

The landscape from Bangor to Bakersfield is cluttered with conservatories, the only suitable remedy for which is T-N-T. Their promoters may be honest, according to their lights, but in reality they are swindlers and hypocrites, not to mention tenth-raters. They prey upon the public's ignorance and the unquenchable belief of every mother that her little Benny can become a Heifetz or a Hofmann. Agitated and aided by Major Bowes, they have successfully kept from the public the fact that music is the most exclusive profession in the world, not accessible even to Doctors of Music.

Wall Street is littered with men who keep track of billions of dollars that do not exist and who make triplicate records of innumerable transactions of which not two in a million are ever referred to again. Given a trumpet or a pair of cymbals, these gents would never find out when to toot or clash, as that requires actual business sense. My only banker-friend took private lessons on the drum for six months, and finally gave it up as too expensive. He never did learn when to come in.

Because the fierce strain put by my critical work on my powers of attention makes it necessary, periodically, for me to allow my mind to ramble by way of relief, I go to hear a Business Men's Orchestra, a soirée of the Young Women's Christian Association, or a Conservatory Commencement. There is nothing more reassuring than to wake up from a nap on these occasions, or to come out of a train of political or philosophic speculation, and see everybody present having a happy time.

The chattering of the players, their irreverent waving and yelling to friends in the audience not only relieves the intensity of the musical experience, but positively makes it impossible. Parents, uncles and aunts inevitably interrupt the proceeding at the worst possible moment with applause. And, at one school the pupils blithely treated the most important composition exactly as a new cavalry recruit treats his steed, walloping it from beginning to end. At another, every march sounded like kitchen troops egged on by enthusiastic nursemaids. A Mendelssohn *scherzo* squeaked like a tune from a hurdy-gurdy. Wagner came off as if he were being turned out by middle-aged traveling salesmen. When the national anthem was played, the audience had to be notified by proclamation. Otherwise, it would have failed to recognize it.

The singing universally bears testimony to the fund of negative advice available across the country. A blind man could see how carefully young vocal aspirants have been told what not to do: not to press on the notes with their breath, not to force the tone, not to sing with effort, and so on. If conservatories would

Continued on page 96

SIDEWAL
INTERVIE
A JOHN KAUNUS

"Ah! Here's a little lady who looks interesting"

Bygone Big Shots

Modern champs could skunk the He Men of sports' Good Old Days, now recalled with more awe than truth

by HART STILWELL

• SPORTS •

"YEAH, I know Kimbrough and Davey O'Brien are pretty classy," the Old-Timer said, "but you never saw any football. Why this modern bunch of sissies couldn't hold a water bucket for Jim Thorpe. Now you take those Real Men . . ."

I have listened to that sort of stuff for several years now. It's barely possible that I have, during the exuberance of some foamy moment, spread on a little of it myself. But deep down within me I know it's tripe—pure, plain tripe.

Long have I sought some explanation of this strange state of affairs—this phenomenon of the national sports mind which flatly refuses to admit that any man now performing could touch the quality of those who have gone before.

Why is it, for instance, that you can't convince any mature man of today that Don Budge could hold his own against the Tilden of 1922-25? And the suggestion that Budge might have whipped Tilden's ears down, which personally I believe could have been done, just brings a laugh.

Why is it that the mere mention of Bobby Feller in the same breath with Rube Waddell or Christy Matthewson will produce nothing better than a tolerant and patronizing smile? Rube and Christy are the supermen of baseball. If one of them ever lost a game it was probably the catcher's fault. On the other hand Bobby Feller is just a kid with a fast hop on the ball. Why the Yanks knocked him out of the box just the other day . . .

Take football and you find the situation even worse. Those of my generation would give you a fine horselaugh if you tried to tell them that Tom Harmon of today is as good a broken field runner as Red Grange of my college days. Likewise the suggestion that Don Scott is probably a better back than Bo McMillan would bring only a bit of mild ridicule—the idea really isn't worth being taken seriously.

Of course the current crop of fighters is just a bunch of hams—if I remember right they have always been. Joe Louis has a glass jaw, and maybe a glass eye thrown in, and Jack Dempsey would have murdered him. But if you really want to see Louis slaughtered, you should have seen Bob Fitzimmons in his prime take one whack at him—just one solar plexus punch. The fact that Old Bob was the first man to see the value of this punch has led to a strange situation in which most fight fans think nobody since Bob has ever used it.

You go right on down the line—through all the sports where it is impossible to *prove* that the boys of today are better than those of yesterday—and you find the same thing.

You can't prove that Joe Louis is a better fighter than Jack Dempsey ever was, because there is no way to turn the trick. You can't tell how good a pitcher of today is by comparing his earned run record with a pitcher of, say 1910, for the simple reason that the ball was different, the rules were different, and it is entirely possible there was a considerable difference in the quality of batters.

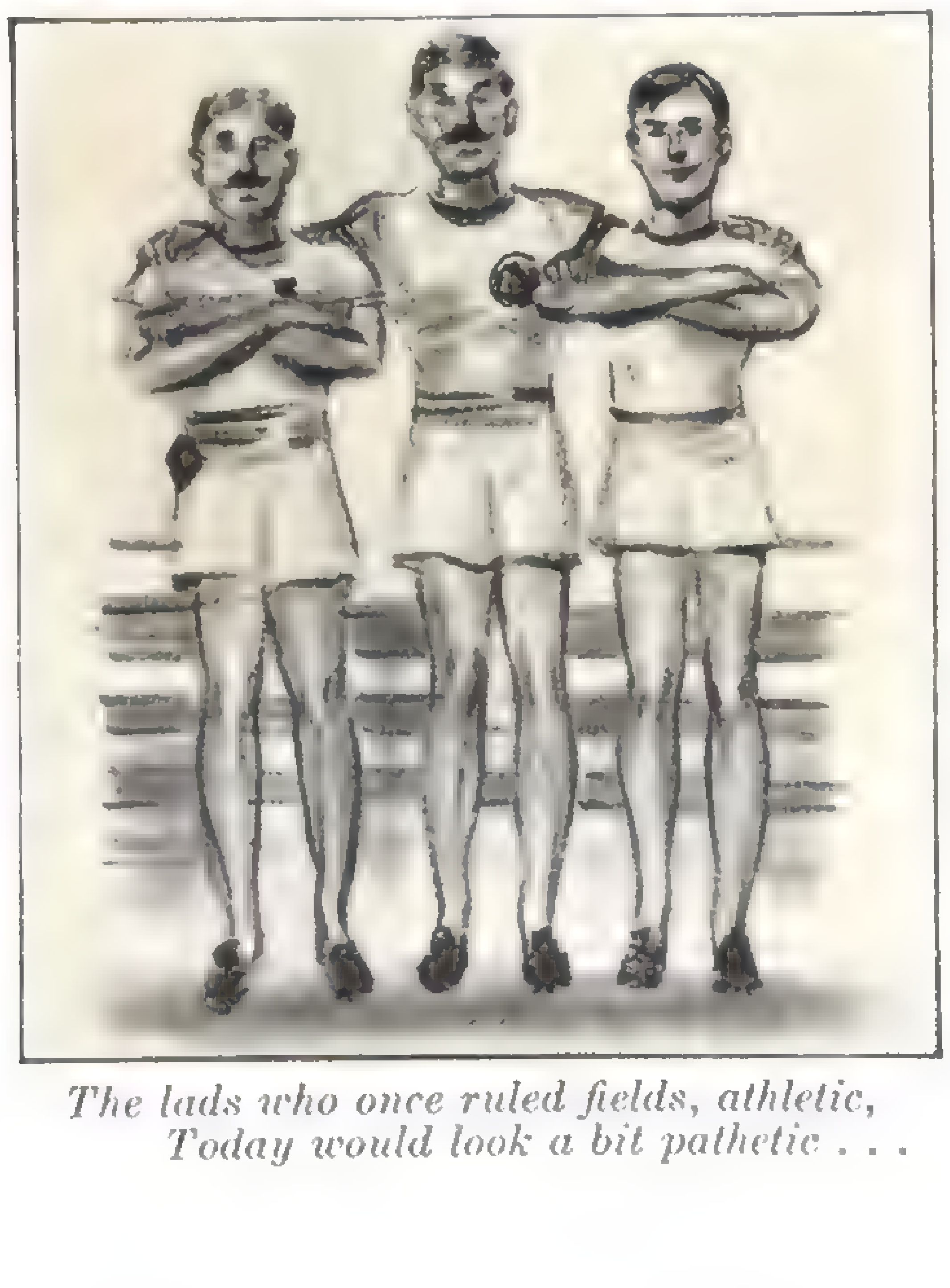
A pitcher in 1910 would take a ball which was soggy in the first place, compared to the lively ball of today, and work it over until the batter wasn't sure whether he was hitting at a baseball or an over-ripe pear. It came in with a lot of tobacco juice on one side and probably sanded off with emery paper on the other. A pitcher could do anything to the ball except jump up and down on it with his spiked shoes. So there is actually no definite way of determining just how good Schoolboy Rowe is compared to Rube Waddell.

And it is the same in boxing or tennis, or basketball or football. You can't argue back. You are forced to sit and listen when the old timers get going about how sports were real He Men games in their day, and how they've degenerated into sissified affairs.

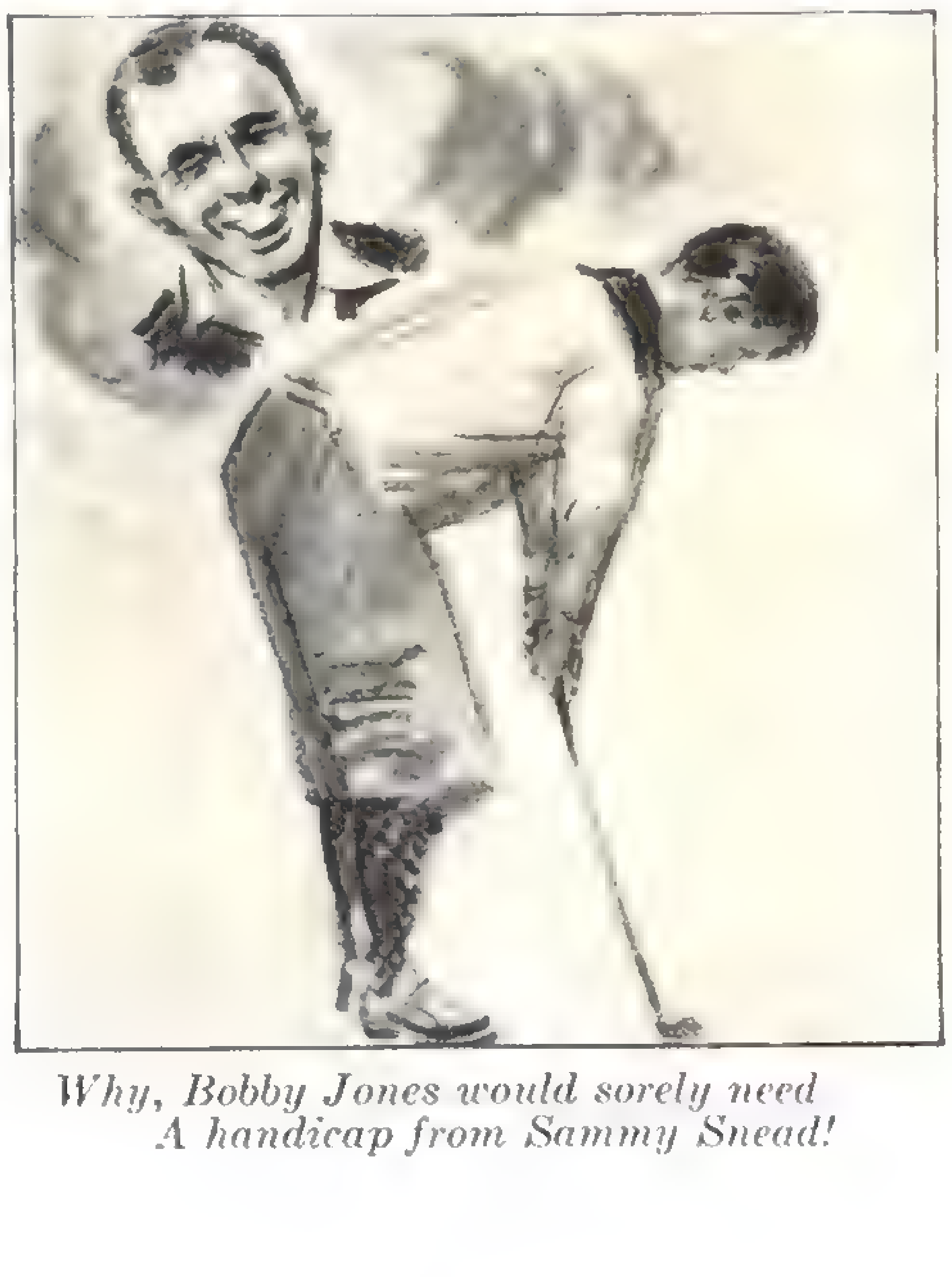
But when you get down to a few sports you can stop them dead in their tracks. Then you can make them start backing up. Because in these sports you can take out a record book and show them that they're talking through their hats—in these sports where the records definitely prove the standard of performance there has been a steady and at times surprising advance in the quality of athletes. Common sense would indicate, then, that there has been a comparative improvement in athletic ability in other sports.

Let us look at the sports in which records tell the story. Two outstanding examples are golf on the one hand, and track and field on the other. In addition to these we have swimming, bowling, shotgun shooting, rifle shooting, archery and so on. But in some of them considerable improvement has been made in the equipment used, so that a comparison of records is not necessarily a true picture of the actual improvement in ability of the performers.

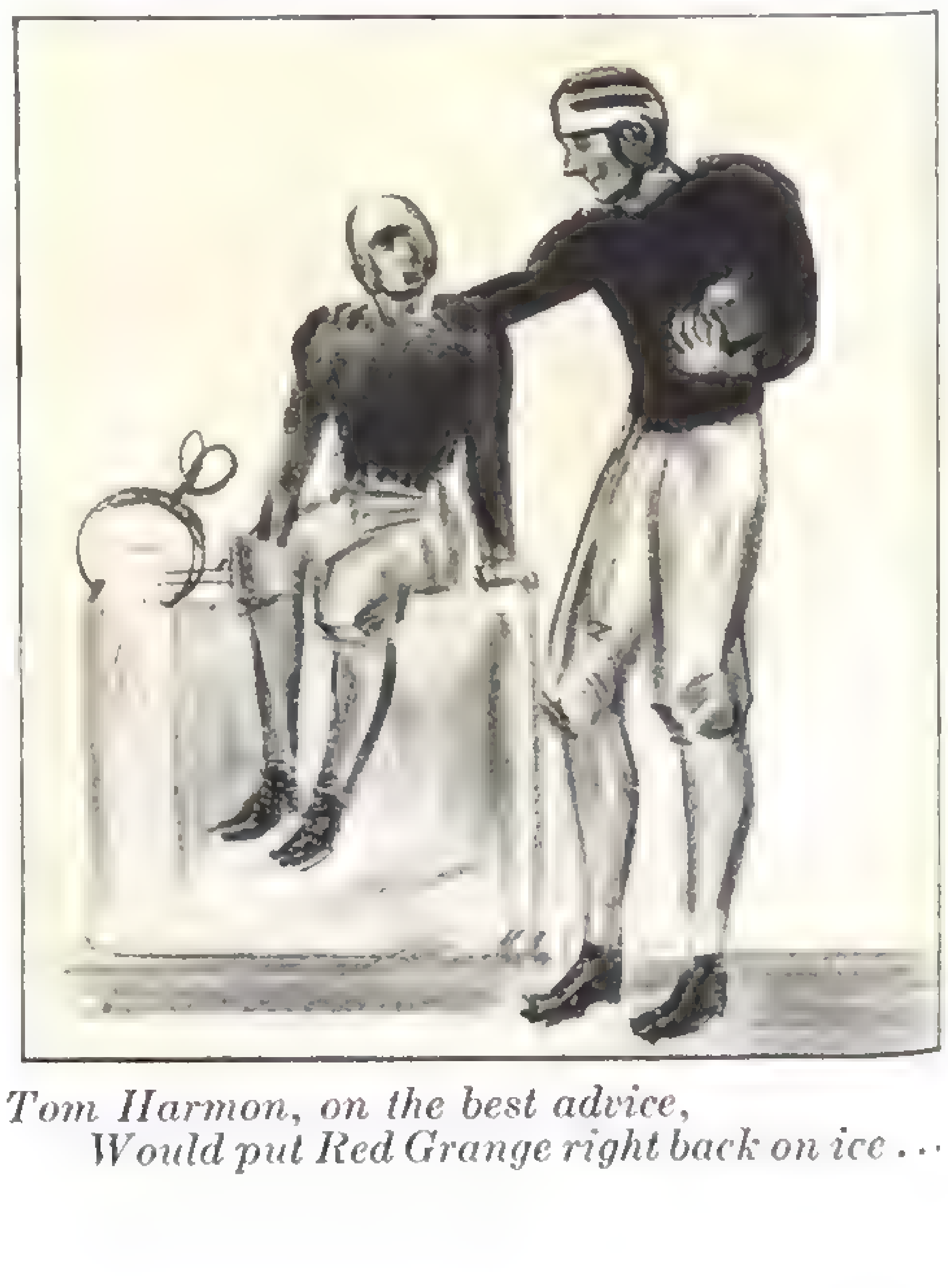
First we will take a squint at golf. When somebody starts telling you that Bobby Jones was the only golfer who ever lived, why you have something to say back. It is a well known fact that Bobby was clearly the class of the field in his day. But too little



*The lads who once ruled fields, athletic,
Today would look a bit pathetic . . .*



*Why, Bobby Jones would sorely need
A handicap from Sammy Snead!*



*Tom Harmon, on the best advice,
Would put Red Grange right back on ice . . .*

importance is attached to the fact that Bobby, shooting the scores he shot in competitive golf when he was at his prime, would be a sad, sad figure among the boys who are sinking putts today.

And since the golf ball and equipment of today are practically the same as they were in 1930, when Jones quit, and whereas the golf courses generally are a lot tougher, there is nothing you can attribute today's golf scores to, except better golf.

The record book tells the story. First let's take the eight-year period during which Bobby Jones was practically the whole show, from 1923 through 1930. In 1923 Bobby won his first U. S. open. His score was 296, at which figure he tied with Bobby Cruickshank and went on to win in the play-off.

In 1924 Bobby was second and his score was 300. In 1925 he tied with Willie MacFarlane at 291 and lost in the play-off. Then in 1925 Bobby won and his score was 293. He tied with Farrell in 1928 at 294, and Farrell won in the play-off. In 1929 Jones tied with Al Espinoza at 294 and won the title, and in 1930 he won with a score of 287. Look carefully at the scores. That 287 was the first time that Bobby ever beat par in the National. His scores ran from 287 up to 300, which is 12 strokes over par, or an average of 75 a round. The average score of the winner during that eight-year period was 293.7, or 5.7 strokes over par. It is small wonder, then, that Bobby, writing his own golf story, said that he always worked for even fours. He figured pars would win, and they would have—then, not now.

Let us examine now the scores in the National during the past eight years. They run on this order: In 1933 John Goodman won with a score of 287. In 1934 the crown went to Olin Dutra and his score was 293. Then Sam Sparks stepped in and won it in 1935 with a score of 299.

Kiss par good-bye now, for you're not going to see it any more.

Tony Manero had a score of 282 to win the title in 1936. In 1937 Ralph Guldahl had to shoot 281 to win, and he repeated in 1938 with a score of 284. In 1939 Byron Nelson, Craig Wood and Denny Shute tied at 284, and in 1940 Lawson Little and Gene Sarazen tied at 287.

The average score of the National champion during that eight-year period was just a shade over 287, and about six and one-half strokes better than the average during the Jones era.

If you narrow it down to the past five years you find a still greater difference. The average during this period was 283.6, which is 4.4 strokes under par on the normal par 72 course, and ten strokes under the average during the Jones era.

Well, how do you account for it? Did good golf stop when Jones put away his clubs?

I don't think so. And when a writer like Grantland Rice asks, as he did in a recent article, "Will there be another Bobby Jones?" I think the answer should be "Certainly - the woods are full of them."

I freely admit that it is very unlikely any golfer will again dominate the field over a period of years as Jones did. But that simply proves one of my fundamental points in the entire sports picture—that there are a whole flock of top-notch performers today where there were only a few in the years gone by.

In the case of golf it must be remembered that the game is fairly young, and that it was just coming into its own in this country as a popular sport when Jones started batting the ball around. A study of the winners in recent years reveals that practically all of them are men who learned when they were small boys—most of the really good ones were once caddies.

Back in 1920 there were few golfers on the links who had learned to play as children. So when Jones came along with a natural swing that he had learned as a boy, he was something of a phenomenon. He was one of the few really well-rounded, nearly perfect golfers. Most of the others in his day had decided flaws in their games, due largely to the fact that they learned later in life.

The situation now is different. The country is full of men who can make par look silly on any old golf course, even though the courses are stretched out a little by the neck every year or so,with an added flock of hazards, traps, and other fiendish devices thrown in to hold the scoring down.

So much for golf.

When you move on to track and field you find a situation that is actually hard to believe, if you check a few records.

For instance, you find that high school boys of today, ranging in age from eighteen down, could show up the star college performers of my own college days, the early twenties, and make them look like a bunch of old men with wooden legs. This seems truly incredible, but it is down there in black and white—just another concrete instance of the advance in ability of athletes generally.

I will cite records in that fast and furious Southwest Conference, with which I happen to have a speaking acquaintance. I find that the Texas high school athletes of 1939 pitted in competition against the cream of the Southwest Conference college stars of 1920 would have won every track and field event except two, on the basis of the records. They would have tied the 100-yard dash, and lost the mile by the narrow margin of 4:37.4 as against 4:37.2. All the other events they would have won.

The records also show that the schoolboys of 1920 would have furnished no competition at all for those of today. Likewise, the college stars of 1920 would not have taken a single event in competition with today's performers.

And lest you think the college athletes have not improved right along with the high school boys, I will mention the fact that according to the records, the Southwest Conference track and field team of today pitted against the high school boys of today would take every event except two. They would get a tie in the 120-yard high hurdles, and lose the 220-yard dash. The others they would win.

The performance of today's schoolboys is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the age limit is now 18 years, whereas it was 20 years when I was in college.

If you think this situation is only an isolated case, go check records in any other area and you will see that the general trend is about the same.

You will get a fairly good idea of the steady advance being made in track and field performances by simply checking the list of world's records—or any other records.

The oldest world record in the books on the standard events—leaving out such stuff as the standing high jump and races run at odd distances—is Frank Wykoff's time of 9.4 seconds in the 100-yard dash, made in 1930. It was tied in 1935 by the great Negro star, Eddie Tolan.

The next oldest record is that of Ben Eastman in the 440-yard dash. His time was 46.4, set in 1932. The other marks have all been set since that time, and the end is not

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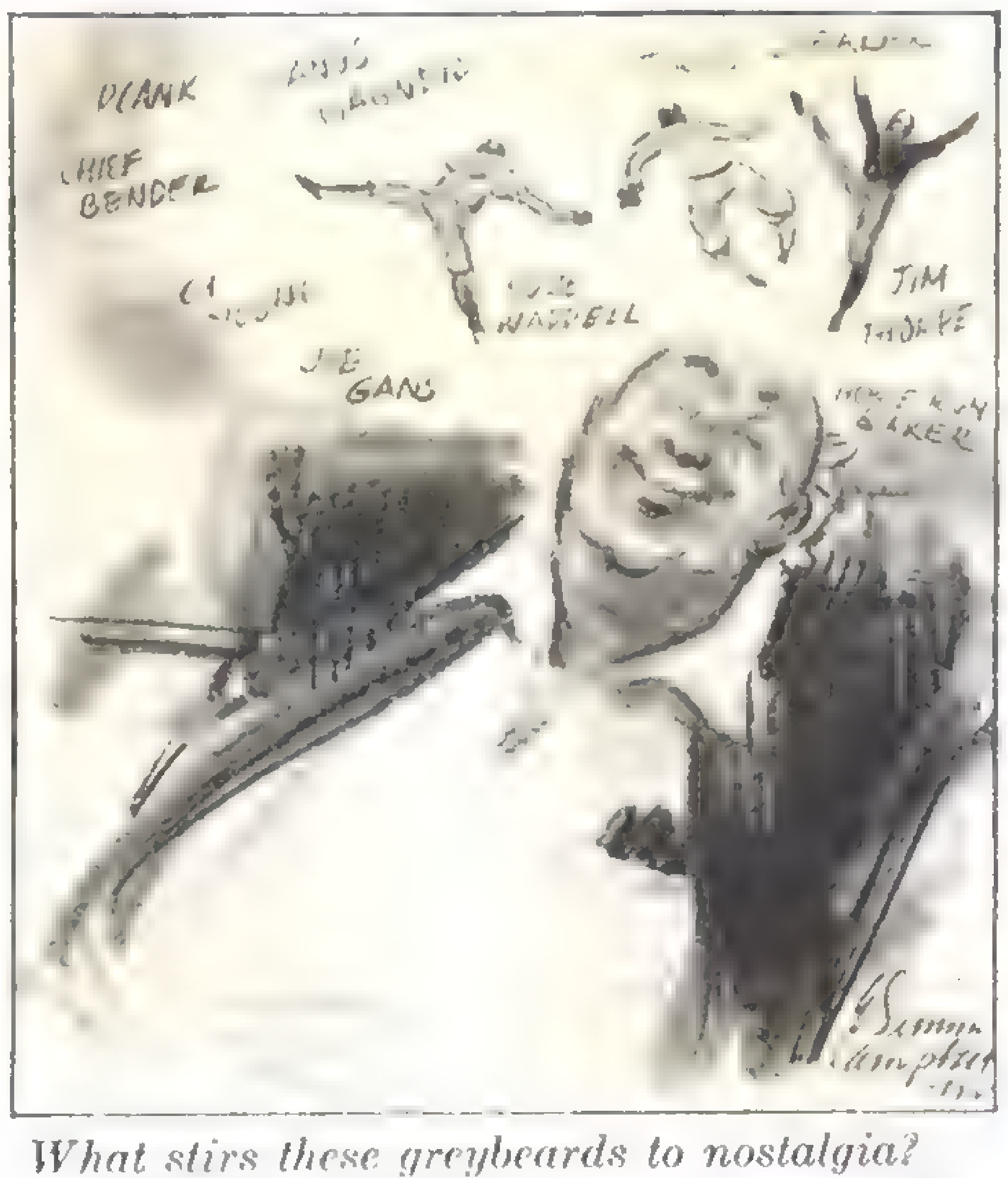
Bill Tilden seldom made a miscount,
But Budge could take him, net, no discount!

Still, oldsters mourn John L. and Fitz
Despite the way Joe Louis hits!



What stirs these greybeards to nostalgia?
Plain Hero Worship . . . or neuralgia?

—PHIL STACK

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Dissecting the playwriting of Lillian Hellman, the stunts of Orson Welles, and the histrionics of Elsa Lanchester

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

And now, ladies and gentlemen, for an after-view of some of the concluding exhibits of the season.

I

Thoughts incidental to Katharine Cornell's first-rate revival of Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma:*

1. You will have to search the modern drama with a fine-tooth comb to discover a more elaborately built-up and hokumized first entrance for a star actress than the one in this play. Shaw is utterly shameless about it. You have to go back to the old musical comedies like *Wang*, *Panjandrum* and *El Capitan*, with their bands and elephants heralding the arrival of the star mime, to find its equivalent. Mrs. Dubedat, periodically announces the servant, is waiting downstairs. Mrs. Dubedat is talking to this doctor and to that. Mrs. Dubedat is captivating them. Why must she be kept waiting? Mrs. Dubedat is apparently so entirely charming she can not or at least should not be resisted. Mrs. Dubedat, worried about her husband's health, is obviously a dear and tender woman. Mrs. Dubedat is getting impatient. Make up your minds quickly, urges the servant, Mrs. Dubedat is such a nice lady. Mrs. Dubedat is talking solicitously with the downstairs doctor and is evidently making an impression on him. And so on for half an hour until the "Show her up." Then the happy scamper of the servant to fetch Mrs. Dubedat; then the long stage pause; then—with the men arranged expectantly in the background like a reception committee—the grand entrance. Although Katharine Cornell is as thoroughly right a Mrs. Dubedat as almost any critic might wish for, after all that build-up I still wouldn't be entirely satisfied if a young Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Julia Marlowe, Lillian Russell, Irene Bentley and even Ginger Rogers all entered on bicycles.

2. This, despite the emphasis always placed on its sardonic wit by the critics, is in reality one of Shaw's most thoroughly sentimental plays. Its motivation is almost as essentially sentimental, indeed, as that of something like *Peg o' My Heart*. Its view of women, art, the Jews, poverty, and what not else virtually cries into its beer. Shaw knows how to cry brilliantly—that is the difference. He also knows, or knew, how artfully to conceal sentiment from such critics as childishly like to posture resolutely hard-boiled minds by paving the way for it and subsequently briefly bowing it out with philosophic facetiae. But though he has happily deceived many of them—and I am not, of course, referring to such admittedly sentimental episodes as those directly involving Dubedat and his wife—the play in the aggregate persists as evidence of one of the unrecognized, most gentle, soft and tender hearts in all modern dramatic writing.

3. Jennifer Dubedat is one of the surest-fire roles in the drama of our times. Its actress is on the stage infrequently enough to make an audience eager for her reappearance. It provides her with all the fine womanly virtues and makes them all the more impressive and ingratiating by shrewdly restraining her from too much talking. Save for a servant and a brief emergence of the character Minnie Tinwell, it is the only female in a play whose numerous males are made to serve as a veritable chorus line. One of the play's two leading male characters, in the play's most beautiful speech, pays the role one of the most ringing tributes in modern romantic dramatic literature, and the other is silently, deeply and then heart-brokenly in love with it. It contains within itself loyalty without assertiveness, desirability without obvious sex, understanding without explanation, deep concern with a minimum of physical expression, steadfast devotion without humor, courage with humility, and the simple beauty of act uncontaminated by a too complex beauty of speech. It would be well nigh impossible for an actress wholly to fail in it, even though she had a face like a pie, a figure like a sack, and encountered a stray black cat in each act. The one big requisite is a soft and soothing voice. Other things may help a lot, but they are not essentially material. Miss Cornell, however, happens to have them, which is just that much to the good.

II

Mercilessly exenterated by a majority of the reviewers and removed from the boards after four performances, *Fire Alarm Waltz*, Lucille S. Prumbs' farce based on the idiosyncrasies of William Saroyan, gave me as an individual apart from a critic a rather amusing time. This, of course, is something a true critic would never admit, but in my case it happens to be a fact. It isn't that my colleagues were entirely wrong in their appraisal of the play, although they struck me as being pretty punditical in the face of what was obviously and innocently intended as a slapstick *drame à clef*. Judged by the standards they apply to Shakespeare, Ibsen and Bernard Shaw the exhibit probably deserved much of what it got from them. But it has never seemed to me a part of criticism to evaluate something like, say, *Hellzapoppin*—as they did evaluate it—in terms approximating *The Pirates of Penzance* or even *Trial By Jury*.

But that is not my eventual point. While I am concurrently willing to admit that Miss Prumbs still has considerable to learn about playwriting (she nevertheless hints at qualities that should give her a good future break), and while I am not too much reflecting on the professorial sagacity of the reviewers, I nevertheless, to repeat, had myself a periodically entertaining evening. My critical self would say, "Come, come now, old

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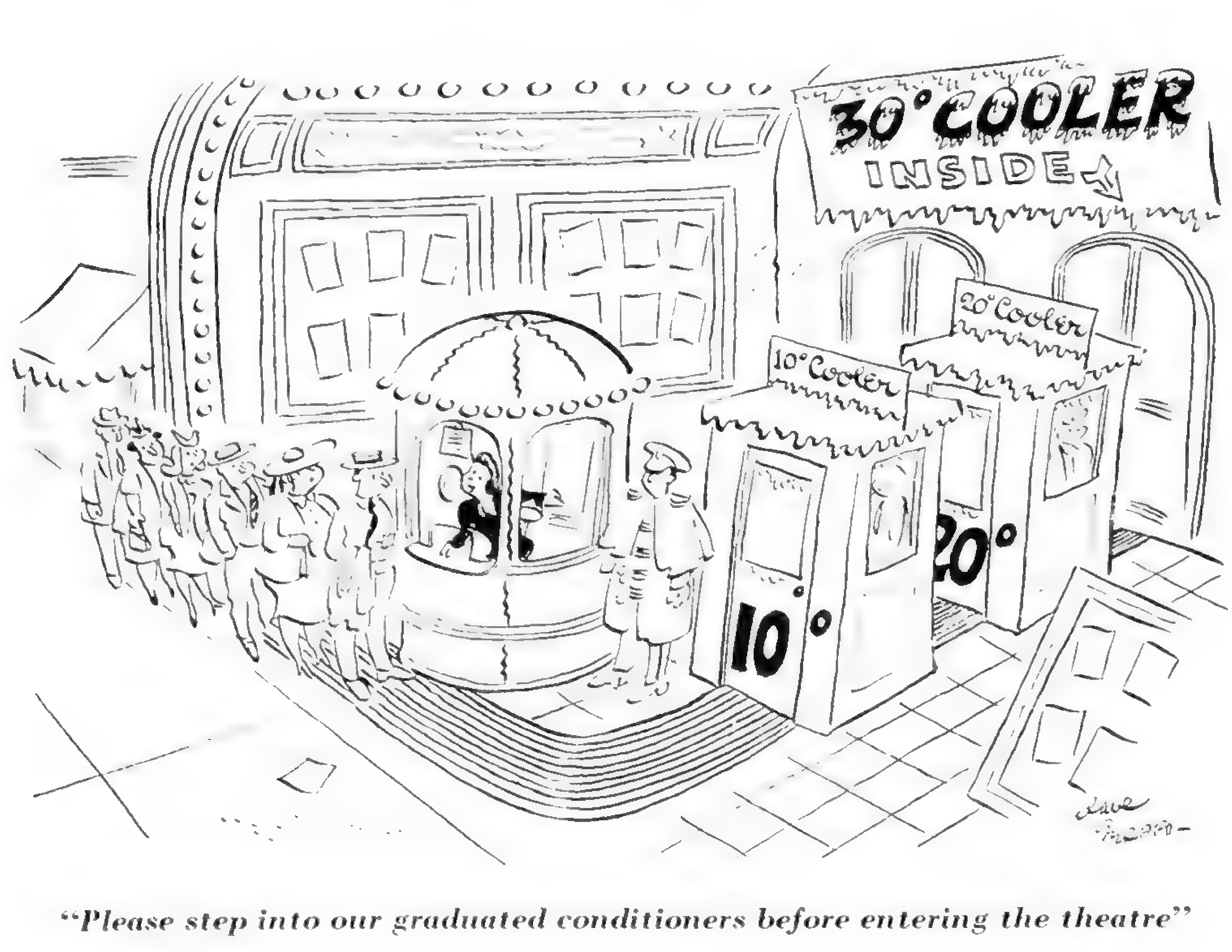
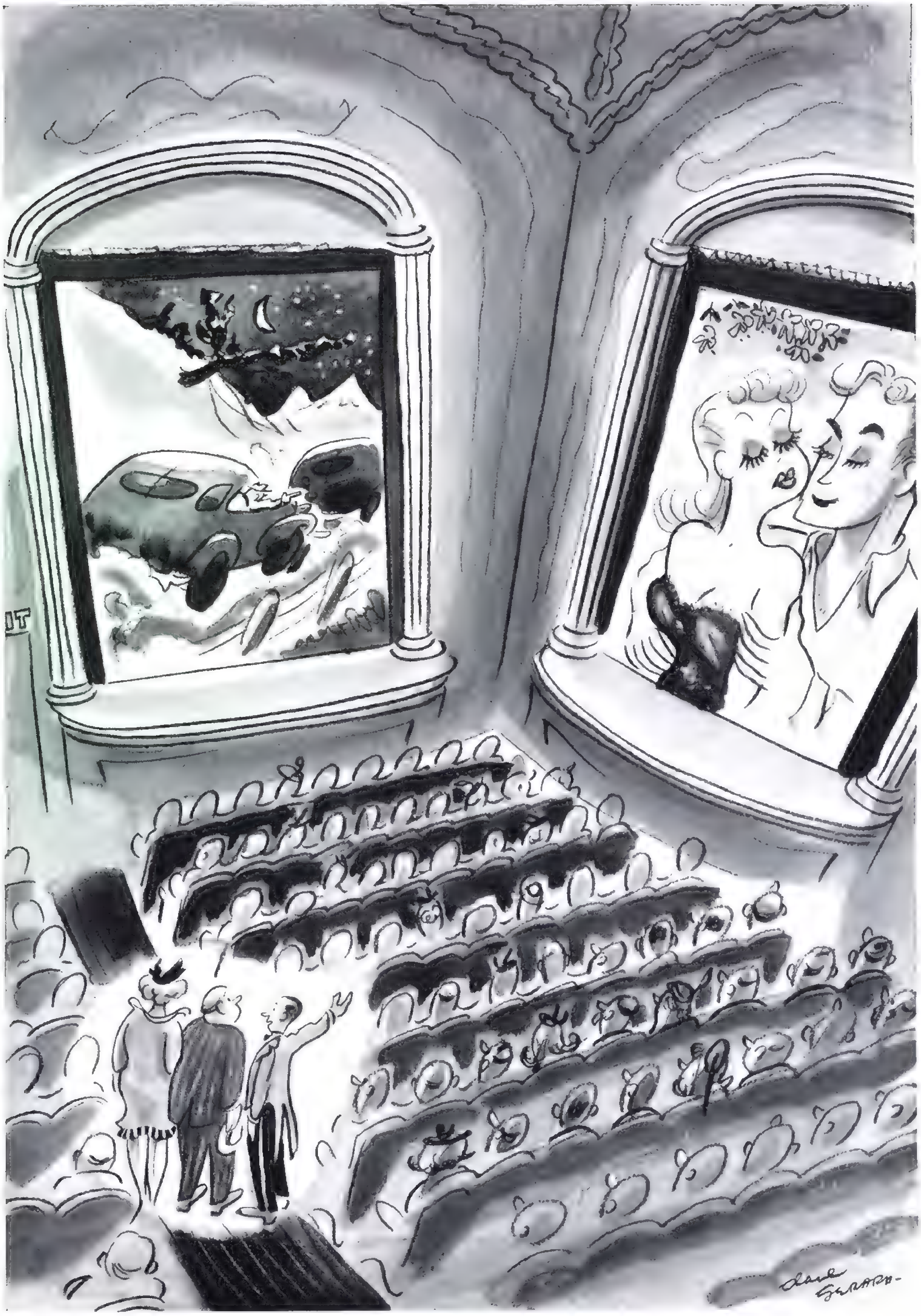


"Please step into our graduated conditioners before entering the theatre"


IT
Dave Gerard

"It's our new double feature policy—you can watch the one you want or both at the same time!"

check list for father's day gifts . . .

shirts, ties, pajamas, socks . . . **1** Printed wool robe, lightweight and cool; packs compactly into a man's suitcase **2** Norwegian type slippers for house and resort wear **3** Oil-silk-lined, slide fastener closed case for paraphernalia of all kinds **4** Toilet kit in saddle-leather and saddle stitch; the mirror is unbreakable **5** Strength and little weight in a one-suit case **6** Underwear that will not hamper free action **7** Fine ribbed lisle socks to wear in town **8** Nothing military but the name in a brace of hair brushes, one for each hand **9** A lightweight felt hat that can be worn according to today's mood: pinched or snapped, this way or that **10** Pajamas of broadcloth, and **11** of silk **12** Pullover, knit for warmth and ease, with gabardine front for wind protection **13** Light flannel shirt and foulard bow tie **14** A broadcloth shirt with repp silk tie **15** An oxford shirt for semi-sports is shown with a foulard tie; give a tie clip with shirts and ties **16** The color of the smart Shetland pullover is "Sandune" **17** Handkerchiefs, a gift for the man who has everything **18** Square, snake-shaped chain with quick-action stainless steel key ring **19** Colored stone cuff links **20** Initialed tie clasp **21** Collar pin and tie-chain set **22** Cuff links, studs and waistcoat buttons for evening wear **23** Half hose, and **24** Garters make a usable, colorful gift **25** Bow ties have come into their own again **26** What flowers are for Mother, ties are for Dad: Four smart varieties in foulard, poplin and repp silk **27** Stretchable construction belt **28** A belt of Buffalo leather **29** This model is hand-tooled in the manner of the Southwest **30** If Dad needs braces you can get them in a gay summer shade.

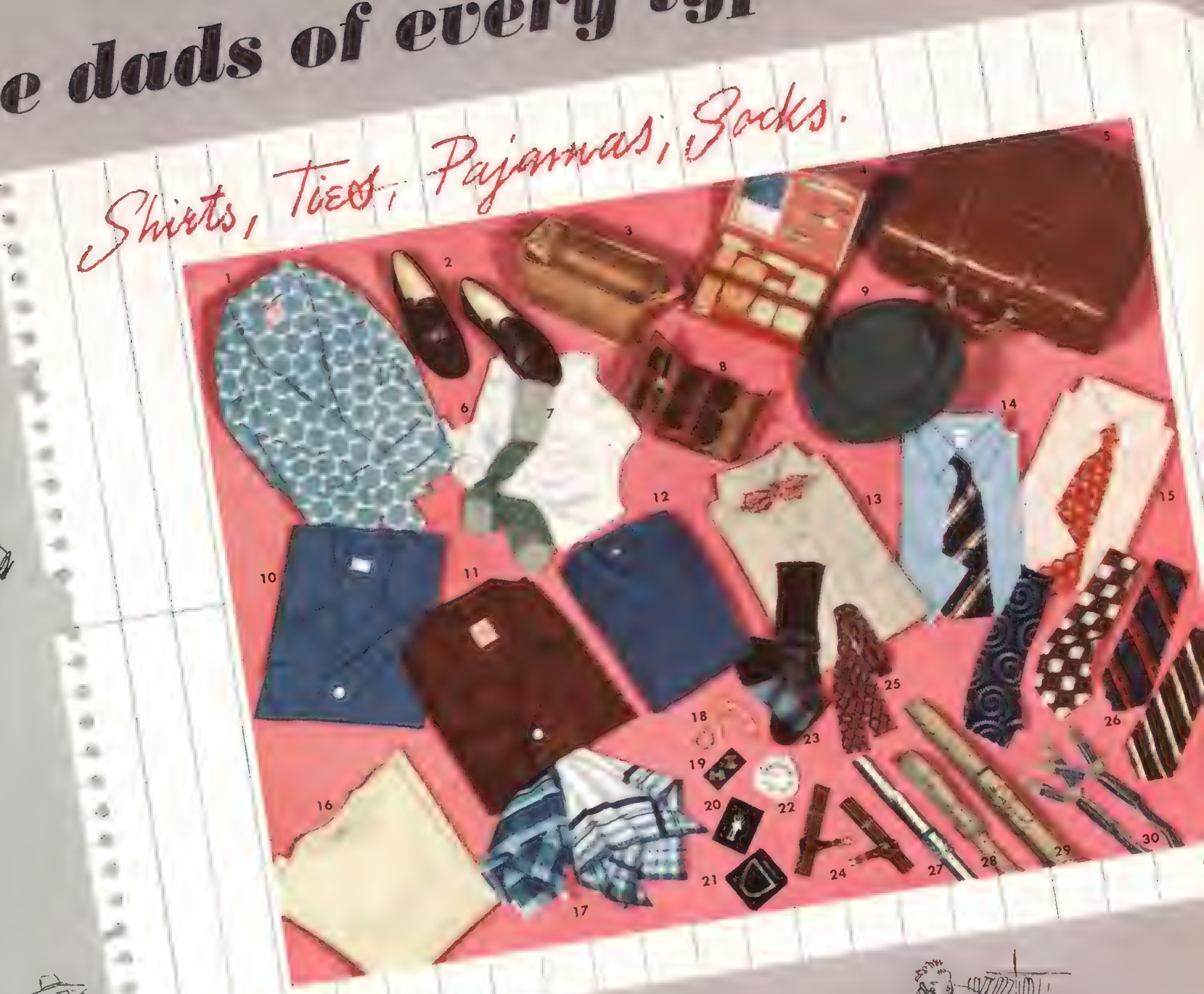
camera, radio, watch, clock . . . **31** Saddle-leather makes a timely frame for picture of son in service **32, 33, 34** Give him a new pocketbook that will stand the strain **35** Or what about a letter case? **36** Camera-size radio; to save the life of the battery, it can be plugged into a wall outlet **37** A private weather bureau on the desk—barometer and electric clock **38** Shaving soap and powder in handy plastic containers **39** Luggage-type radio with suction-cup aerial unit **40** Replica of an 18th Century bracket clock **41** For the car, a rear-vision mirror with built-in thermometer **42** Vacuum jug set for the office **43** Electric clock also tells the days of the week **44** Bracing massage can be self-administered with this electric vibrating device **45** One of the features of the movie projector is that it can be stopped to show still pictures of scenes that he likes **46** Miniature rifle as a paper cutter **47** New type fountain pen **48** True to scale is the miniature sword and scabbard—a letter opener **49** Another paper blade with spacious reading glass in the handle **50** Silverplated military cap as an ashtray **51** Shaving soap, lotion and powder in handsome pottery containers **52** Why not give Dad a hobby—movie-making? **53** A shipshape trio of shaving requisites **54** Pigskin-sheathed pocket brush **55** Handy silverplate box that houses postage stamps **56** Every camera fan wants an exposure meter **57-60** For both schools of shaving, manual and electric **61** Sterling cigarette case with enameled mallards **62** A smart key and watch chain **63-66** Good timepieces gifts of lasting value **67-70** If he has a pocket watch, he can still enjoy one for the wrist.

swim trunks, beach robe, creel, fishing rod . . . **71** The stamped rule on leather trim of creel will keep Dad within the law **72** Miniature radio with saddle-leather case to take it outdoors **73** Terry cloth beach jacket **74** A book that contains only "fly-leaves" **75** Rubber beach shoes, easy to slip on and off **76** Printed silk square that, in resort places, takes the place of a tie **77** Give Dad a new pair of swim-trunks **78** Trout rod, 8½ feet long, stiff or fast action, of split bamboo **79** When America sets out to beat someone she beats him by a mile; the final word in miniature cameras with a bookful of new improvements; the model shown equipped with f/1.9 lens—also American made! **80** Lightweight sports shirt in a fabric design that is called Charkhana **81** Canvas shoes with thick, cushioned rubber soles **82** Knitted lisle shirt for wear by lake and seaside **83** Soft wool hose, ankle-length **84** A gift for the horseman: well-designed bootjack, comes in leather bag **85** Plaid anklets **86** Poker chips, cards and dice in a handy leather case with slide fastener **87** Folding Chinese-Checkers set, just the game for a day on the beach.

cigars, pipes, humidor, games . . . **88** Harmonious is the word for tone and design of this radio **89** Cigarette box that supplies a lighted cigarette when the lid is opened **90** Fine cigars—the perennial stand-by **91** Beer mugs with college seals **92** Clever table-lighter; torch comes out for handing the flame around **93** The "Compleat Pipe Smoker," two pipes, pipe cleaners and tobacco pouch in one case **94** Saddle-leather humidor with equine decoration **95** Two-toned wood cigarette box with Pop's initials **96** Chromium and wood make for a striking contrast in this cocktail shaker **97** Bookends of airplane motors with propellers **98-101** Unless he *has* a book **102** The cooling principle of airplane motors, applied to a pipe **103** Tobacco pouch in Olive-Drab and **104** pigskin **105** Pipe, imported from the Emerald Isle **106** Genuine Meerschaum and amber make a good-looking, well-smoking pipe **107** Saddle-stitched leather for a humidor and an ashtray that gobbles the stubs **108** New mixer; a handle is moved up and down and causes a swirl to blend the ingredients **109** Janus-faced jigger; holds 1 ounce on one, 2 ounces on the other end **110** This little man is a corkscrew, his mate **111** a jigger **112** Cigarette case and lighter in one **113** Exciting new horse-race game, played with cards that come out of a Chemin de Fer card-shoe **114** An ashtray made of rattan and spun copper **115** Cigar lighter with British Relief emblem, and **116** with Spreadeagle design **117** Leather cigarette box that a trout fisherman will like **118** Non-tippable ashtray; a clever device makes it rest securely on any surface **119** Folding bridge table, robust enough to be taken out to the summer cottage.

due dads of every type

Divot Devotee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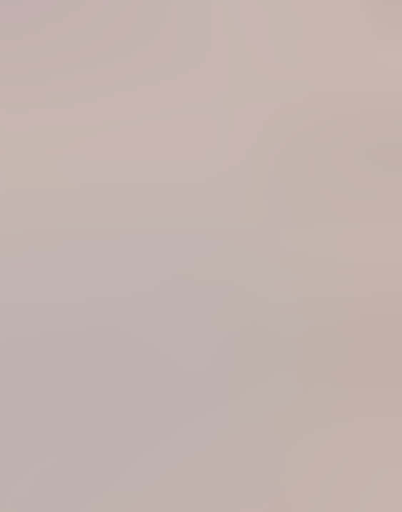
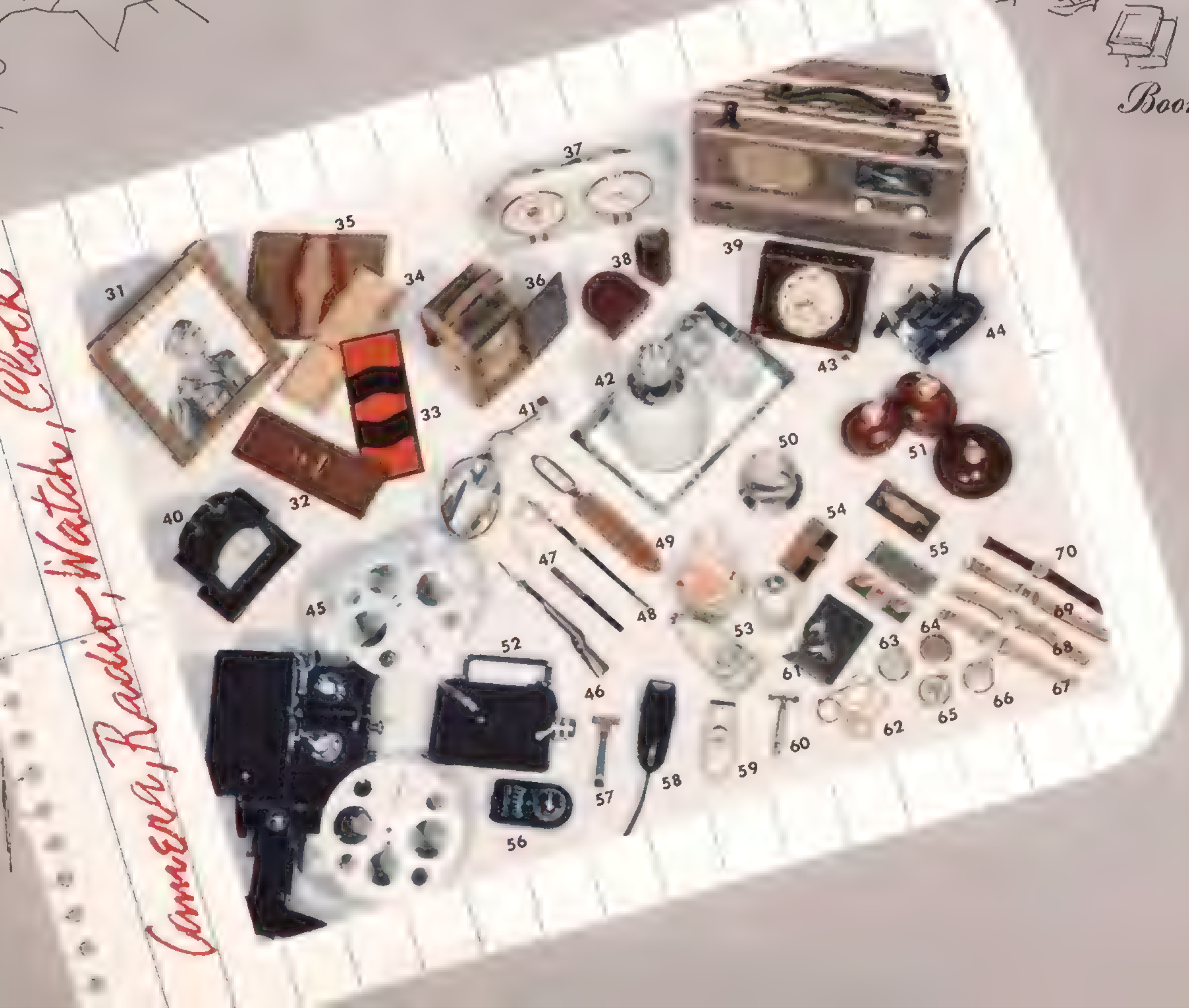
Field and Streamer

Book Baron

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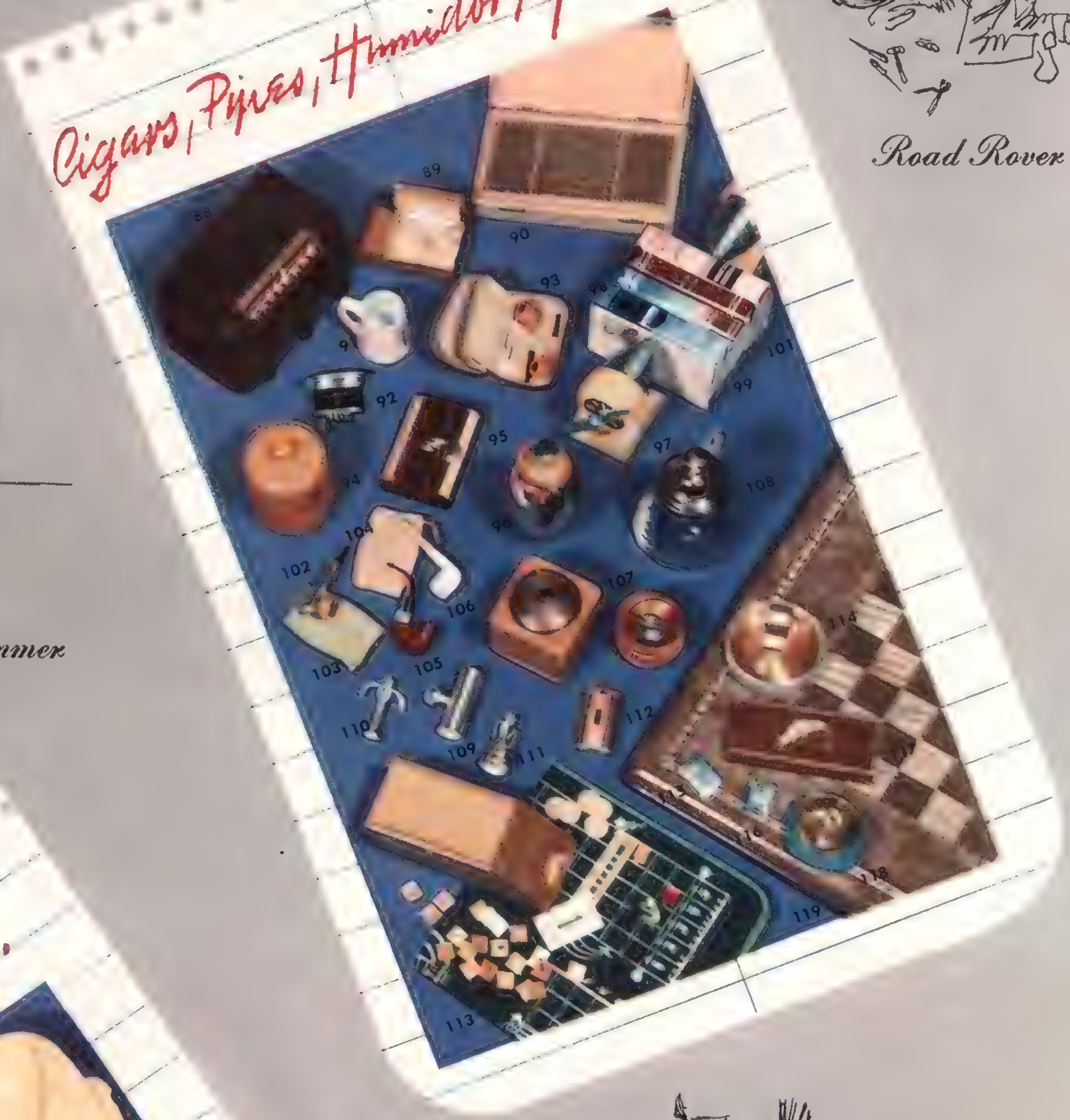
Desk Addict

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 15


Cigars, Pipes, Humidor, Games
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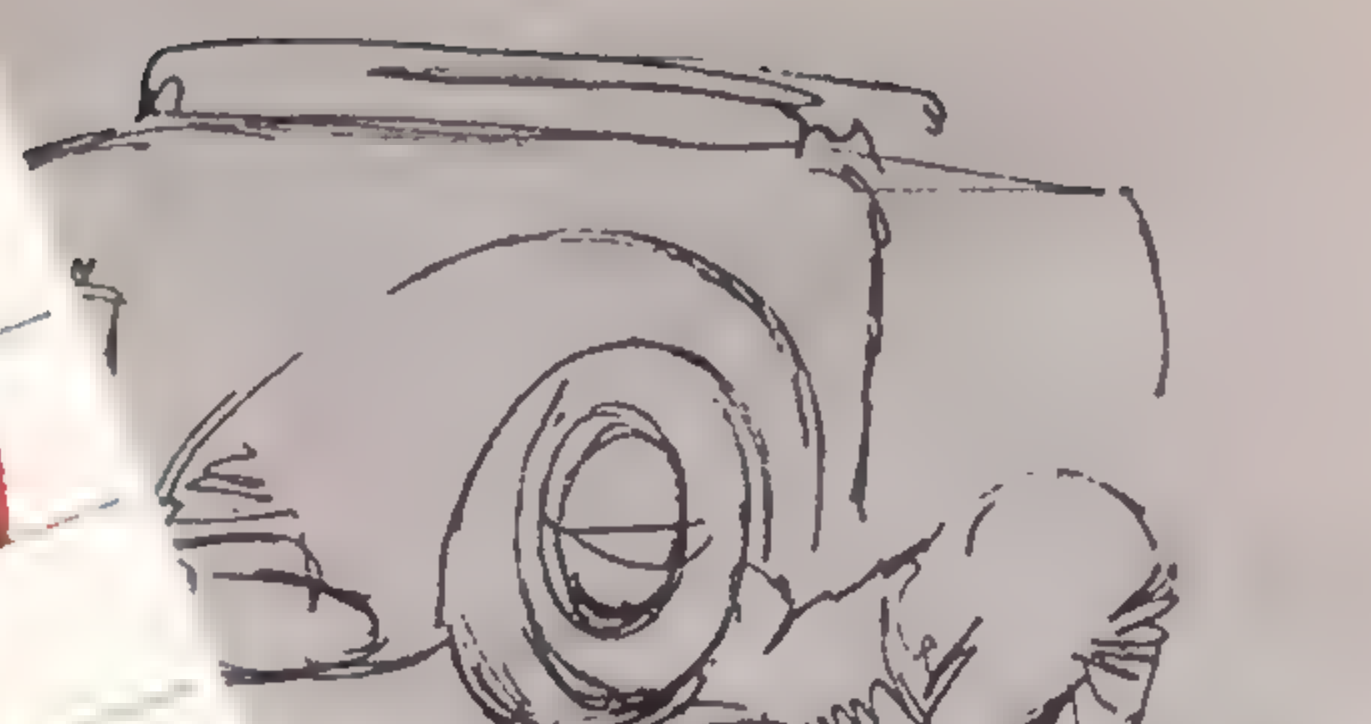
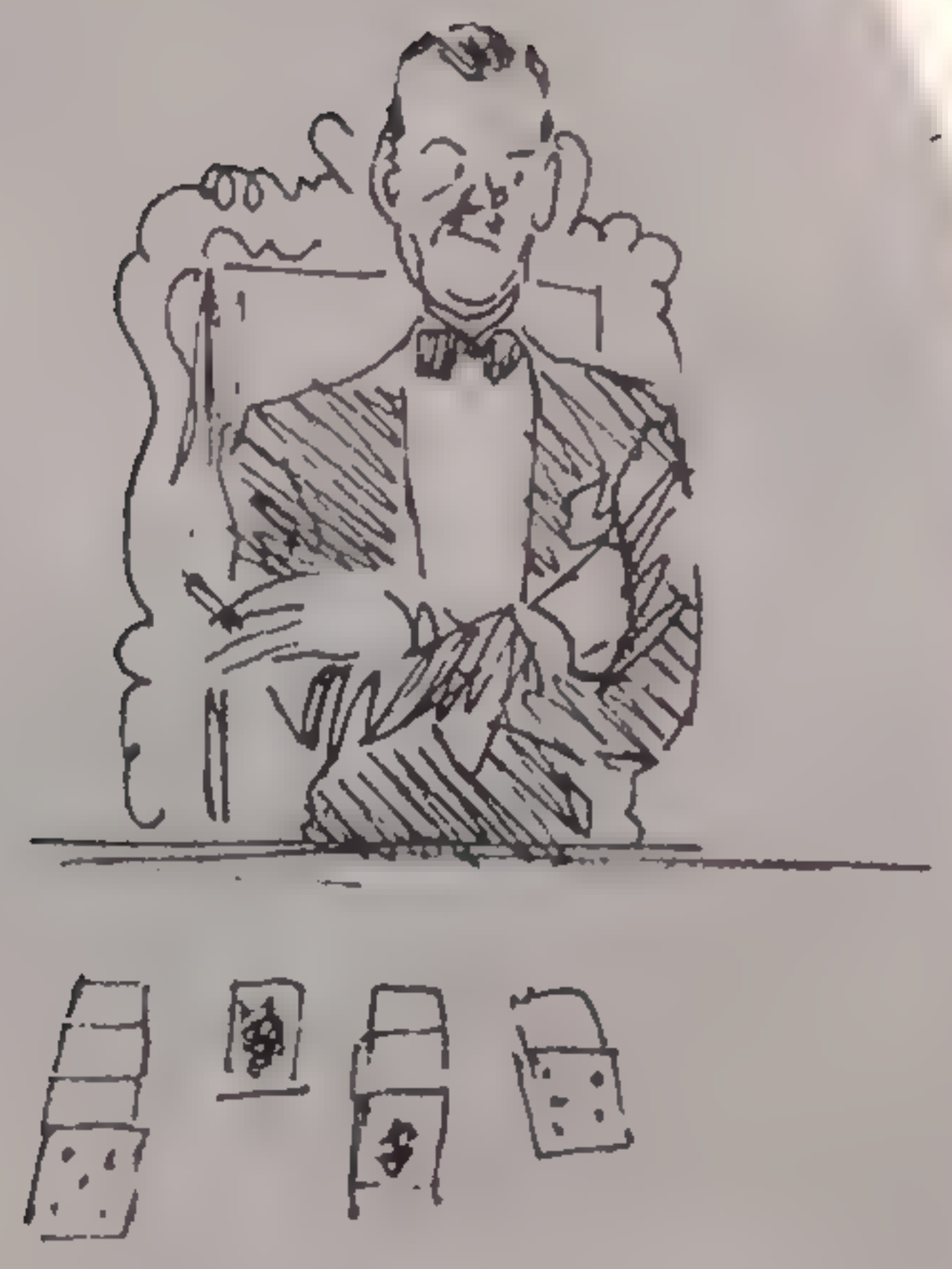
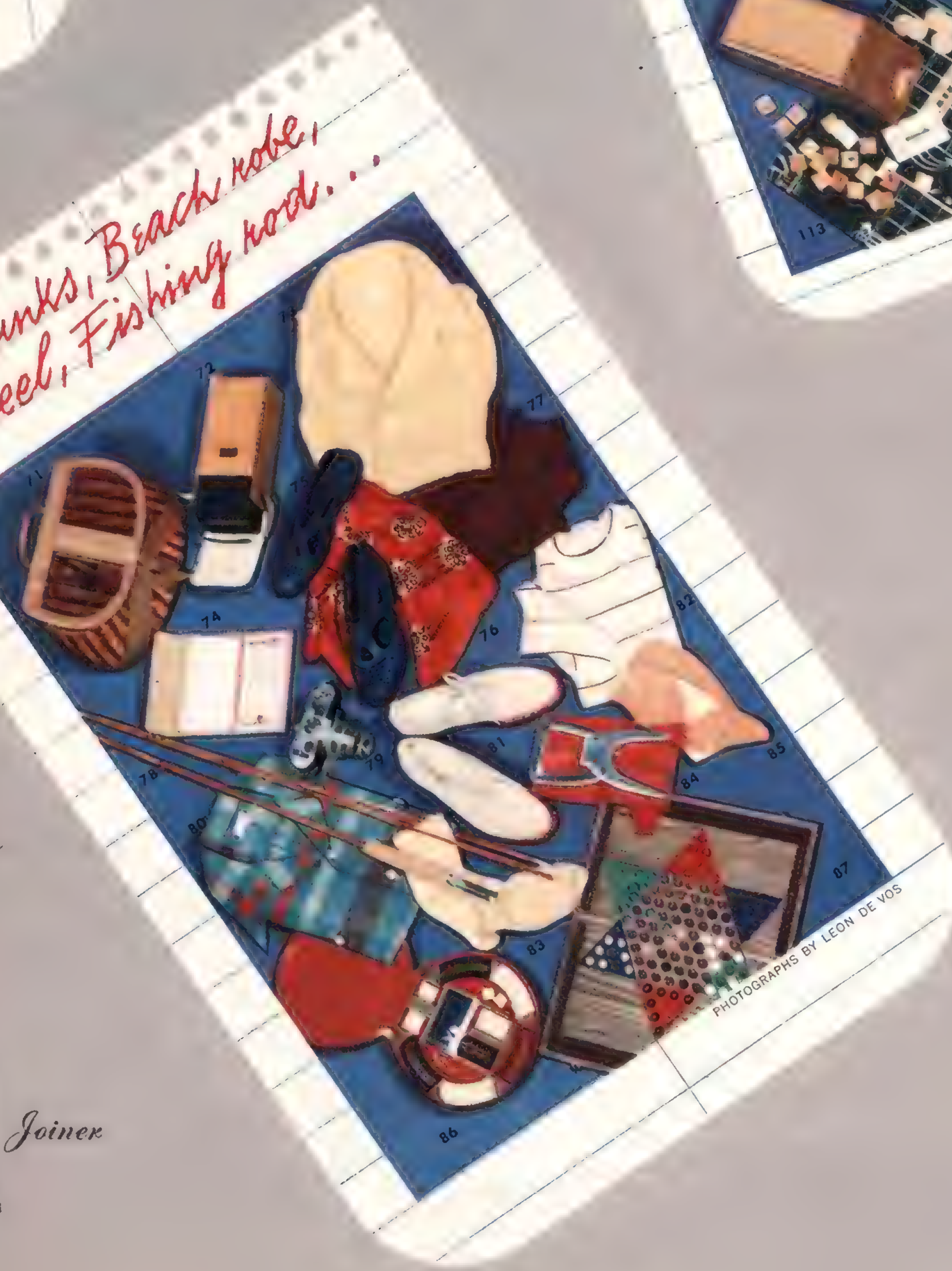


Road Rover



Grand Slammer


m trunks, Beach robe,
Creel, Fishing rod . . .
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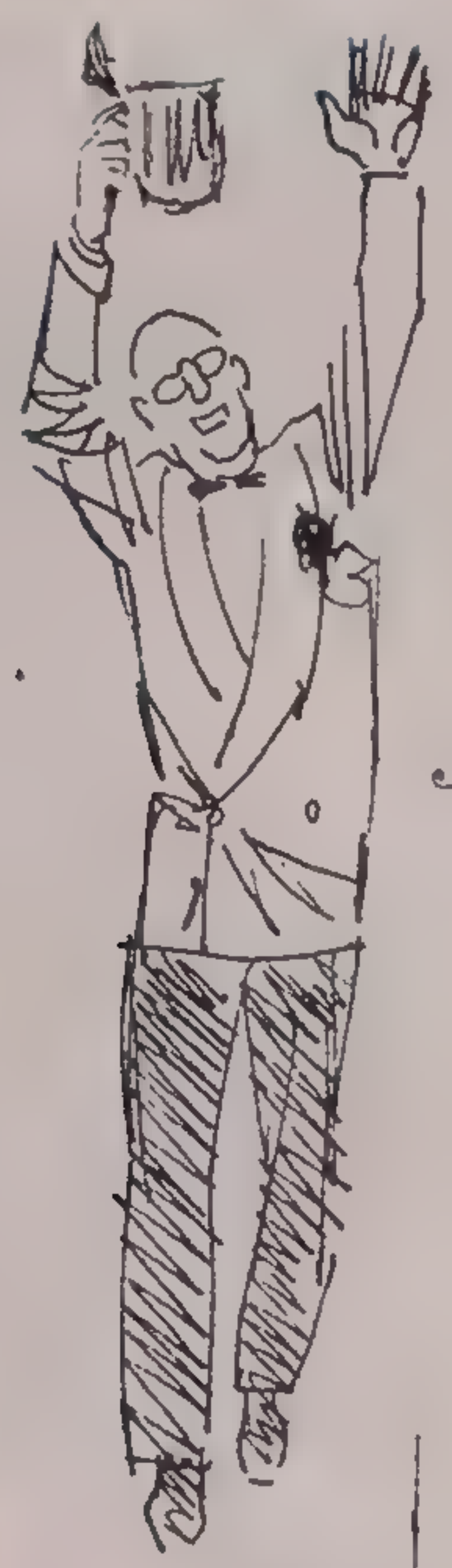
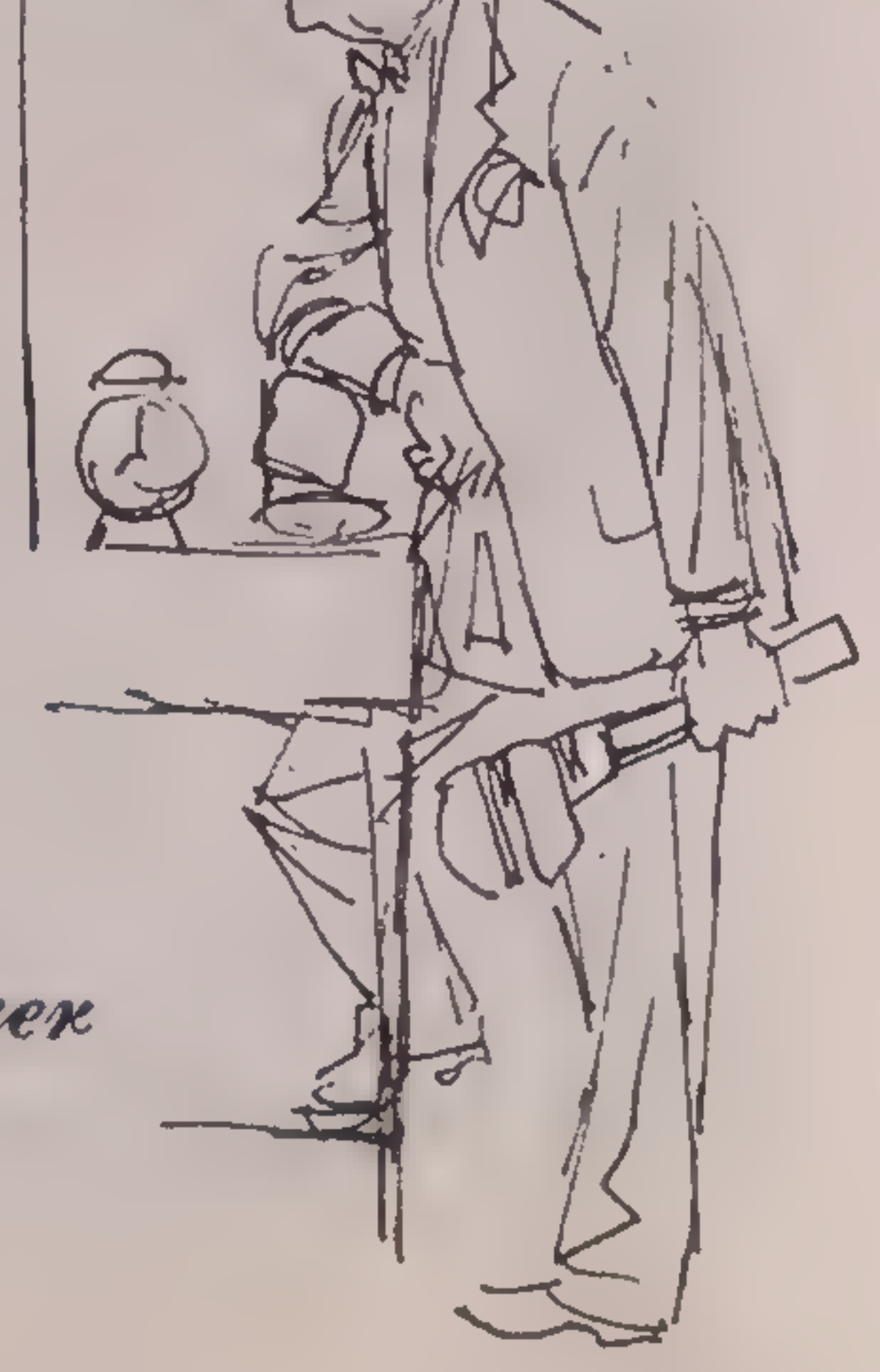
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEON DE VOS

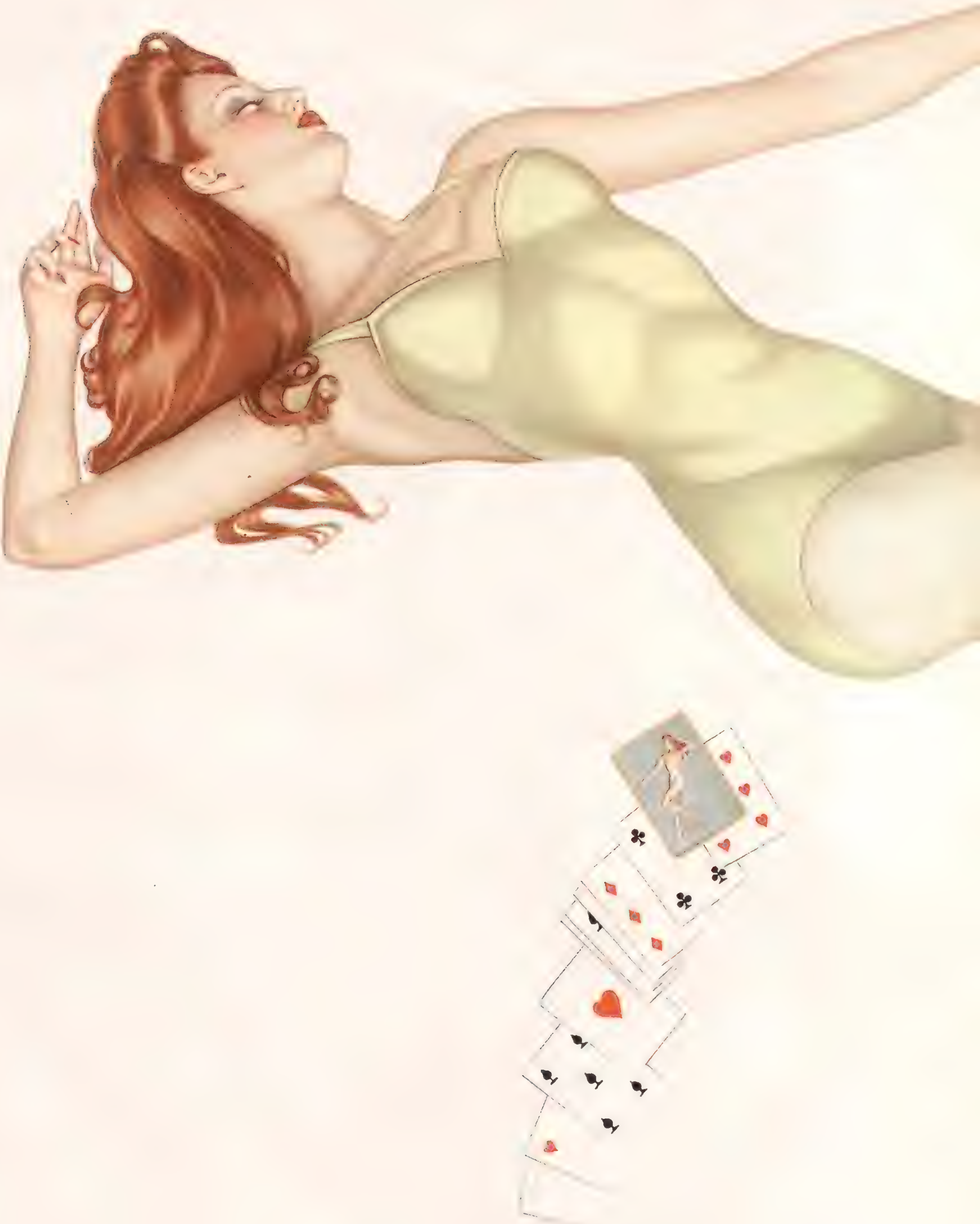


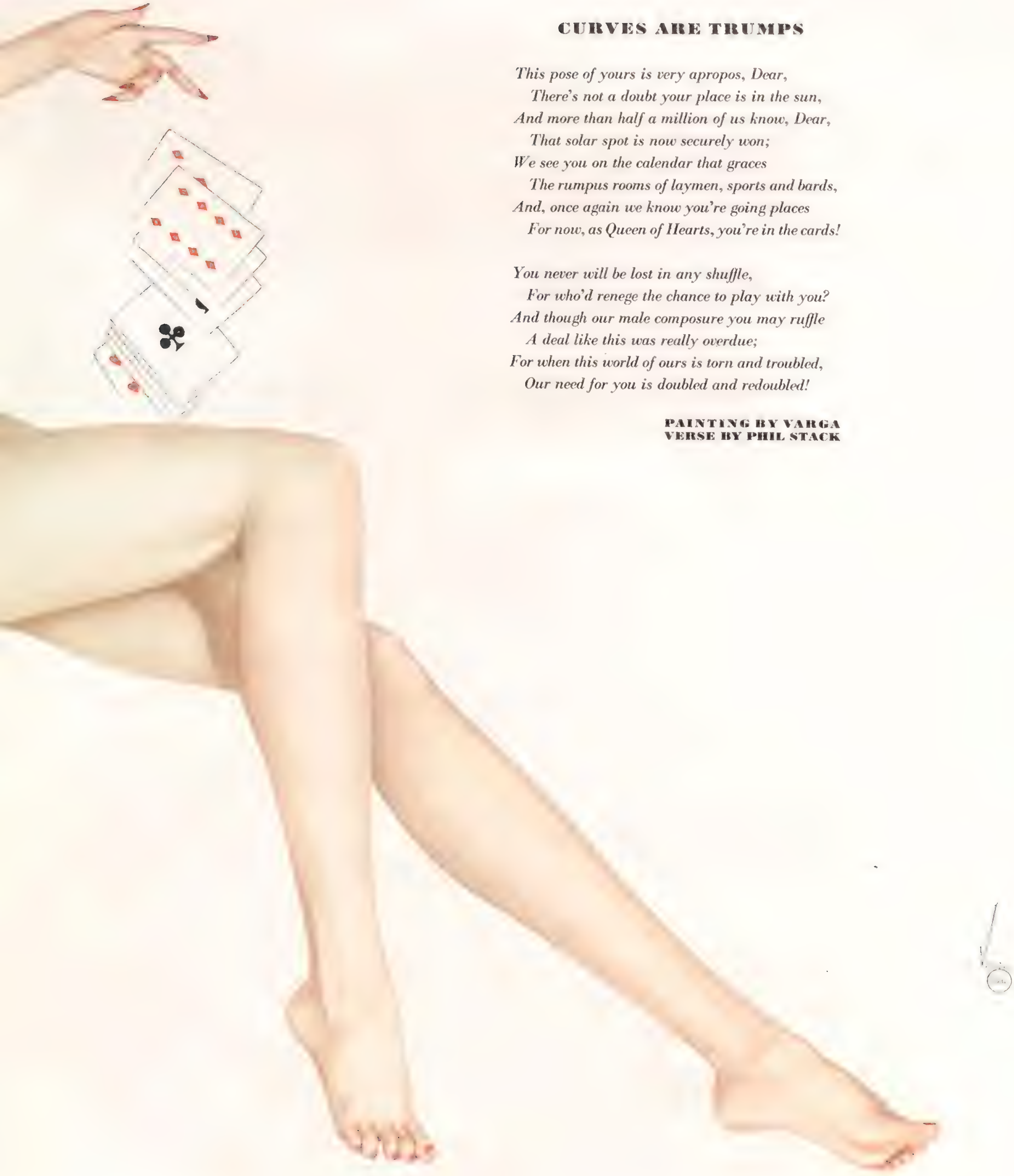
Host toaster

Joiner



Tool tinkerer





CURVES ARE TRUMPS

This pose of yours is very apropos, Dear,
There's not a doubt your place is in the sun,
And more than half a million of us know, Dear,
That solar spot is now securely won;
We see you on the calendar that graces
The rumpus rooms of laymen, sports and bards,
And, once again we know you're going places
For now, as Queen of Hearts, you're in the cards!

You never will be lost in any shuffle,
For who'd renege the chance to play with you?
And though our male composure you may ruffle
A deal like this was really overdue;
For when this world of ours is torn and troubled,
Our need for you is doubled and redoubled!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Esquire on the Record

On what-is-it, Boogie Woogie, who started it, how you learn to play it, eight to the bar

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

Boogie woogie is rocking the home. Mamas moan *Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar*. Babies cry *Scrub me, Mama, with a Boogie Beat*. Sister yells *Bounce me, Brother, with a Solid Four*. Buster has a new hymn for his Sunday School teacher: *I Boogied when I Shoulda Woogied*.

The Boogie man is in the news these days. Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis are already legendary idols. Having packed Greenwich Village *Cafe Society* and debuted in Carnegie Hall, they put the piano back as queen of jazz instruments and started the nation on a Boogie Woogie binge.

The new rhythm has become a commercial feature. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Will Bradley, Count Basie have put it into their books. The Andrews Sisters sing it. Jitterbugs dance it. The *Honky Tonk Train* has replaced the Toonerville Trolley. Hotels feature a "Beat me Daddy" cocktail, eight to the bar. The public, at last, has caught up with Boogie Woogie.

What is it?

No, it's not double-talk. It's completely intelligible to the jive cult. Like jazz and swing, it's not easy to define. Though it is used by the big bands, it's essentially a piano blues style and is most itself on the ivories. Briefly the left hand repeats consistent hypnotic bass figures, while the right hand is free at the other end of the keyboard to improvise patterns, often against the bass, of compelling vitality and novelty. Its endless variations and jerky cross rhythms are always in a key which has few black notes, preferably C, G, or F. Rhythm predominates, melody is secondary. Nobody goes down the street whistling authentic Boogie Woogie. Its chords are tonic and dominant with plenty of counterpoint and little attempt at four or six part blendings.

The best bangers prefer upright pianos with loose, limber action; they never touch the pedals. Real Boogie Woogie is born out of the feel of the keyboard, not out of harmony books. It has been nurtured by self-taught musicians who depended on their ears. There are no rules; the player is his own judge and hangman.

The best commercial Boogie Woogie is band leader Will Bradley's tune, *Beat Me Daddy, Eight To The Bar*. The title can be explained by comparing it with other tempos of dance music. It has eight beats to a single bar, while, as everybody knows, in waltz time there are three and in the fox trot, four.

How, or why, the Boogie Woogie rage came about, no one is certain. Explanations are long and varied; arguments, hot and bewildering. Sharon Pease in the preface to his *Boogie Woogie Piano Styles* (published by the Forster Music Company, Chicago) claims you must go back to the days of primitive man to find its origin. Just as the art of human speech has developed from grunts and whinings, he says, music has developed from howls through which the savage expressed his feelings of happiness, pain, sorrow, and hate. Such basic expressions of emotion are to be found even today in many dumb animals; the staccato, joyous bark of a dog upon seeing his master, for example, or his whine of discomfort, or growl of anger.

Early man expressed himself in similar manner and finally settled on a simple pattern to express certain definite feelings. The next step toward music was a repetition of this pattern. Many of Boogie Woogie bass figures can be heard today among the tribes of Africa, or the Surinam jungle.

"Pine-Top" Smith, who recorded his Boogie Woogie on Vocalion No. 1245, in 1928, gave the style its name. His work was comparable to that of W. C. Handy with the blues. Jelly Roll Morton says he heard Boogie Woogie music as a child in New Orleans where it was called Honky Tonk. Two colored boys, "Blind Lemon" Jefferson and "Blind Boy" Blake tootled Boogie Woogie on harmonicas at Mississippi boat landings.

According to William Russell in *Jazzmen*, Jimmy Yancey was the first Boogie Woogie man. On Chicago's South Side, when rent day came around, one way to pay the landlord was to throw a party, commonly called "pitchin boogie." This meant "open house," admission, a bag of sandwiches or a bottle of gin. Yancey could crash the gate because he knew his stuff. Along about five o'clock when most guys were under the table, he would start *Five O'Clock Blues*—or "Fives" for short. It had little to do with Chopin or Schumann or the dull piano tum-tum of New Orleans jazz. Yancey made his piano talk piano music. He didn't try to imitate an orchestra, a trumpet, a voice, a drum or a hurdy-gurdy. He knew instinctively that the piano was a percussion instrument, and made the most of it. His playing was authentic Boogie Woogie, though the name didn't exist then.

Playing was a side line for Yancey. He also did "buck and swing" dances, and gave a command performance of them before George V. During the past fifteen years, he has been a groundkeeper at the Chicago White Sox ball park, on 35th Street. He lived nearby with no piano and often went over to practice at his sister's place.

Yancey taught "Pine Top," who taught Albert Ammons who initiated Meade Lux Lewis, a fellow taxi driver, who honored the founder with his inspired improvisations *Yancey Special*, (Decca No. 819).

Lux made his first phonograph record in 1927. It was the *Honky Tonk Train Blues*, one of the earliest and most famous of all Boogie Woogie records. Meade's father had been a Pullman porter, and they lived on

Continued on page 167

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Commending Bangs's biography for a mental survey of the nineties, *Fanny by Gaslight* for the harlot's eye view of the seventies

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

At the turn of the century, one of our foremost American humorists was John Kendrick Bangs. In prose and verse he seemed to have a stream of unaffected humor, masculine without being primitive, refined without weakness or effeminacy. The quality of his satirical humor is well personified in the man to whom this biography is dedicated; George Emerson Brewer, Jr., who, when he was an undergraduate at Yale, was (in comparison with most students) an aesthete in his love of poetry and the fine arts, and was also an admirable middle-weight boxer.

The quotation accompanying the dedication will surprise some readers when they see that it comes from Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom many look upon with more reverence than affection. "I knew a humorist who in a good deal of rattle had a grain or two of sense. He shocked the company by maintaining that the attributes of God were two—power and risibility, and that it was the duty of every pious man to keep up the comedy."

I welcome this biography of Bangs just off the press, for it has long been due and more than fulfills our expections. The title-page: *John Kendrick Bangs, Humorist of the Nineties. The Story of an American Editor—Author -Lecturer and his Associations.* By Francis Hyde Bangs. Francis is his son, and while we cannot say that Bangs is as great a poet as Tennyson, we can say (anything we like, of course, but I mean truly) that F. H. B. is a much better biographer than H. T. Our biographer of Bangs shows acute intelligence accompanied with impeccable taste.

In leafing over the volume before reading it, I was pleased to find at last the author of the best limerick I ever heard. Of course I know there are innumerable limericks that have only an oral circulation, being impossible to print; a few men of genius, like Rossetti, have contributed to them. But on the whole the best limerick I ever heard, and which has been (in my hearing) usually attributed to Woodrow Wilson, was really written by Frank R. Stockton. And as it is frequently misquoted, it is well to give it as it is here printed (p. 112). One night at the Author's Club there was a limerick contest and Stockton deservedly won first prize *by acclamation:*

There was an Old Monk of Siberia,
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
Till he broke from his cell
With the hell of a yell,
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

A letter from the author of *Sherlock Holmes* to Bangs in 1898 quoted in this volume, seems particularly interesting today. The two men were intimate friends. Doyle always came to stay with Bangs in Yonkers; and after the American had returned from a visit at Doyle's home in Surrey, and the Spanish-American War had begun, Doyle wrote him as follows: "So war has really come! It will at least do good to that Anglo-American Alliance which so many of us have at heart. The true United States are the States which speak English—by their tongue ye shall know them. Of course we were divided in your Civil War, since you also were divided. But now against the foreigner we are solid, and that would become more evident to you if your foe were a formidable one. Let us have a Continental Coalition against you, or any sign of one, and see the Anglo-Saxon rally!"

Bangs became one of the most popular lecturers in America and I am glad to see (pp. 158, 159) a description of one of his public lectures at New Haven in 1895, at which I was present; the author of this book heard me quote thirty years later, what I regard as one of the finest plays on words made on that particular evening. He was talking about the strong man in the Bible, Samson, who was fond of jokes. He said that Samson made many good jokes, but his last joke brought down the house.

All my readers who are old enough to remember the Nineties will enjoy this book, so full of anecdotes of that period, of the periodicals then famous, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, of the founding of *Life* and of its influence on the highbrows. Apart from its humor and the high quality of its comments on books, plays, and current events, it exerted a powerful political Mugwumpian influence, and—if I remember rightly—was unsuccessfully strenuous against vivisection.

It is astounding what microscopical capital Mitchell required to found this periodical, how financially profitable it became, and how its articles and cartoons were known in every part of the country. Among the Eastern universities and intellectuals, it was as influential as *The Nation*, which the intellectuals used to call the weekly Day of Judgment. I think it would not be an exaggeration to say that nearly every member of the Harvard Faculty read both these papers regularly; and except for the anti-vivisection, with hearty approval. Bangs helped Mitchell to get out the first issue, and for years he was Associate Editor.

The American, Robert Bridges, now a *Scribner's* Emeritus, wrote the book reviews for *Life* for seventeen years; and their dramatic critic, James S. Metcalfe, was one of the ablest in America, and so courageous, that if I remember rightly, he got into serious difficulties with the managers of some of the theatres. He had an absolutely independent mind.

The Nation had, I believe, about 15,000 paid circulation but exercised a powerful influence on a group of intellectuals. Charles

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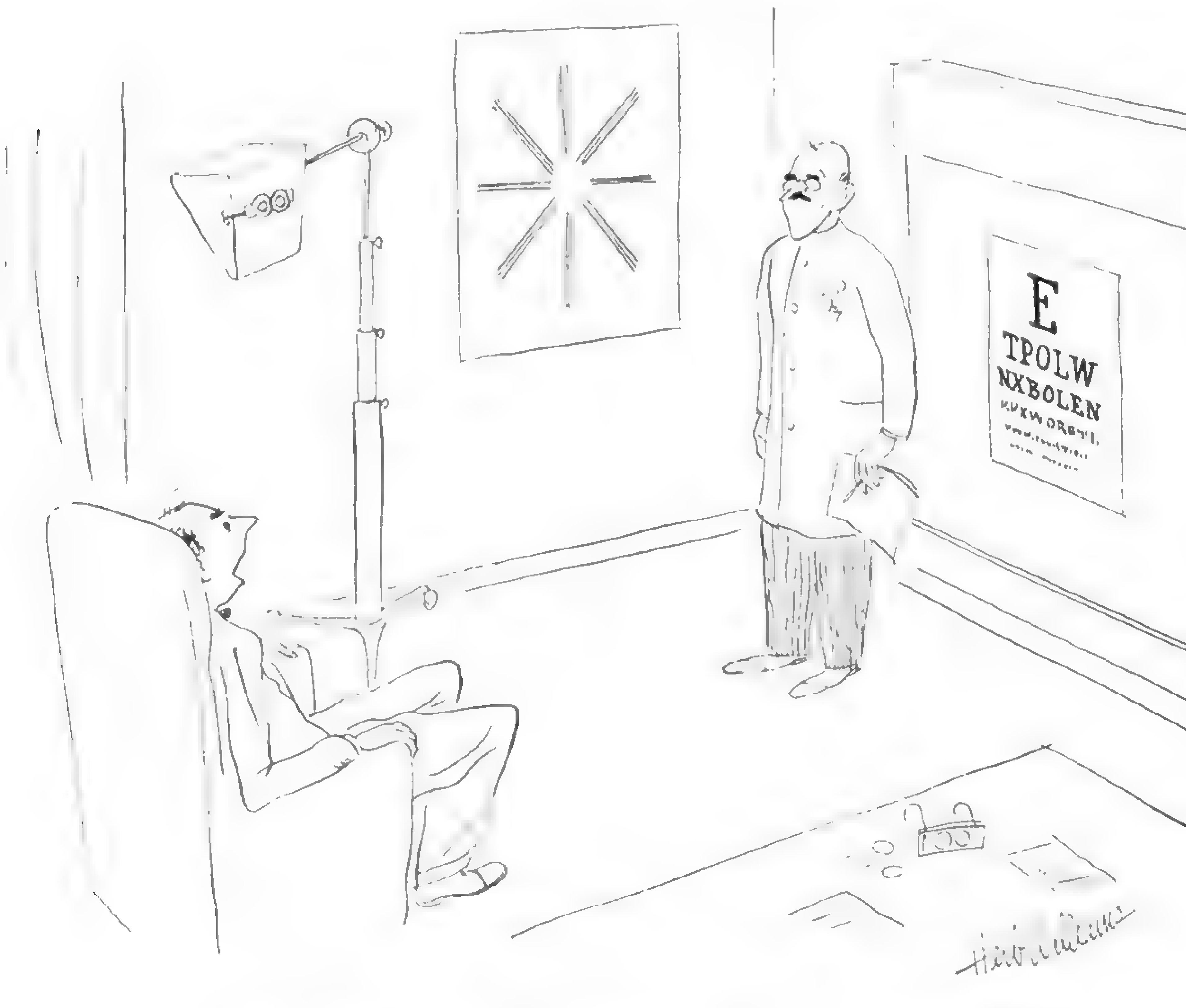
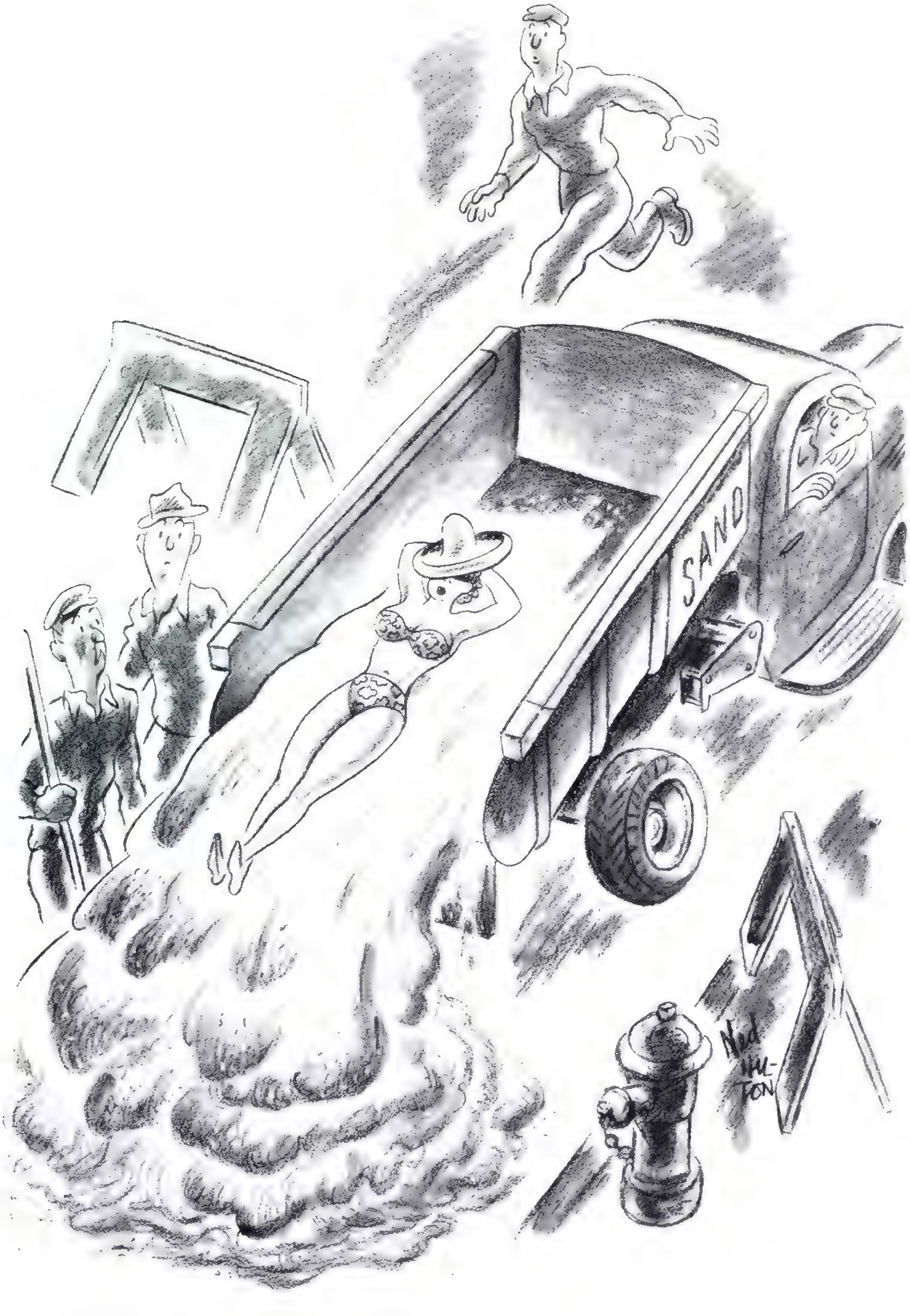


"I can read it, but I'm darned if I can pronounce it"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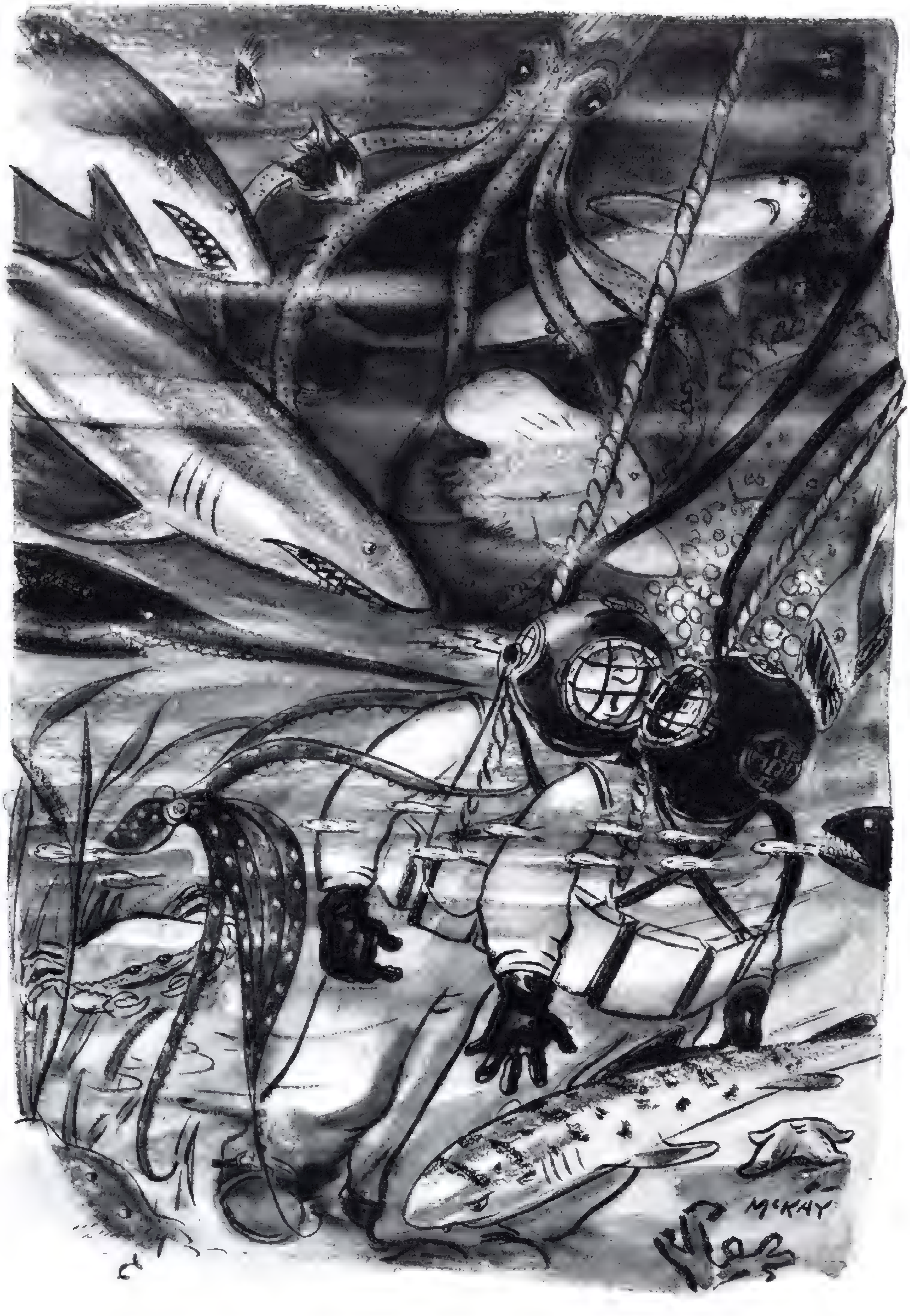

"The captain says to watch out for quicksand!"

Man the Kitchenette

How Father should have prepared Hungarian Goulash, and what he never knew about American steak

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

My father, who for the past seventeen years has been watching the world and me and our incredible human follies with a benign smile on his face from the other side of the Styx, was a writer and a cook. A good professional writer, to be sure, and a poor amateur cook, but as is the wont of men, he was far more proud of his avocation than of his trade.

Although he was the author of some sixty-odd volumes and about fourteen theatrical pieces, attained fame while very young, and made a great deal of money (usually spending it even before he earned it), he always had serious doubts as to his literary gifts. But he was firmly convinced that he was little short of sensational as a culinary artist.

A Bohemian, he customarily opened his eyes at high noon, and rang a bell drowsily; Juliska, his faithful housekeeper, who for countless years had served without wages, appeared then with a cup of steaming fragrant coffee, and a fresh bun, called *Wiener semmel*. Juliska would have died of a broken heart were she condemned to stay away from this unconventional family. Its light-heartedness, its utter disorganization, its successes and failures, made her most happy to be its complete slave. Life would have been empty and terribly boring for her without it.

While the old man ate his breakfast in bed, Juliska picked up his clothes which were thrown all over the floor, and tidied up the room as best she could for the time being. However, under threat of instant death, she was careful not to touch the huge writing desk with its chaotic pile of papers and manuscripts, the meaning of which was only known to the author. When my father lit his cigar, he was ready to talk, and nearly every day he started with the same proclamation:

"I am going to cook today, Juliska!"

Nine times out of ten he could be persuaded to abandon this idea. But there was that tenth occasion when words of gentle discouragement were unavailing. He would put on a pair of checkered linen trousers, white tunic and a tall white cap, the habitual attire of chefs the world over, and taking a wooden spoon in his hand, start a hodge-podge in the pots and pans.

"Max Reinhardt is in town," he would say, "He wants me to write a play but I told him Hungarians cannot satisfy that heavy German spirit. As to palate, that's a different matter . . ."

His specialities were a kind of dish which I think in this country would correspond to potted steak, a certain goulash, and rice pudding with apples. He never knew where things were in the kitchen, but Juliska was at his beck and call, handing him everything he needed even before he could ask for it. We children (five of us, all boys) were dismayed. We were the real victims of our father's fondness for cooking, because we could not plead a satisfied appetite, sudden appointments or spoiled stomachs, as the guests did after tasting those chef d'oeuvres. We had to eat the last morsels on our plates, and put a good face on it into the bargain. Here is the way my father *should* have made those specialties:

Potted Steak, Hungarian Style

Pound the chop-shaped and larded steak pieces well, salt and pepper them, and sear them quickly in hot butter on both sides. Transfer the meat into a pan, add a little hot water or bouillon, and cover the pan. When the meat starts to get tender, add some shallot, cut round, and simmer until the meat is wholly tender and the shallot browns; if some of the liquid evaporates, add a little more from time to time. Add a bit of paprika, and lemon, and some cream just before the end, and serve with potatoes broken into very small pieces, or boiled rice.

Goulash, Peasant Style

Select four or five different cuts of beef and have the butcher dice the meat. Put the meat just as it is into, preferably, an iron pot, without any seasoning, and sear it a little. Add water to cover meat; add very finely chopped raw onions (six large heads to about five pounds of meat), and put in some pork fat. Let it simmer until almost all liquid is gone (about an hour and a half). Now, only now, add the paprika, and occasionally add a very little water. When the meat is soft, pour in as much water as you want sauce. If you want to cook potatoes with this simple but delicious goulash, add the quarter-diced potatoes a half hour before you wish to serve the dish. Season to taste.

Rice Pudding with Apples

Cook a pound of rice in a quart of milk. Stir a quarter of a pound of butter until nearly liquid, with six teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar, six yolks of eggs; mix this with the cooled milky rice, and add to this the egg whites which you have beaten to a froth. Pour the half of this mixture into a vessel that has been smeared with butter lightly on the bottom, placing on top six peeled apples from which the cores have been removed and in their stead apricot jam introduced, together with a half lump of sugar soaked in rum. Pour the remaining half of the rice mixture on top and bake in a moderately hot oven for forty-five minutes to one hour.

Once Father and we boys went to our maternal grandfather's estate—our mother spent that summer in Venice—for a long-planned vacation. The circumstances of this vacation are still talked about in the family. Father misbehaved himself, as usual, when it came to social contacts. It wasn't enough that he walked about the place in a toga shocking all those puritanical people in the house, but from the beginning he invaded the kitchen. There he sat hours on end, pumping the cooks, maids and other servants that were so abundant in a Central European country-household, for their innermost secrets. When this self-same man who rarely paid his own Juliska heard how little wages the servants were getting, he jumped up from his seat, as though a viper had bitten him. He couldn't believe his ears, he said; that no-good capitalist—his own father-in-law—was nothing but a slave-driver. And he certainly wouldn't stand for this financial injustice. He then lowered his voice, and supplied the naïve employees with advice. They must walk out. Completely disorganize the up to then

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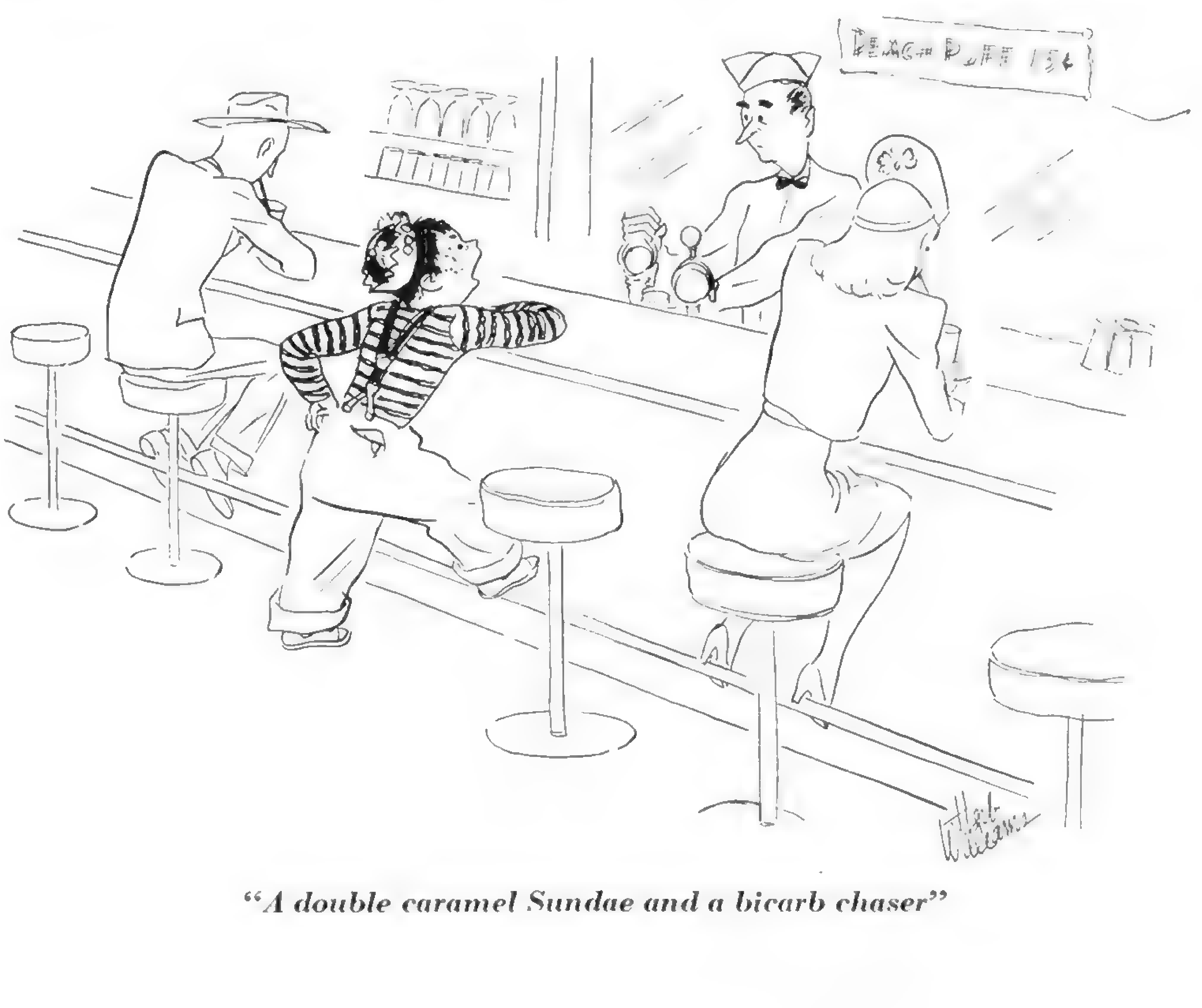

"A double caramel Sundae and a bicarb chaser"

A Shower for Father

To have great wines, we must have great wine tasters too, and that's where Papa shines

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Though they have had each other's company for years, paternal tonsils get lonesome and pine if neglected. No matter how fond their recollections of smoothness that caressed, of bouquets that cajoled and blandished, of uplift that exalted, you can't expect them to be content to pucker their hearts out trying to live on the past as though Memory Lane had no future. Very much not! Appreciation mounts with maturity. Where inexperienced gullets grope and gulp their gustatory A B C's, these sagacious ripe-sters savor, relish, and tongue-roll the charms of quality and brand breed with a judicious labial smackage which youth envies and looks forward to emulating.

Perdon me for pernting, but just across the way are to be beheld some artistic yet practical Father's Day hope chests—he hopes he gets one.

Deep study of these photographs will disclose the fact that one of the workbaskets is inlaid with four prideful American whiskies: one bottled in bond Rye, one bottled in bond Bourbon, one blend of straight Bourbon, and one spirit blend whiskey whose body owes its lightness to admixture of grain neutral spirits. This quartet provides wide scope, ranging from the tall and simple highball to the Manhattan, the Old Fashioned, the pickupish Whiskey Sour, to the stately Mint Julep. Father, however, has to furnish his own ice.

Planter's punching is coolly feasible with the aid of the kit dedicated to Rum. Besides the heavy-torsoed Jamaica which is the traditional for this purpose, Father will be pleased to find also a pale, lightsome Puerto Rican for his Daiquiris and Rum Collinses; and from stanch and rum-bound New England an authentic example of the rum of our forefathers.

Peatsmoke aroma appeal breathes seductively from the twa Scots whuskies billeted together as verra guid and verra, verra guid—eight year old and twelve year old Premium, respectively. Innovators may suggest all sorts of mixtures, but Father will sagely brush them aside, using only water, with or without bubbles.

For Dry Martini time, which is spotted all over the clock, a select duo is offered, consisting of one bottle exemplary London Dry Gin and one bottle American Dry Vermouth. If he is as yet unacquainted with what Uncle Sam's resourceful nephews, with their broad fields and slender test tubes, have been achieving in Vermouth character and flavor, this item will prove a glad revelation to him.

Further and more varied proof of American high competence in viniculture is dramatized in the assortment of four American Wines, made up of one dry White (friend of fish and other sea provender), one dry Red (friend of all meats and fowl), one Sherry (dinner's overture), one Champagne (gala gusto with any course, or complete in itself).

His just desserts, that's what they are. For if it weren't for palates like his appraisingly on the job in the world of good living, the performances of chefs and vintners, distillers, blenders, and brewers, wouldn't hit the heights that they do. Art simply must have an understanding "audience," and he is it.

Where, for example, would be the incentive to the professional flavor balancer who expertly "follows the brand," constantly reassembling the bouquet which gives that particular brand its individuality—what point would there be in his work if only novices ever sampled it? Indeed, I fear me that brand labels wouldn't signify a heck of a lot. As it is, thanks to the fact that there are elder sipmen who know what they like, brand character is made worth maintaining and fulfills its gratifying mission.

Patres conscripti—"conscript fathers"—the Romans called their sachems who were responsible for keeping the common weal on an even keel, and Dad still gets drafted when anything so personal-wealish as the traditional amenities of civilized living call for interpretation. 'Tis he who explains that the decanter of Port travels around the convivial table always to the left, in token of the fact that it is heart's blood (even ships wear their ruby lights on the left, the port side). 'Tis he who expounds the nature of wine, pointing out that sediment in a bottle of Red is a normal, inevitable sign of age and development; that it doesn't figure in the situation unless roused from its slumbers by a rude handling of the bottle, the cure for which is further rest. That the generous ruddy opulence of Claret and Burgundy types works wonders in conjunction with the juiciness of a steak or a filet mignon, and lifts the flavor of chicken or duck to pinnacle level; whereas the delicate subtlety of a chilled dry White brings out amazing tastiness on the part of our finny and shelly friends. That a medium sweet White ennobles ham. And a distinctly sweet White of the Haut Sauternes persuasion glorifies the dessert course.

There was a time when only the imported wines commanded his esteem, or even his attention. The map of Europe was sprinkled with such long known vineyards, it seemed hardly necessary for a wine lover to bother with the presumably feeble attempts that were going on over here. Consequently, he missed some mighty interesting offerings, and American producers had to worry along without his patronage—which was a great pity because, as I have already said, he was the "audience" which virtuosity craved.

Now at last Father's palate and the American wine industry are thick as thieves. Result: a three-way gain. He is getting worthwhile wines at non-imported prices; the industry is prospering financially under his patronage; and this cash gain is being re-invested in the makings of better and better quality. In short, a vicious circle of not being able to produce what you would like to because you haven't the top flight customers because you can't produce what you would like to—has been knocked into a cocked hat.

Without him, however, there wouldn't be anybody to verify the remarkable progress they are making. For it is a curious fact that American vintners gathered gold medals galore in international competitions, yet the wines themselves were rarely seen on the tables of the elder epicures who could afford the imported. Paradoxically they had won "distinction" without being really known, which only goes to show that Father has the typical trait of conservatism: things have to be brought to his attention if he is to discover them; otherwise he will do without, content with what he is accustomed to.

We may rag the Old Man about his lack of eagerness to try new things, but there's no denying that he thereby spares himself a lot of disappointments and sucker disillusion-

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1 Scotch duet **2** Rum trio **3** Quartet of American whiskies **4** Rattan carrying tray with Zombie or highball glasses, numbered to avoid mistaken identities **5** The "lifesaver" tray of blue glass holds **6** A shaker patterned after a Colonial cocked hat **7** A set of chevron-marked cocktail glasses, and **8** A valve-jigger standing on a base **9** Bamboo cocktail table, made in Hawaii **10** Napkin, embroidered with one of many amusing mottoes **11** Another cocktail table—a replica of the drum of the Green Mountain Boys at Ticonderoga **12** Little painted figures as bottle-corks **13** Pigskin-handled bottle-opener, corkscrew, ice-pick **14** Valve that changes any soda bottle into a siphon **15** A cannon that is supposed to be shaken, not aimed **16** Pair of decanters that can be locked into their rack; nautical design **17** Ice-cube preserver, covered with rattan **18** The makings of a perfect Martini **19** A basket of American wines and champagnes.

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Stella: Art's Poetic Gladiator

He has lived with the relish and vehemence characteristic of his people, enjoying unusual acclaim

by HARRY SALPETER

ARTICLE

JOSEPH STELLA's pictures blaze like a tropical sunset. He paints, for the most part, like a man incapable of subtleties and unafraid of the rich ribbons of goo that ooze from his tubes. Whether his paintings are good or bad, they bespeak a characterful individual; they do not suggest a pallid member of a school. It is hard to pin a button on him and claim him for a category. The boldness of his painting so effectively conceals the knowledge of the traditions of art Stella undoubtedly possesses that often he gives the impression of being more naïve, more primitive than he really is. The explanation must be, that what Stella has learned has not put too thick a patina of refinement over what he is. You don't even have to scratch Stella to find—a strong, vital, crude, naïve and elementary Southern Italian.

He stands upon the earth like a squat Colossus, a definite, fixed, solid, substantial quantity. He has bulk, character, color. In the prime of his life—which was not so long ago—he would have suggested a Roman gladiator in modern clothes, or one of the more splendid specimens of whip masters for the slaves that rowed the ancient galleys. But don't let the bulk fool you. At the core of it there burns a flame, a flame of poetry as well as of art, a flame that will not be extinguished so long as that bulk lives. At various times Stella may have given the impression that the only impulse which governed him was that of vanity, of ambition, but one cannot have looked upon his paintings, or read his effulgent prose, or listened to the wild tumblings of his words of explanation without realizing that Stella was also a man of art. The man who breaks the mold takes a little longer to explain himself; those who have least trouble are the carbon copies, references to the established and the accepted models. It is certain that Joseph Stella is no carbon copy.

A man who felt less deeply could not paint pictures of such tropical violence, such crude and simple power. A man who knew more would know enough not to exhibit the worst of them. Joseph Stella has hung upon gallery walls, at the same time, paintings so beautiful and so vulgar that it has been hard to believe that the same man painted both. More than one reviewer, disturbed by this showing of Stella's bad with the good, has concluded that the artist has no taste. The probabilities are (1) that Stella is sufficiently vain to believe that whatever canvases he has troubled to complete are good enough to show and (2) that he is too completely insulated against contemporary standards to realize the degree to which his good paintings transcend them and to which his bad paintings do violence to them. Which merely explains the origins of his bad taste.

The quality of his art derives from his inability to be anybody but himself. After a residence in this country of more than forty years he is still a Southern Italian, as a person and in the character of his paintings. He would like to be called an American artist, which he is only technically, by fact of continuous residence, but he is emotionally incapable of making the adjustment and meeting the conditions which would fully qualify him. It takes away nothing from the quality of his art to deny it American citizenship. It is likely that if his painting became naturalized it would lose its distinction, its force, and become a politely neuter thing, if anything Joseph Stella did could become neuter. Of the almost sixty paintings that were hung at his latest exhibition, there were hardly two that need have been done in this country, or in the city of New York, in which he has spent most of the years of his life. Italian men, Italian women, Italian priests, Italian laborers are among his favorite sitters, the denizens of that Little Italy within whose frontiers he still lives. His feeling for the tropics was declared in more than a dozen themes derived from Africa and the British West Indies, to whose Barbados he would like to return. The exhibition was hot and lurid. It told us the nature of the environment to which the artist loves to give response, the landscape that summons the tom-tom from his palette.

In former years, it is true, he gained great distinction by attention to his chosen environment. There were his paintings of Coney Island, and Brooklyn Bridge and the towers of the city at night, excellent reductions to two-dimensional patterns of the life of the city. They proved what wonderful things the young Stella could do with his head and his technique. For many people in the early 20's and in the decade preceding, these pictures summed up the import of "modern" art. It is no wonder that the young artist who created that *Roman Candle*, *Battle of Lights*, *Mardi Gras*, *Coney Island*, should have raised expectations he may not live to fulfil. For almost a generation he was known as the painter of *The Bridge*, to which perhaps his art may have led Hart Crane to write his long poem, and although it may seem that the younger Stella could teach his elder tricks of technique, the present Stella has a little more gusto and more heart, too, even if, in the meantime, he seems to have drawn somewhat into his shell, as is the habit of the aging. But sometimes, in looking at the contemporary Stella, we have to recall the early things in order to realize that this man is not a primitive, that he only seems to be one, for the immediate purpose.

Today, however, if never before, he is encased in a personal atmosphere which almost makes it impossible for his physical environ-

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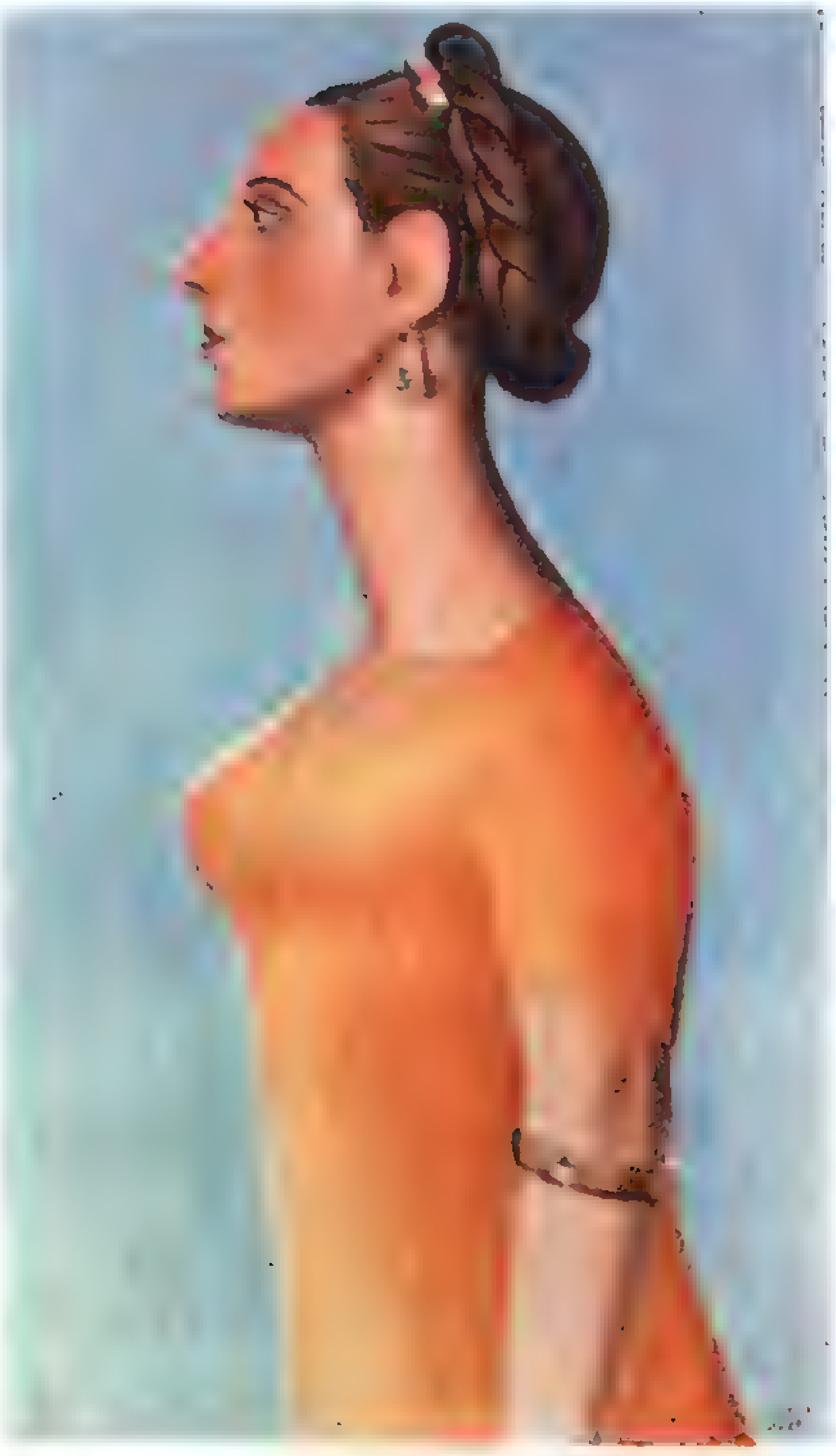
"Don't mind us, sister—we used to be art students"

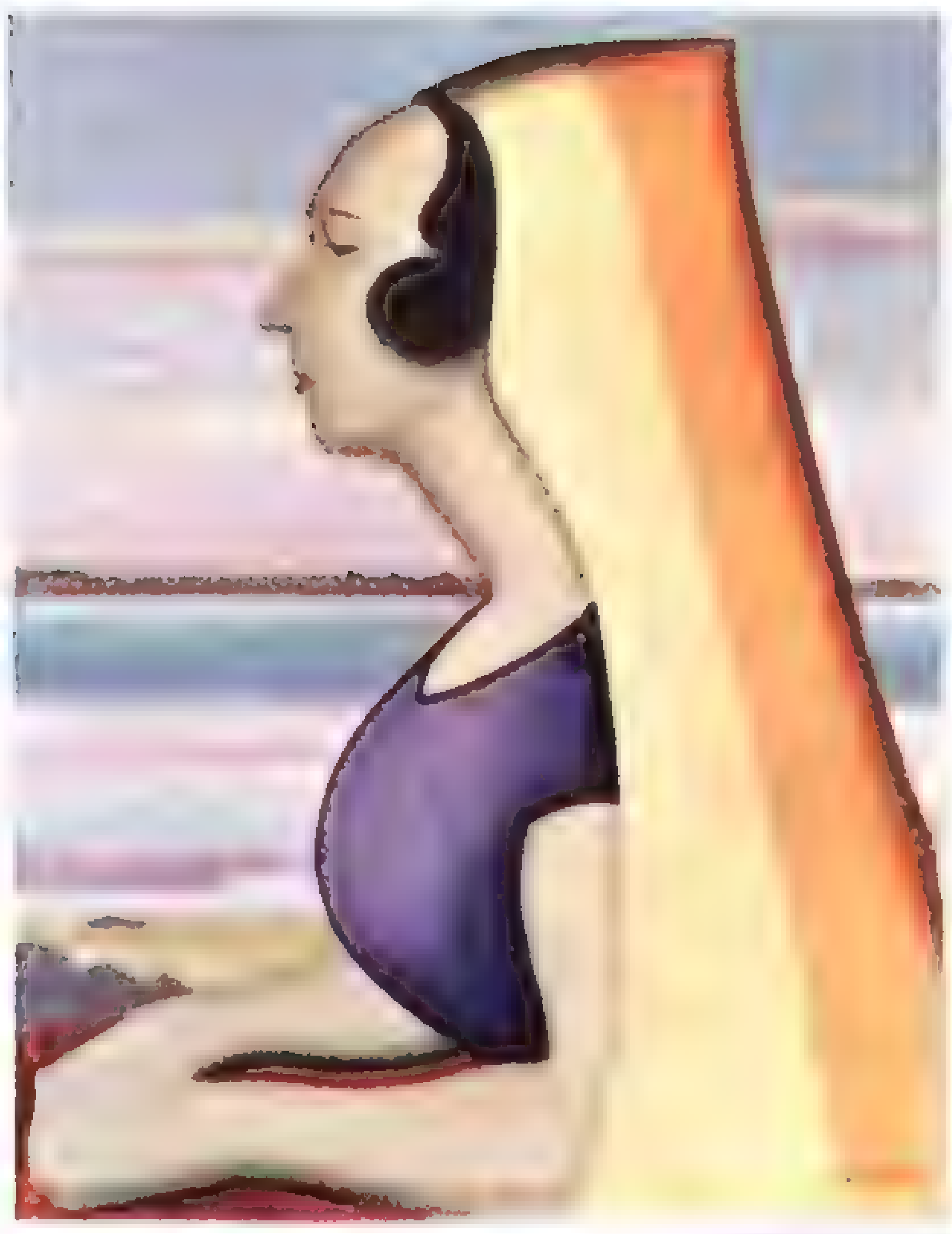
A Group of Paintings

by

JOSEPH STELLA



ITALIAN PRINCESS



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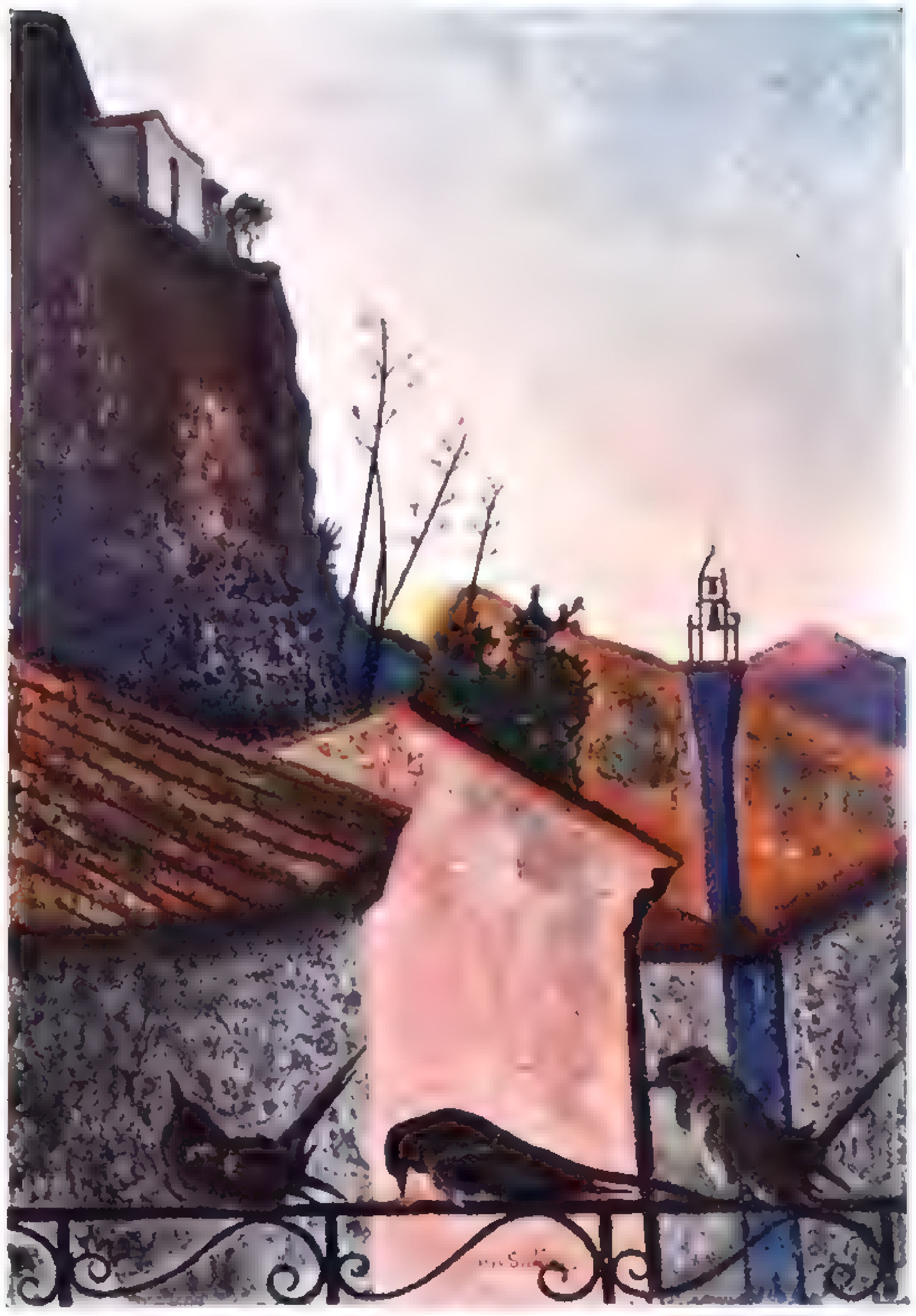
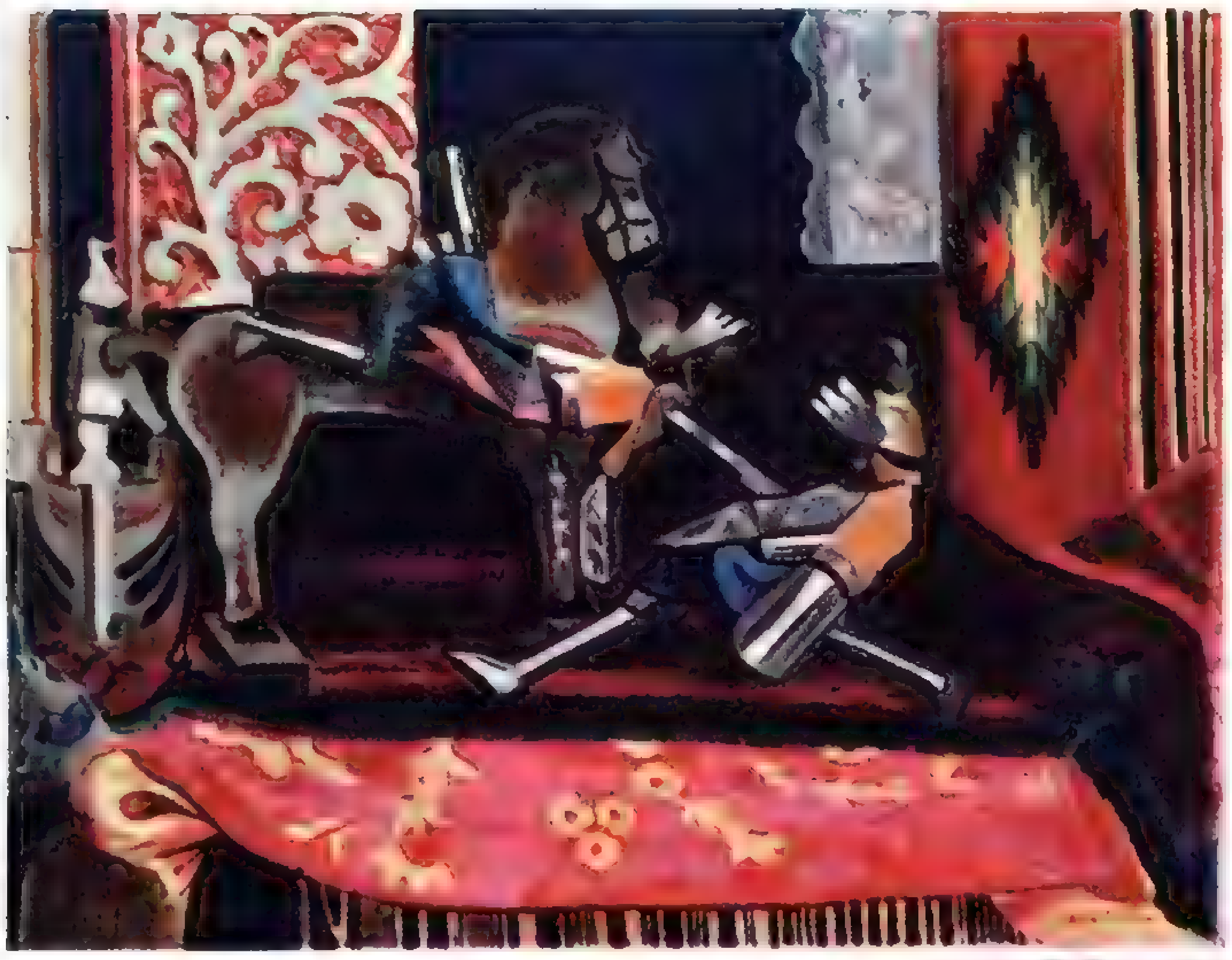
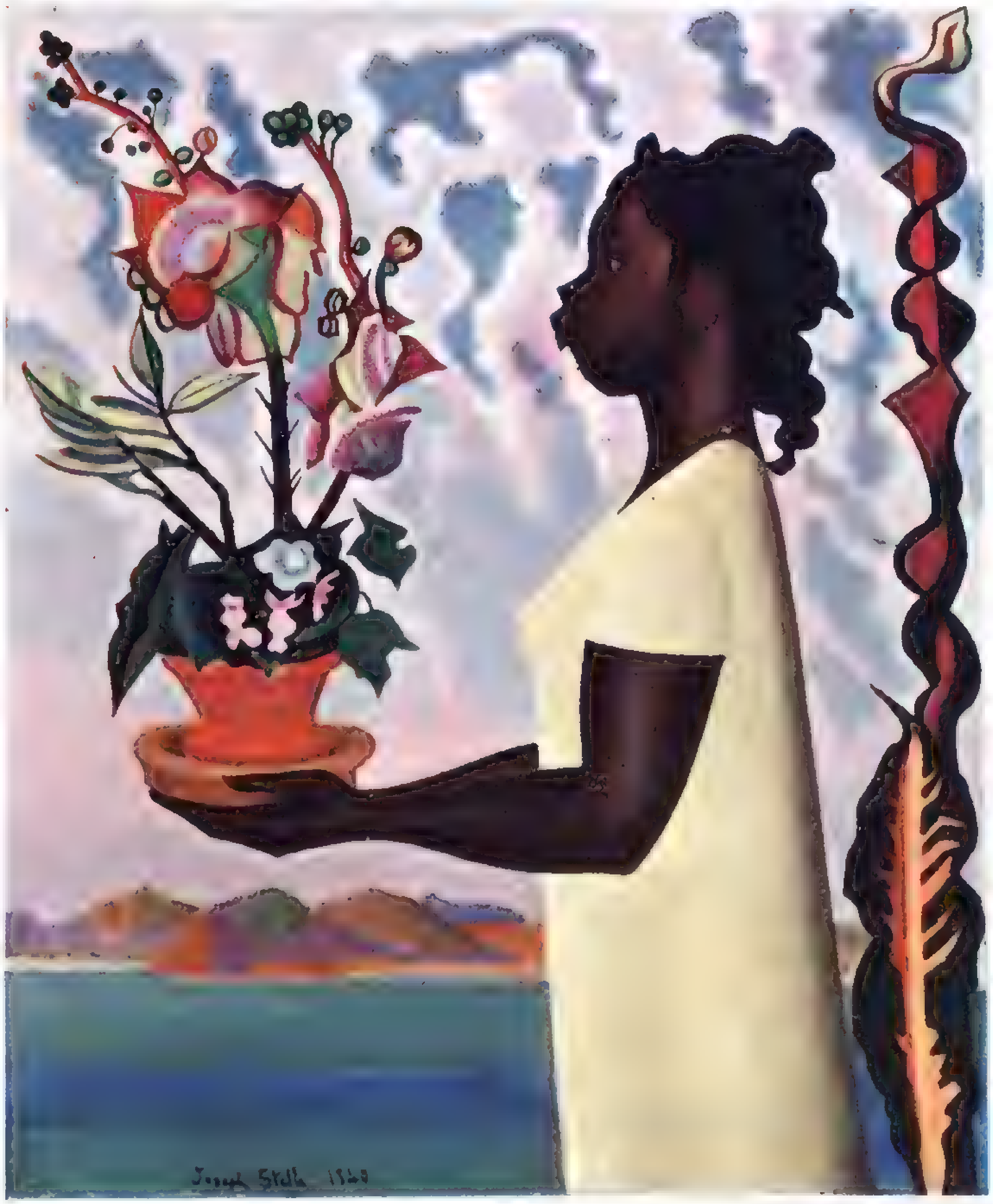


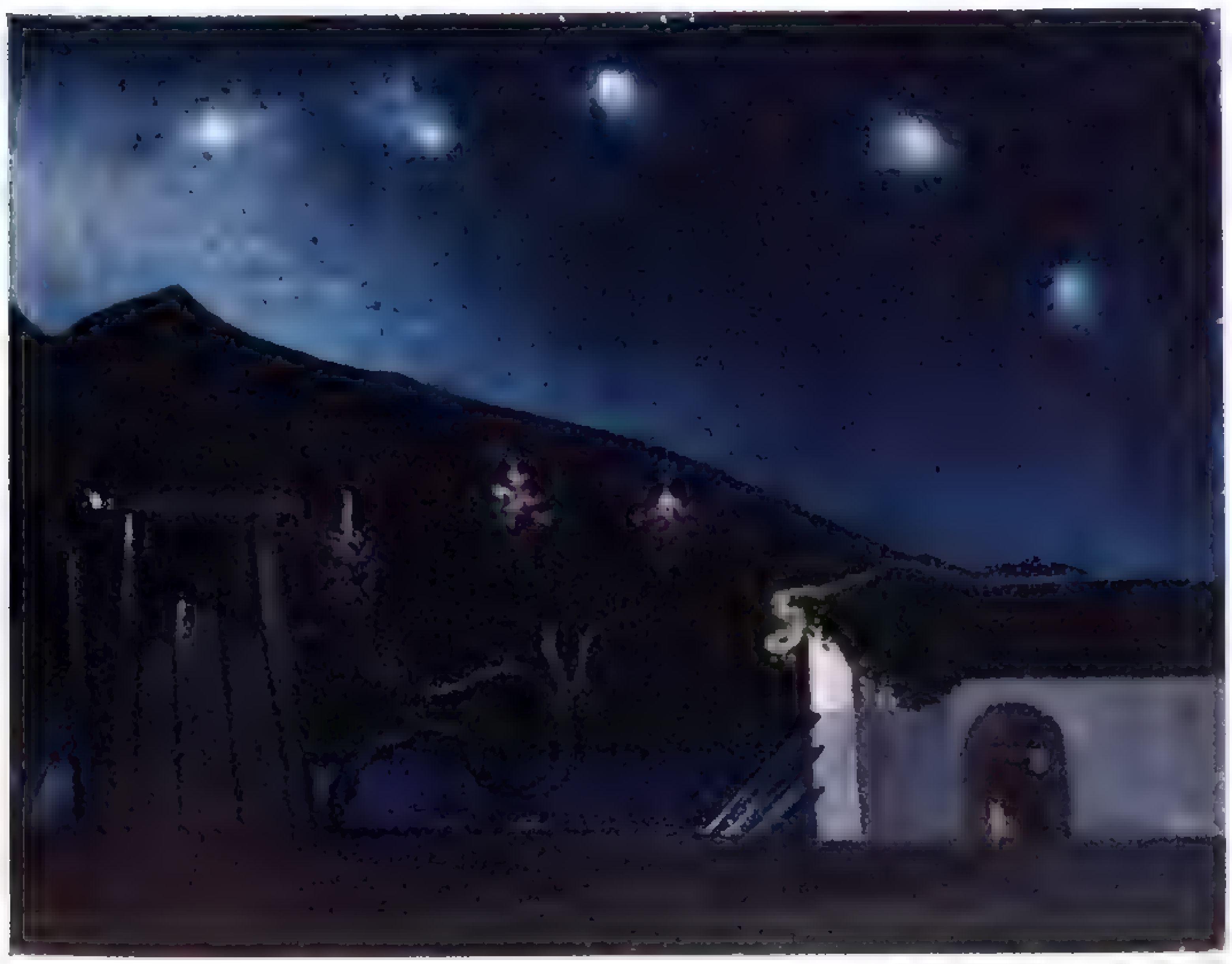
SPARROWS



MARIONETTES

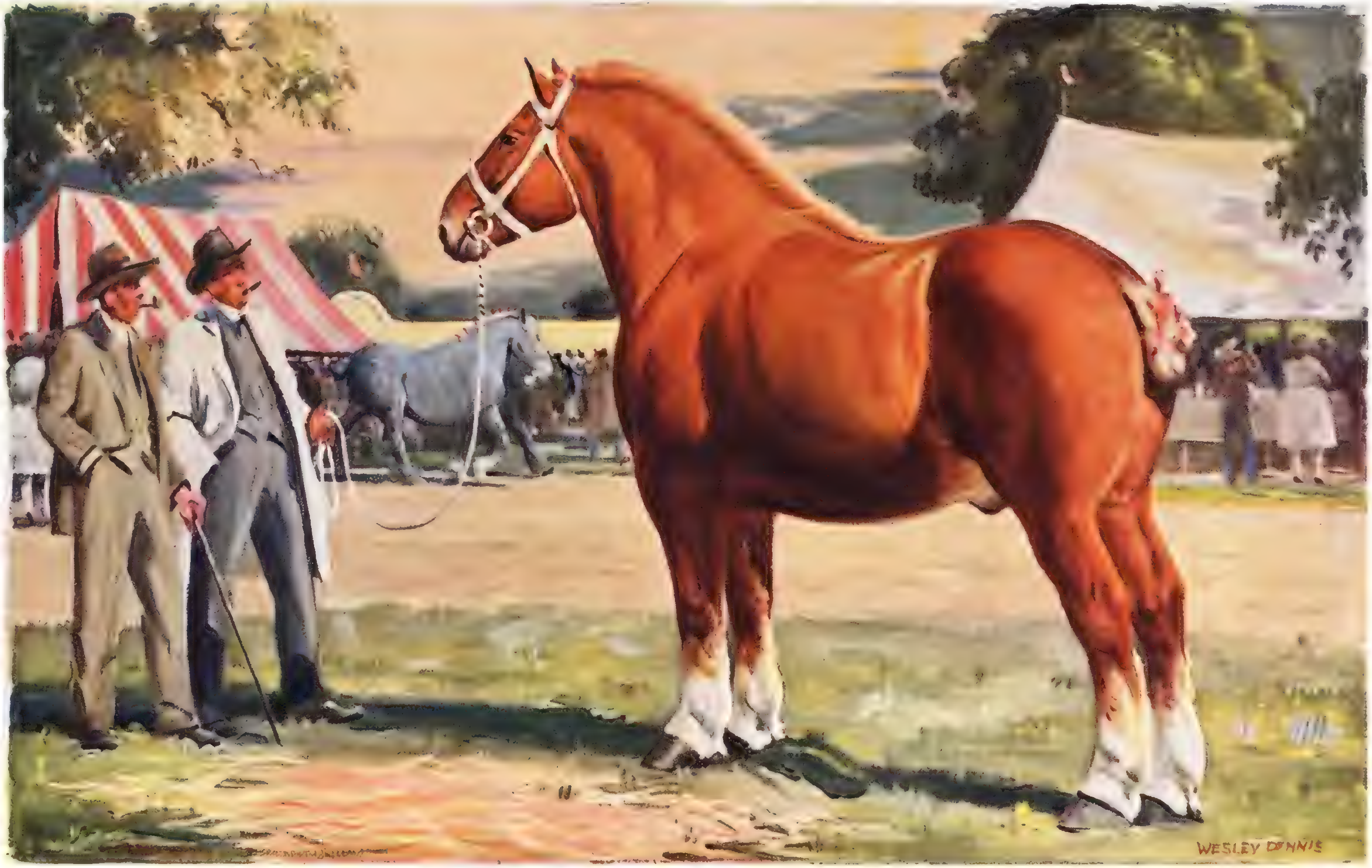


JOY OF LIVING



CHRISTMAS EVE

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Jay Farceur

Belgians, of the white mane and the golden sorrel coat, are the greatest of work horses, and Jay Farceur is the greatest of these. During last year he was senior and grand champion at the Indiana and Ohio State Fairs, the American Royal at Kansas City, the International at Chicago, and the National Belgian show held at Waterloo, Iowa.

Exhibited since he was two, he had won 26 first prizes and grand championships at seven. He is the first horse to win three consecutive grand championships in the Chicago show. And numerous progeny bid fair to add glory to his great name. Jay Farceur was by Master Farceur out of Jane. His owner is H. C. Horneman of Danville, Illinois.

NO. 3 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

The Isolation of Track and Field

Continued from page 34

aloofness of the spectators would be understandable. But our track and field boys are the best in the world; and we have lots of them. There are more young men performing in track and field in the U.S. than in any other country in the world; in fact, there are more than in all the European countries rolled into one. Conservative estimates put the number of our track and field youngsters at around five hundred thousand.

A mystery, then. And how can it be solved?

This reporter has tried. He has—what is the phrase?—indulged in painstaking research. He has interviewed numerous people who have shrugged in numerous ways.

He has unearthed some minor items. Some think that baseball is too much of a rival attraction, so that track and field just can't get to first base. There are other rival attractions, too. There are many people who want to go to the country over the weekend. Mr. Dan Ferris of the A.A.U. also feels that track and field is not publicized enough during the summer—again on account of the rival attractions that take up newspaper space and the time of sports writers. Strange as this argument seems at first glance, there is something in it. Americans love to read sports, even if they don't see them, and much more so if they do see them.

Many people said many things. But there seemed to be one general impression. Track and field in the summer time is not enough of a show to please the public.

What is a show? Tilden racing to the net—that was a show. DiMaggio hitting a homer . . . Joe Louis knocking out somebody whose name we forget five minutes later—those are shows. From this point of view, track and field can't be compared to baseball, or tennis, or boxing, or even golf. From this point of view, track and field smacks a little too much of—shall we say—technique. Track and field, compared to such spectacles, is something like finger-exercises on the piano compared to a performance of the New York Philharmonic.

It isn't so. I know it isn't so. I'm just trying to show how the public feels about it.

Or maybe it is so. You see, track and field is sports pure and simple. Too pure, too simple. There are practically no rules; no complications; no unlimited variations of situation; no interesting weapons or facilities, like racquets, clubs, balls, bats, gloves. There are just yards and split seconds. And the human body.

But it's not just technique. No more than a very simple and very clear fugue of, let's say, Bach, is mere technique. Track and field is sport in its purest, and doubtless most classical, form. It is human bodies stripped of all fancy stuff, competing against each other. It is, without a shadow of a doubt, sport at its greatest.

Perhaps—and there is much in favor of this theory—perhaps we aren't so sports-minded after all. Perhaps we are just show-minded. That would certainly explain the paradoxical success of track and field in the wintertime.

There can't be any doubt that track and field is a summer sport par excellence. There are many summer sports that are played indoors during the winter—but they haven't any real success in such artificial surroundings. Track and field, however, has its greatest triumphs during the winter. The few meets in Madison Square Garden and in Boston are sellouts year after year. There are more customers coming to those few meets than to all the summer meets put together.

Christmas in July probably concerns nobody but toymakers and us, but it's not too soon to tell that our next Christmas issue, now taking shape, will be the most sought-after of them all.

And why? Because these winter meets are shows. What makes them shows? Something very simple—you can see a whole lot more than you can at the summer meets. You are near enough to really watch the athletes. You can see them warming up for an event, starting, fighting to the finish. You can see their faces almost as in closeups. The tracks are so much smaller, and that means that the athletes pass you so much more often. You understand the structure of the race. While on an outdoor track a mile may just mean that the competitors run around the track twice, in Madison Square Garden it means that they run around it a dozen times.

There is also the matter of stars. For a long time now, the big winter affairs have been the rendezvous of the record holders and record breakers, the big stars from all parts of the country. Now, there is something very strange about the stars of track and field. In a way, they seem to excite the public more than great boxers, baseball players, or tennis players. Maybe excite isn't the right word. Maybe we should say, fascinate. A Jesse Owens, a Nurmi, or a Cunningham fascinates the public in a more personal way, as an individual, while a Joe Louis, a Tilden, or a Babe Ruth, excites the public by a certain performance.

Again the important factor is that in track and field there are just human bodies. The plain fascination of the human body is naturally more direct than the appeal of the human body when equipped with weapons and acting within the framework of a certain phase of a play. The stronger effect of track and field personalities develops directly out of the superiority of track and field as a pure sport.

There is, furthermore, the matter of world records. The public of winter meets can well expect that world records will be smashed before their eyes. To be present when a world record is broken, excites everybody. This excitement is, of course, not based on the fact that it is more satisfying to see competitors run a little faster than they ran last year. Nobody—without a stopwatch—can possibly decide whether a man has run the mile in 4:07 or in 4:10—not to speak of those tenths and fifths of seconds by which world records are usually broken. In the final analysis, it's just imagination—but there it is. And finally, there is the excellent staging and directing of the winter shows, with event following event, with three hours crowded with famous athletes racing around the track, jumping, pole-vaulting. There is action, there is noise, there is atmosphere.

But there are only very few winter meets. And only the best are asked to compete in them. Therefore, the vast majority of our track and field boys never have any public to speak of. Isn't this a danger for the whole development of track and field?

In France, for instance, the great public never could get interested in track and field, either. They were always—even more than we are—in favor of exciting games. They simply refused to be bored. They went to bike races, football games, and other competitions with show value. And the result of this lack of interest was the total collapse of French track and field during the last ten years.

We won't have to fear such a collapse in the United States, so long as our colleges and high schools continue to be sports-minded (and as long as the excellent A.A.U. directs all the activities). It is safe to say that without the colleges and high schools, American track and field would have declined long ago. Such a decline was feared, especially during the last year or so, even by the leading men in the A.A.U. They were afraid that the cancellation of the Olympic Games would cause a lack of interest among American athletes. But so strong was the competitive spirit in the colleges that the year 1940 and the early part of 1941 showed better results than the year before; and all agree that the results could not have been better, even if the Olympic Games had been held. Performances have been bettered in many categories. There have been new American records in pole-vaulting, in shot-put, in the quarter mile, and in high jumping. Except for a few athletes like Greg Rice and Don Lash, almost every category has new leaders. There is Harold Davis, the young Californian, the first white sprinter since Charley Paddock to win the hundred and two hundred meter championships. In the mile, there is Leslie MacMitchell, the New York boy wonder, and his rival, Walter Mehl. There is Al Blozzie, who is always breaking records in shot-putting.

So our isolation from Europe so far hasn't affected the high quality of our export goods. Or maybe, after what we have said about the colleges, it isn't quite fair to speak of track and field just as export goods. After all, with five hundred thousand youngsters training in high schools and colleges, it may be nearer the truth to speak of the sport of participants. Very well. But even as such, track and field is isolated. Isolated in the high schools and in the colleges, that is.

One of the strange features of American track and field is the fact that it is almost entirely restricted to the schools. We are always making a big fuss because there are newcomers every year. Ought we really be so proud of this? In the final analysis, it merely means that once our boys have left college they no longer go in for track and field.

In Europe it is entirely different. The Nurmis, Ladoumègues, Lovelocks and Peltzers, etc., were great athletes long after they had reached the age of twenty-one or twenty-two. Over here, with few exceptions like Cunningham, Rice and Venzke, the overwhelming majority of our athletes stop being athletes once they have left school.

There are, then, three kinds of isolation of our track and field. First, the purely temporary isolation from Europe caused by the war. Second, the isolation of the participants from the public. Third, the isolation within the walls of our schools.

This third type of isolation seems to be the most dangerous because it seems irreparable. It has become a tradition. The purest and greatest sport of them all has been taken over by the schools. It does not belong to the people any more, as baseball, boxing, and a dozen other sports do. It belongs to the schools. Nobody is to blame, to be sure. It's just so, and it's bad. ###

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 75

succeed in getting some teacher who could also tell the pupils what to do, they might one day show signs of knowing how to sing.

At present, they are hopeless as ever. Of the young ladies who sang for me during my recent tour—all announced as holders of scholarships—the worst was as ignorant of the artistic use of her voice as it is possible for any natural musical person with ears to be in a civilized country; and the best, though she evidently had plenty of warnings and cautions from some musician of taste, seemed to have had no positive instruction worth mentioning. At any rate, any practicing imitator of Edgar Bergen could give both young ladies a few pointers about the production of their voices.

Several years ago I wrote that singing teachers were the procurers of the music business . . . that they are without standards or scruples. They practice sorcery, mesmerize, magnetize, wave wands, rub lamps, cast spells, and chiefly misplace and "finish" voices. They are more extravagant in their claims than quacks who offer nostrums to cure everything from syphilis to sneezing. Since many of them have shingles on conservatory doors and young provincials come to them with complete confidence, all of them should be made to study anatomy, acoustics, physiology, not to mention music, and should be licensed. And an Irish policeman should be on hand to watch their lessons.

My chief difficulty at conservatory commencements and music school convocations is to find a viewpoint sufficiently irrational to enable me to keep my face straight throughout the procedure. Generally, we are so tightly packed in and the humidity is so high—that I would feel more at ease if the institution would install a steam crane near the speakers' rostrum so that any prominent person desiring to leave his place could hook his belt onto the end of a chain, be hoisted out of his chair, swung around, and dropped at the exit nearest a bar.

Now and then, of course, I hear battalions of players who are individually better than members of the finest professional orchestras. What improvements there are in musical training have been in technical proficiency. Instrumental virtuosity is more common in our generation than it ever has been.

The problem is not how to create more virtuosi, but how to make the virtuoso into an artist . . . how to make him think and feel more deeply. The problem, in a larger sense, is how to give our talented young faith in what has to be done . . . a willingness to be excited sincerely, suffer sincerely, grasp the truths of the past and with them shape thought and life itself in the world of tomorrow.

There are no set rules for accomplishing this. It cannot be done by conferring degrees, awarding diplomas, and chalking up credits. There never has been a school for manufacturing geniuses.

But there is a rare climate, a positive atmosphere, a place where honest men live and work in music. It is Serge Koussevitzky's Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood.

"What's the difference between this and other music schools?" I asked a Juilliard scholarship man.

"Well, here you never play a note your teacher doesn't hear. When you rehearse, the first chair men of the Boston orchestra sit right alongside of you. In New York the night we play a concert at Juilliard, my teacher is usually playing in Carnegie Hall with the Philharmonic.

"Then, the men of the Boston Symphony are different. Kind and friendly, they have no feuds. They love music . . . and they don't live in taxicabs between engagements. Their inspiration, the spirit here is unbelievable."

"Is it long enough—six weeks?" I continued.

"Yes, I guess so," he replied. "I lost twenty pounds the first week."

Creative interpretation is Doctor Koussevitzky's central theme. The most talented study conducting under him; others, composition under Aaron Copland and Paul Hindemith. There is an orchestra for the technically proficient who need experience in ensemble playing, chamber groups under Gregor Piatigorsky, and opera dramatics supervised by Herbert Graf. No voice lessons are attempted. Singers are taught (real missionary work!) that the day has passed when they can stop in the middle of any aria, however tragic, and bow and smile and acknowledge the interest if some man from sheer boredom happens to spring his opera hat.

The largest group at the Berkshire Music Center will be college students, music teachers, housewives with voices—amateurs who like music and who want to know more about it . . . who will study a score not only for the sake of performing it but to know it. To examine carefully, first, the visible evidence, in the form of black marks on white paper, of the composer's idea; to look at these signs until gradually there emerges from behind the notes the subtle and mysterious form created from invisibility—a form which becomes always more significant, more fraught with life and meaning as it is contemplated—that is wonder and intoxication as deep as life affords. Gradually to hew out that invisible form in a manner as near the ideal as human effort and limitation permit is a work of magnificent and maddening excitement. The wonder of it is not explainable, for it is compounded, as Olin Downes says, of all that man may know. It leads straight to the secrets of life and of the universe. It gives assurances that no man or law can disperse.

This lay group will rehearse five mornings a week Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, and then sing it under Koussevitzky. In the afternoons the members will study choral and instrumental music of the past six centuries and participate in re-creating it. They will know music from the inside instead of from the outside. In the evenings there will be lectures, fragments from opera, orchestral concerts, plays starring Ethel Barrymore, Tallulah Bankhead, Ina Claire and others at the nearby playhouse, boating, fishing, a full moon, and a boy for every girl.

If you have six weeks free beginning July seventh, write Margaret Grant, the Center's wise and helpful secretary, and enroll. You will not forget your summer. The tuition is a hundred dollars and for another hundred living accommodations are supplied for six weeks. If you have only three weeks (or a week-end), attend the Berkshire Symphonic Festival. For those like myself who require good music as a part of their weekly subsistence, it's a necessity, an oasis in an arid tonal desert. It offers the finest summer music making the world knows today and it is not to be equaled on this side of the Atlantic or the other.

Most summer concerts this time of year are a desperate business. My complaint is not because I invariably manage to get seated between a couple of pop-corn eaters and an echo—one can overlook much when music is being made available to those who ordinarily cannot afford it. The injustice is that those very persons who deserve to hear the best hear only a distortion of it. Acoustics in most outdoor music centers are impossible, and it is not yet considered necessary to have the band together on the fourth beat of the bar as well as the first.

Conductors are not magicians. They cannot prepare four full-length programs during one rehearsal. I suppose we should be grateful if, when one of the poor dopes sweeps wildly down at the beginning of the bar, every musician who is ahead of that point goes back to it, and every one who has not got so far skips forward to it. Many orchestra players are not always so thoughtful.

A great deal of whitewashing is done by a liberal splashing of big names who drape their conscience, stuff their ears, and take advantage of the fact that everybody is in a mood to enjoy himself.

The Berkshire Symphonic concerts brook no compromise, offer no big-name soloists. For one thing, the natural intensity and quality of sound is uniform throughout the Tanglewood Music Shed. For another, Koussevitzky expects the best, and gets it. His glance is like a fresh charge of electricity. He has been seventeen years re-vitalizing the Boston Orchestra and bringing it to its present level of excellence.

He has not confused means with ends. His aim is bringing great music to life . . . and inspiring young boys and girls to do the same. So long as he has been able to do this, he has been content to work in sheds, barns, garages, and under the open sky. He has founded a school with a future—a center where there is a wellspring of genuine enthusiasm for art. And, because of it, his life work will be of more value than that of all the deans and professors and conductors of music now alive. In addition, he has given us one more important institution to make this country worth fighting for. ⌗

Berkshire Symphonic Festival

Lenox, Massachusetts
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor

Thursday, July 31

Haydn	*Symphony in G, No. 88*
Debussy	*Three Nocturnes*
Villa-Lobos	*Choros No. 10*
Beethoven	*Symphony No. 3, Eroica*

Saturday, August 2

Mendelssohn	*Italian* Symphony
Beethoven	*Leonore Overture, No. 3*
Shostakovich	*Symphony No. 5*

Sunday, August 3

Schubert	*Unfinished* Symphony
Aaron Copland	*The Quiet City*
Hindemith	*Concerto for Violoncello* (Gregor Piatigorsky, Soloist)
Brahms	*Symphony No. 4*

Thursday, August 7

Mozart	Fragments from *Requiem*
Beethoven	*Symphony No. 5*

Saturday, August 9

Mozart	*Symphony in A Minor*
Hanson	*Romantic* Symphony
Brahms	*Piano Concerto No. 2*

Sunday, August 10

Mozart	*Symphony in A Major*
Debussy	*La Mer*
Berlioz	*Symphonie Fantastique*

Thursday, August 14

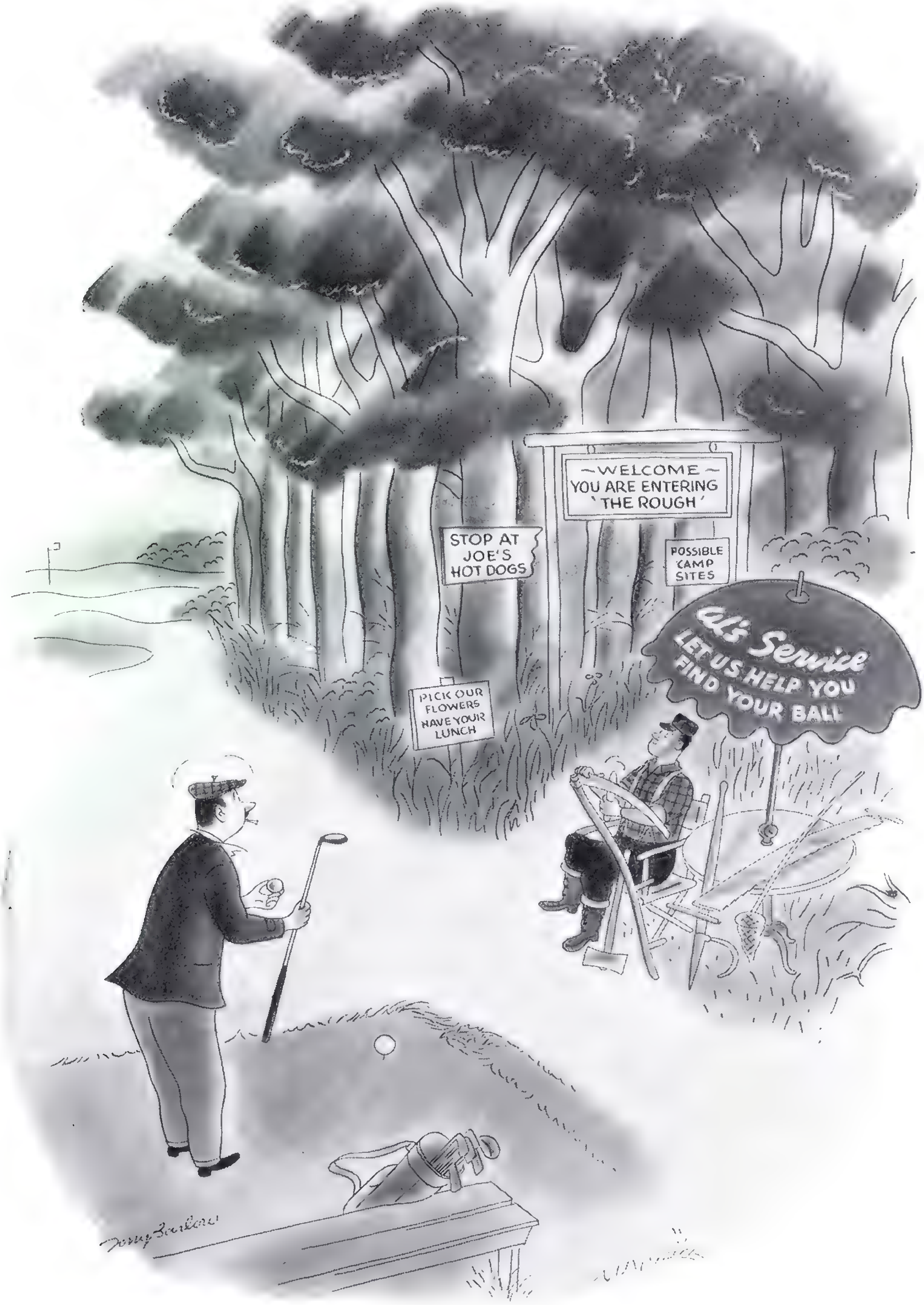
Beethoven	*Missa Solemnis*

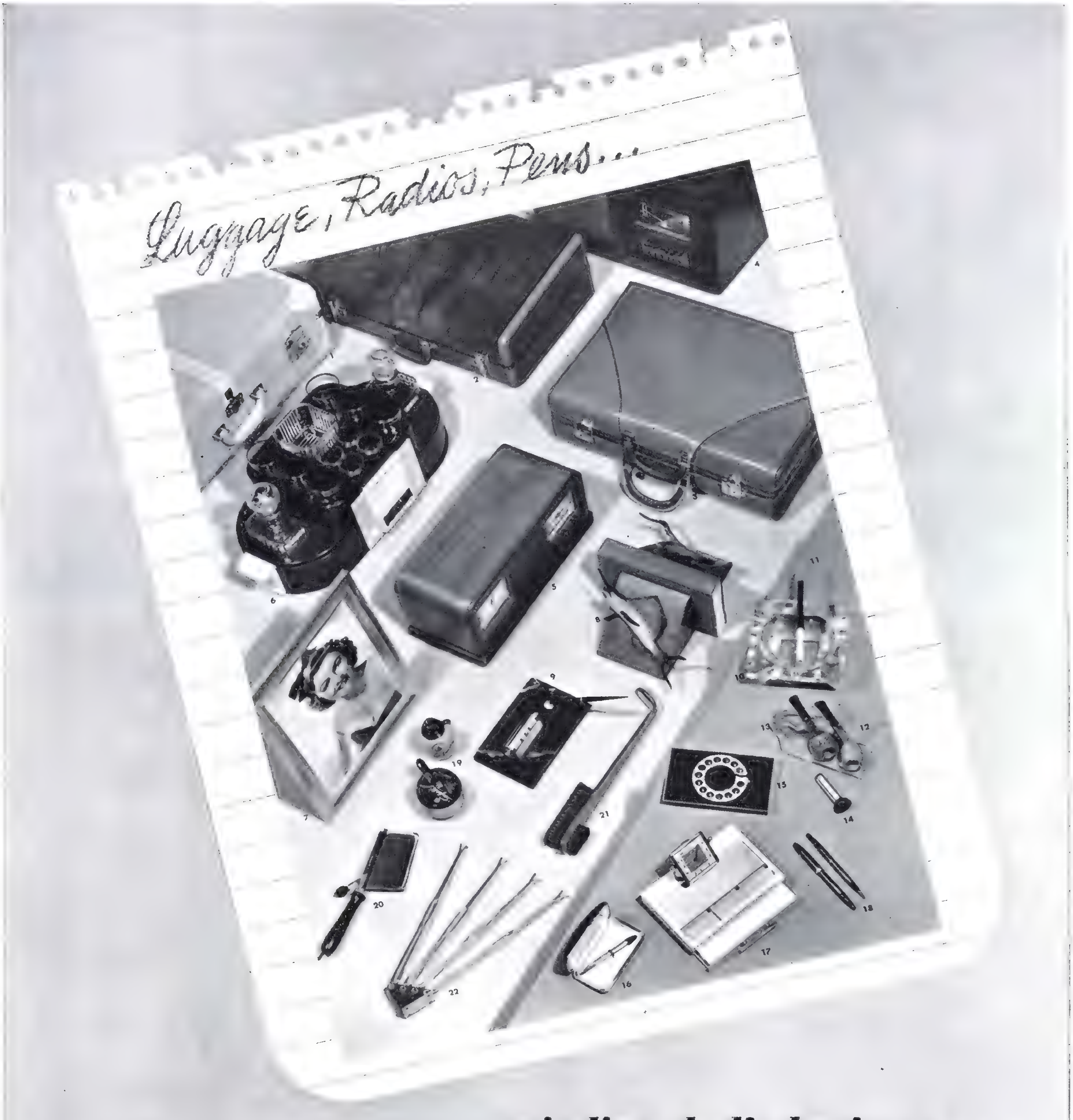
Saturday, August 16

Vaughan Williams	*London* Symphony
Samuel Barber	(Ruth Posselt, Soloist) *Violin Concerto*
Wagner	*Flying Dutchman* Overture Prelude and Love Death, *Tristan* Overture to *Die Meistersinger*

Sunday, August 17

Sibelius	*Symphony No. 6*
Strauss	*Tod und Verklarung*
Tschaikowsky	*Symphony No. 6*


~WELCOME~
YOU ARE ENTERING 'THE ROUGH'
STOP AT JOE'S HOT DOGS
POSSIBLE CAMP SITES
PICK OUR FLOWERS HAVE YOUR LUNCH
Al's Service
LET US HELP YOU FIND YOUR BALL



minding dad's business . . .

Father probably has a snug armchair, a well-tuned radio—at home. But chances are that he spends half of his waking hours at an office, perhaps even on business trips. Why not use Father's Day to make the "other half" of his life as comfortable as his home? . . . Suitcases **1** of genuine rawhide **2** of composition, and **3** of saddle leather, to replace the over-age satchel he is traveling with now . . . Why not a spot of music for an invigorating break of office routine? **4** Phono-radio, to check those recorded sales presentations, too **5** A model which has a desk-clock built right into it **6** To serve buyers with drinks as well as melodies, a portable potable radio that stows away in a jiffy . . . For Dad's desk: **7** A substantial silver frame to hold your own likeness **8** True-to-life sailfish on a pair of bookends **9** Pen and pen-stand with well-working calendar **10** Man-sized, heavy crystal ashtray **11** Holder that accommodates two cigarettes: one to smoke, the other one as nicotine filter **12** Two pipes to cool the smoke and warm the cockles of his heart, on **13** a plastic pipe rack **14** Now: a pipe lighter without flint or wick **15** Clever phone number record; he dials the initial and the desired page springs open **16** Abbreviated fountain pen to go into trouser pockets **17** Invisible secretary that tells the time and hands memo, paper, rubber bands, et al **18** Super-leakproof fountain pen set . . . Have Dad restore his outer man right at the office with: **19** shaving aids **20** an electric trouser presser **21** clothes brush with pigskin handle **22** Sensible equipment for a man's closet anywhere: trouser hanger that displays its wares in neat array at the tip of a finger.

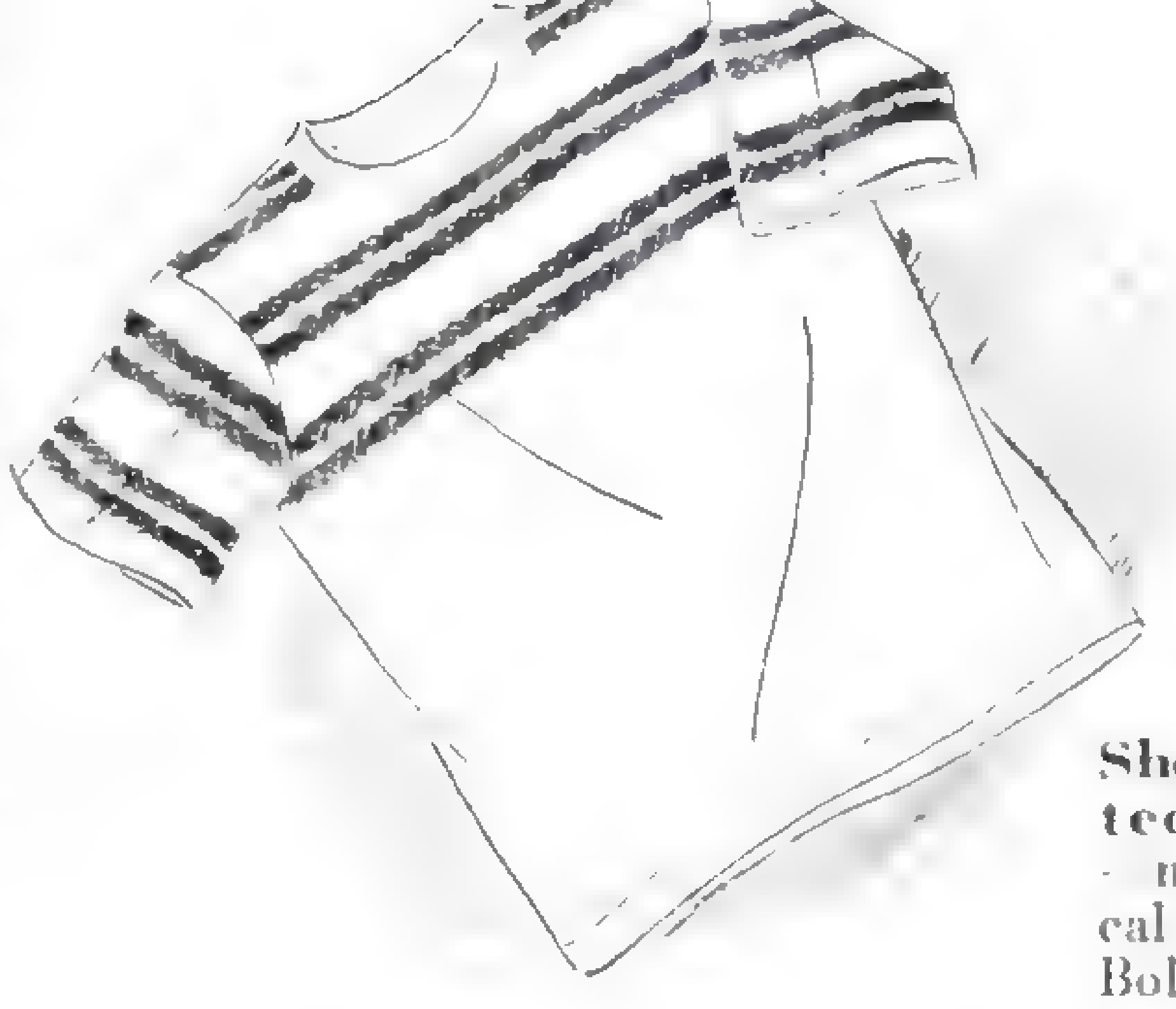
Stopgaps for Father's Day

Fill one of those inevitable gaps in Dad's wardrobe and thereby let him discover you to be thoughtful

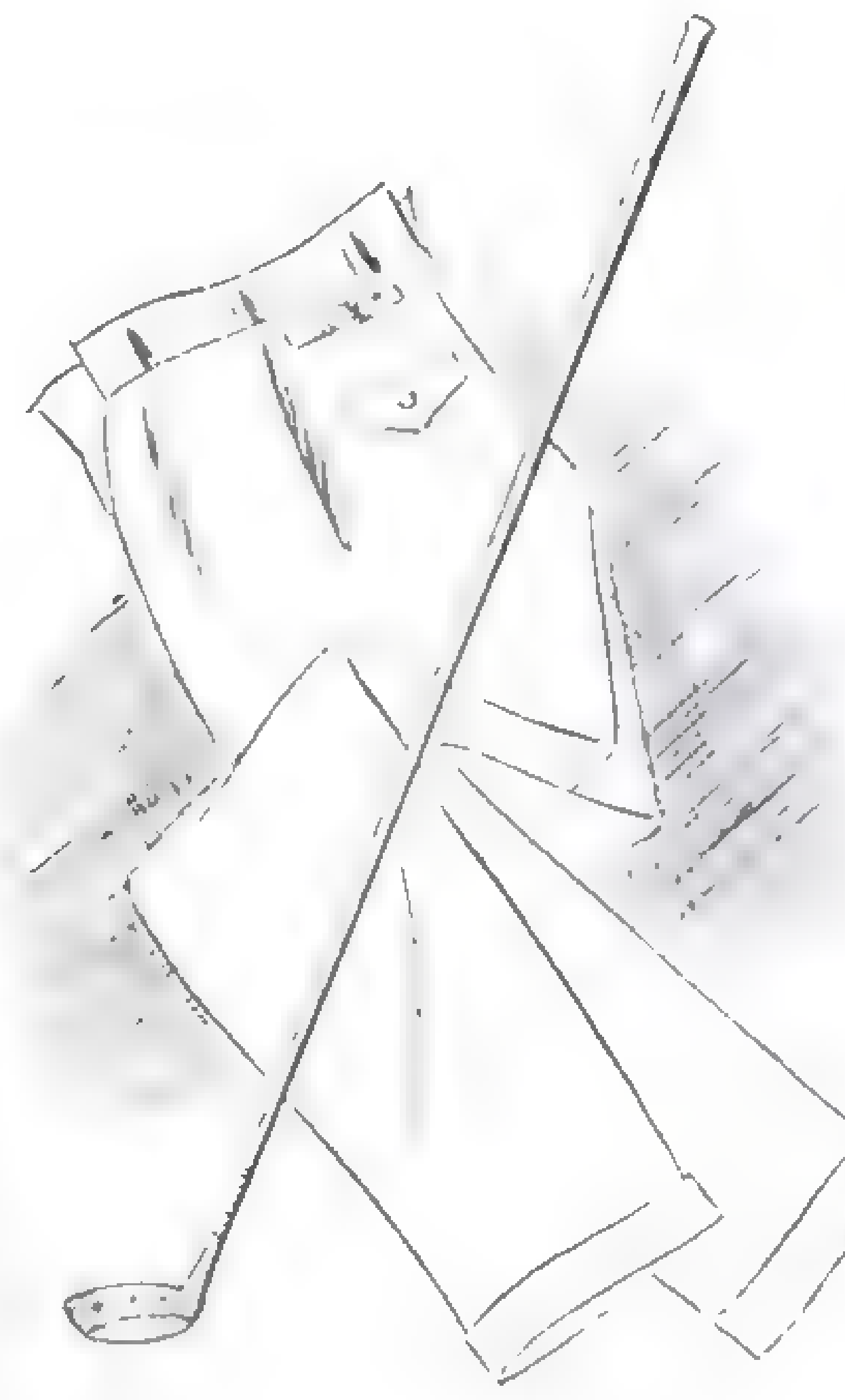
by FASHION STAFF

▪ WEARABLES ▪

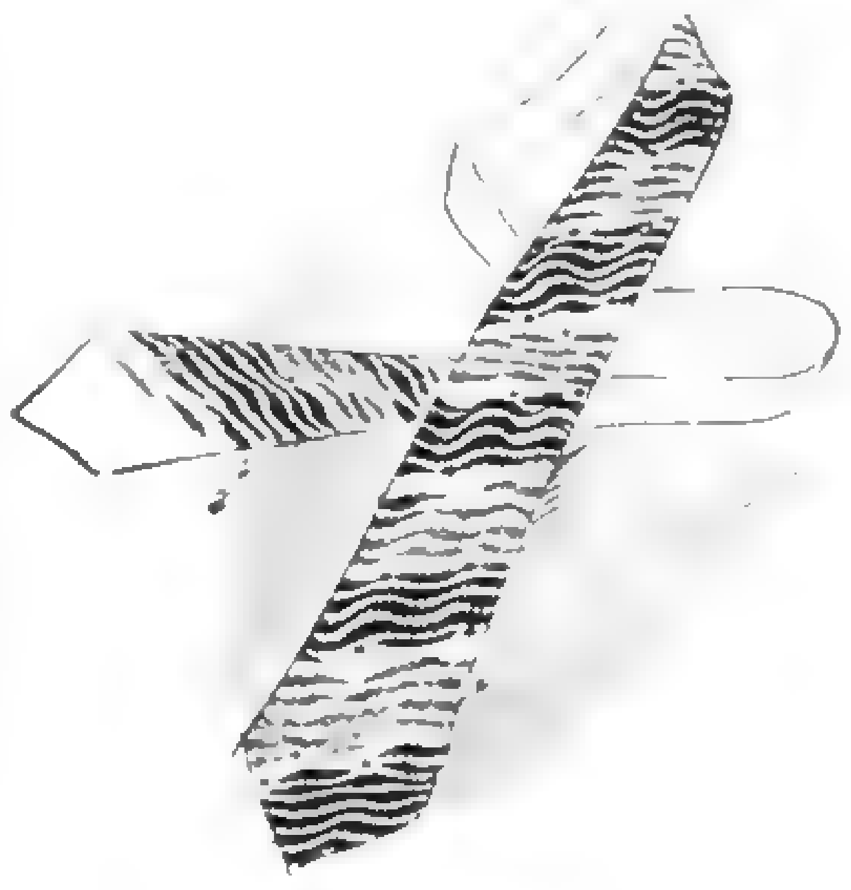
If your old man wears clothes he has a wardrobe. If he has a wardrobe, there are bound to be gaps in it—as surely as the lamentable fact that he never did get around to buying himself that much-needed new pair of golf shoes, that cummerbund for evening wear or that new beach robe to replace the one he never did have. Yes, you can make yourself a hero this Father's Day by taking a glance at Dad's wardrobe—a hasty one will do—noting a few of the more obvious gaps. Then plug up one or two of those weak spots where it will do the most good, both for his wardrobe and peace of mind. And, if you want suggestions, here are some that should prove helpful:



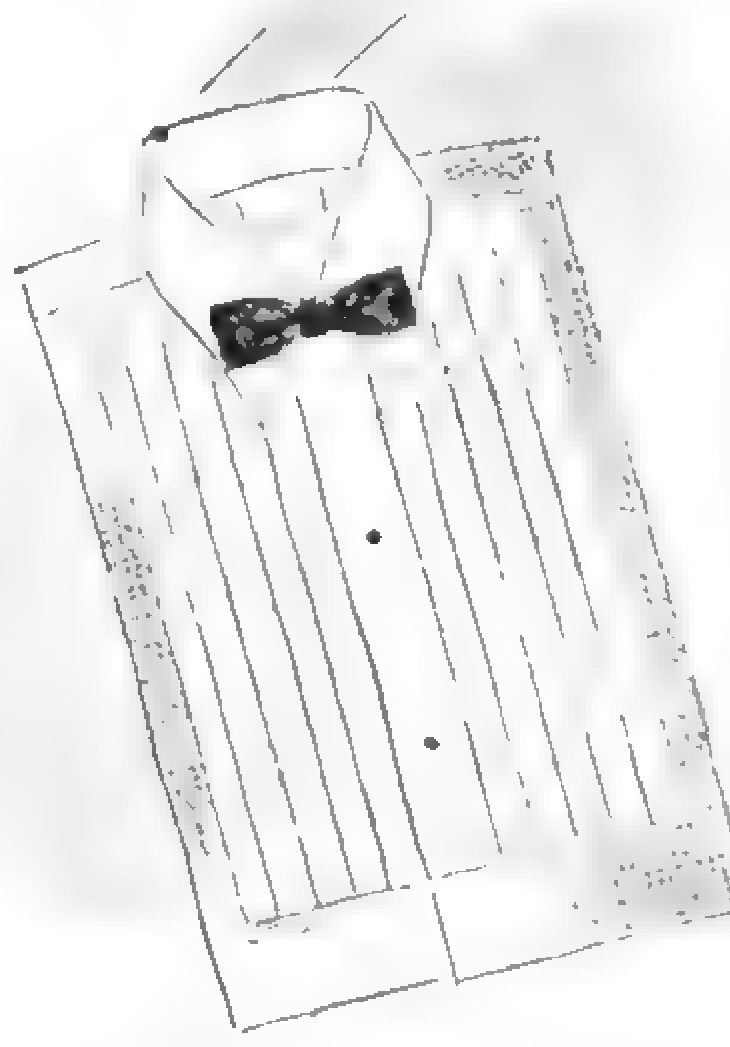
Shoulder Bar knitted cotton shirt — makes good practical sense as a gift. Bold stripes across the top accentuate shoulder breadth.



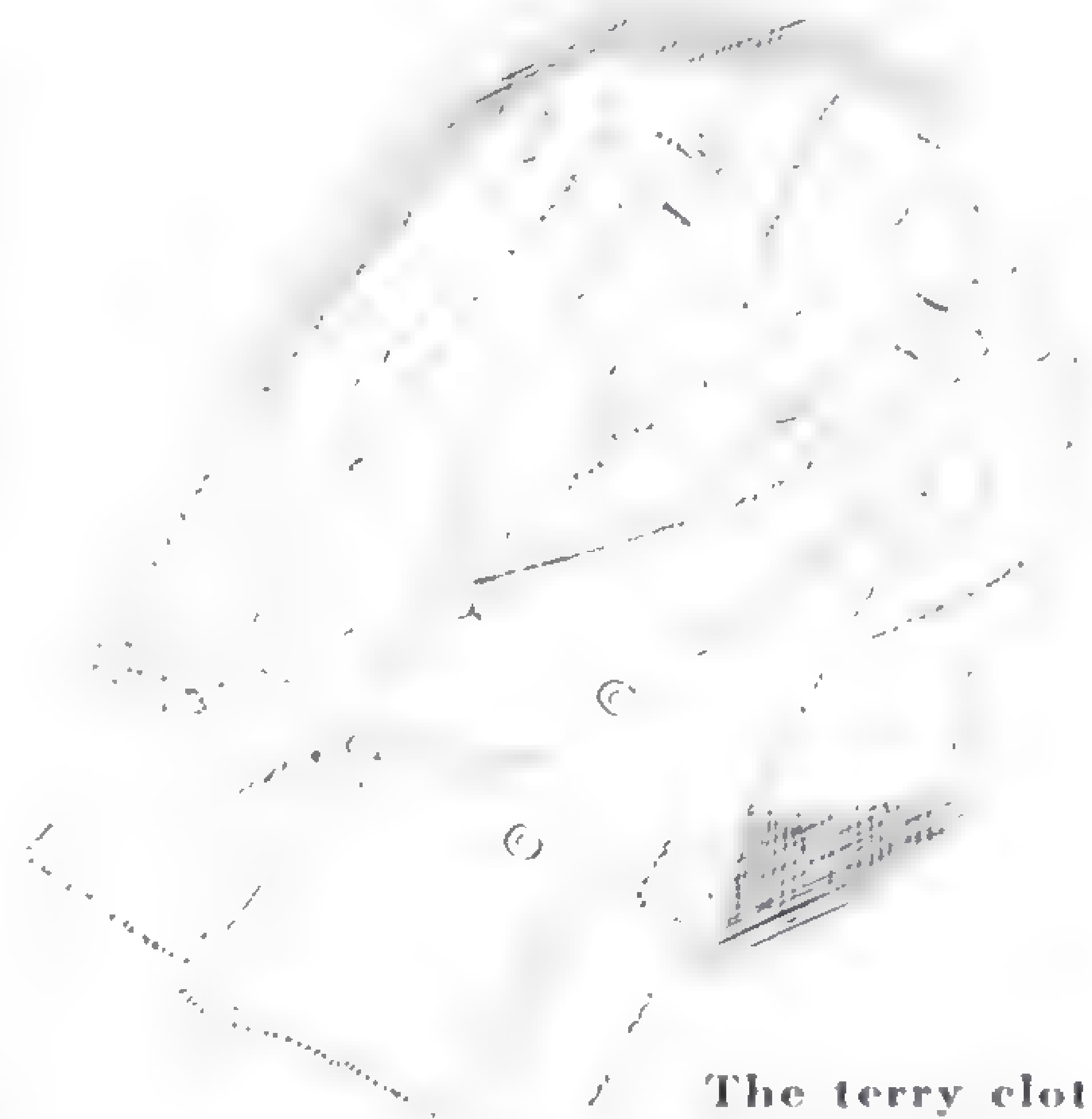
Sandune slacks for golf or resort can bring Dad up-to-date. You can select this yellowish shade in slacks of gabardine, flannel, linen or Palm Beach. They contrast with any shirt.



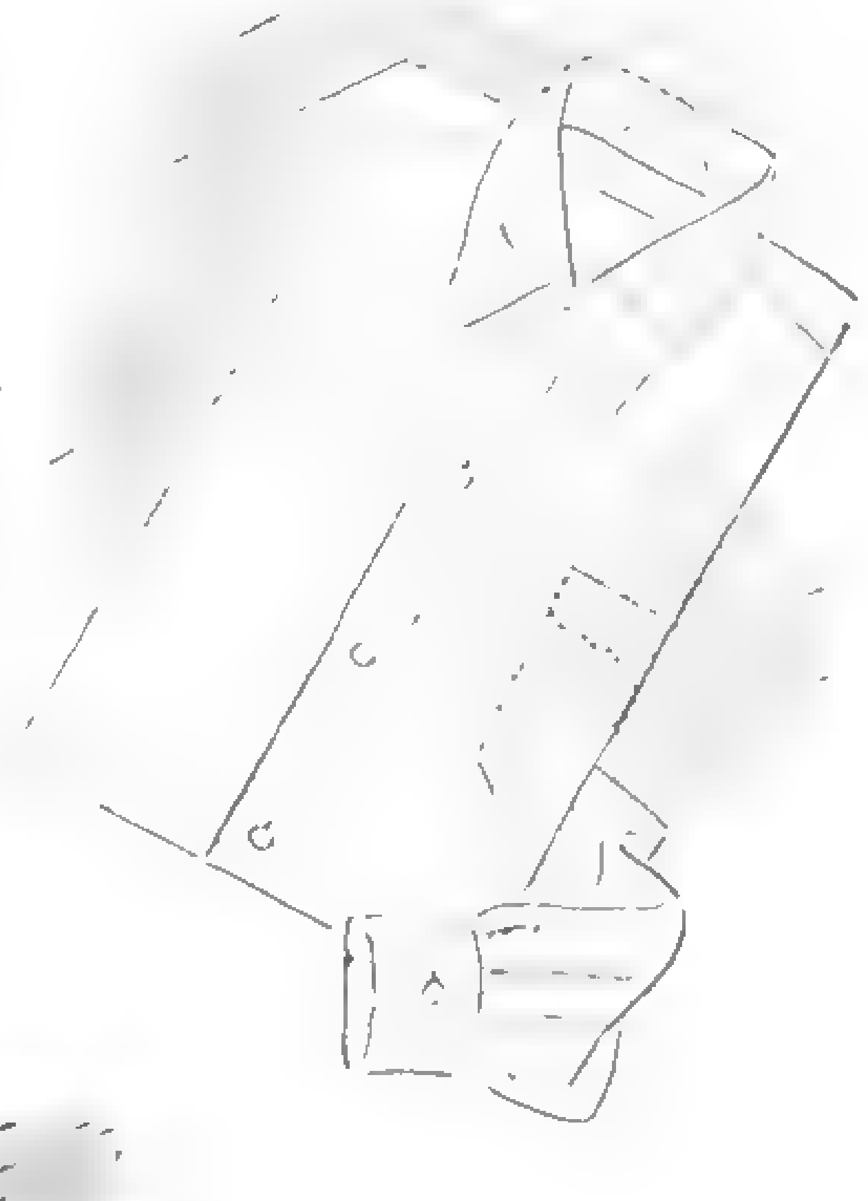
Big figured neckwear should be in every wardrobe. If Dad hasn't a couple of these ties, jot them down as a prime suggestion. They are recognized by their gay colors and irregular designs. They combine with summer clothes for town or resort.



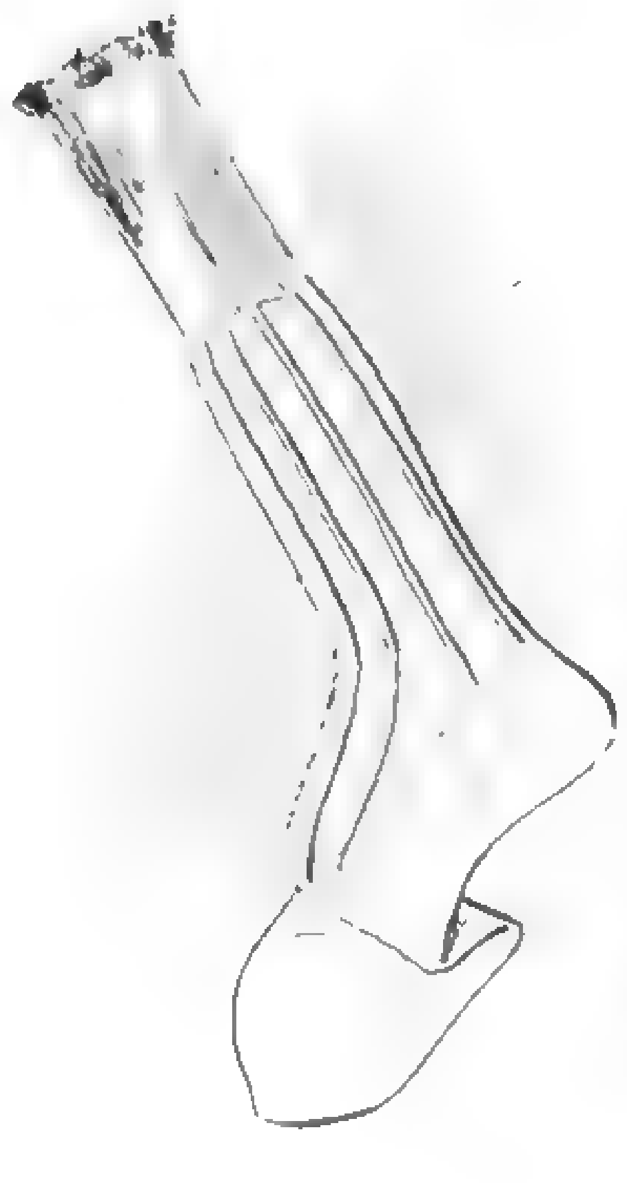
The dress shirt for summer with pleated bosom and sheer voile body is a must for the lightweight wardrobe. If he's amenable to dressing, possibly a half-dozen would be truly appreciated.



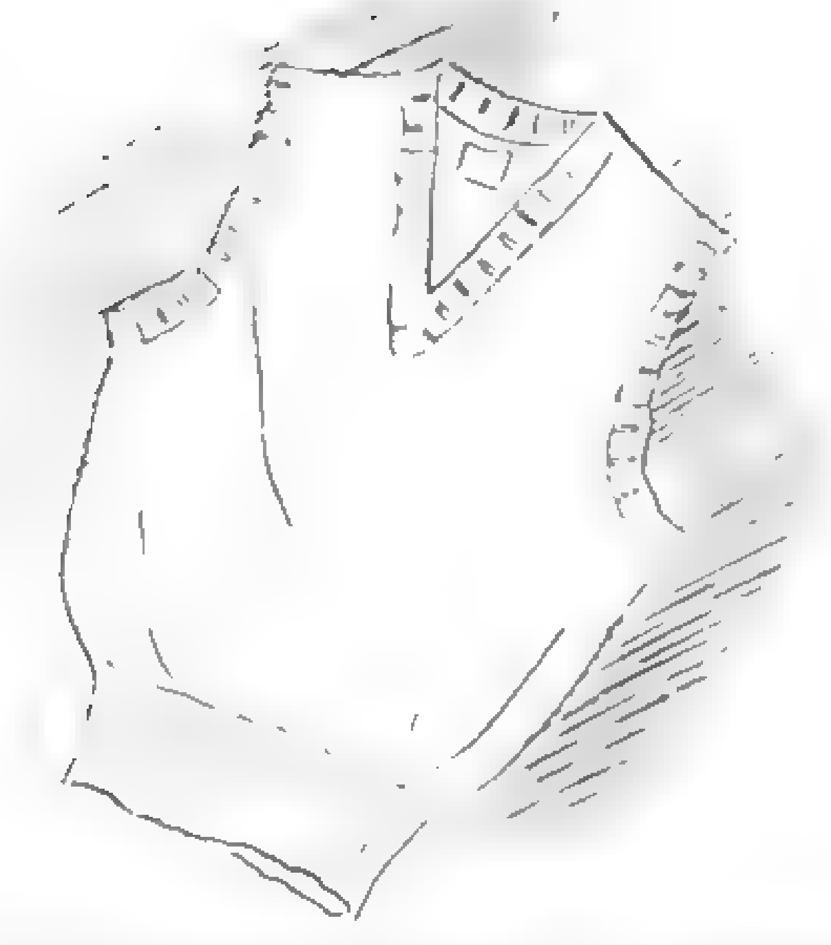
The terry cloth beach robe is grand for swimming, or even if he doesn't go near the water, it gives some protection against the sun's rays and also wards off chilly breezes after a cold plunge.



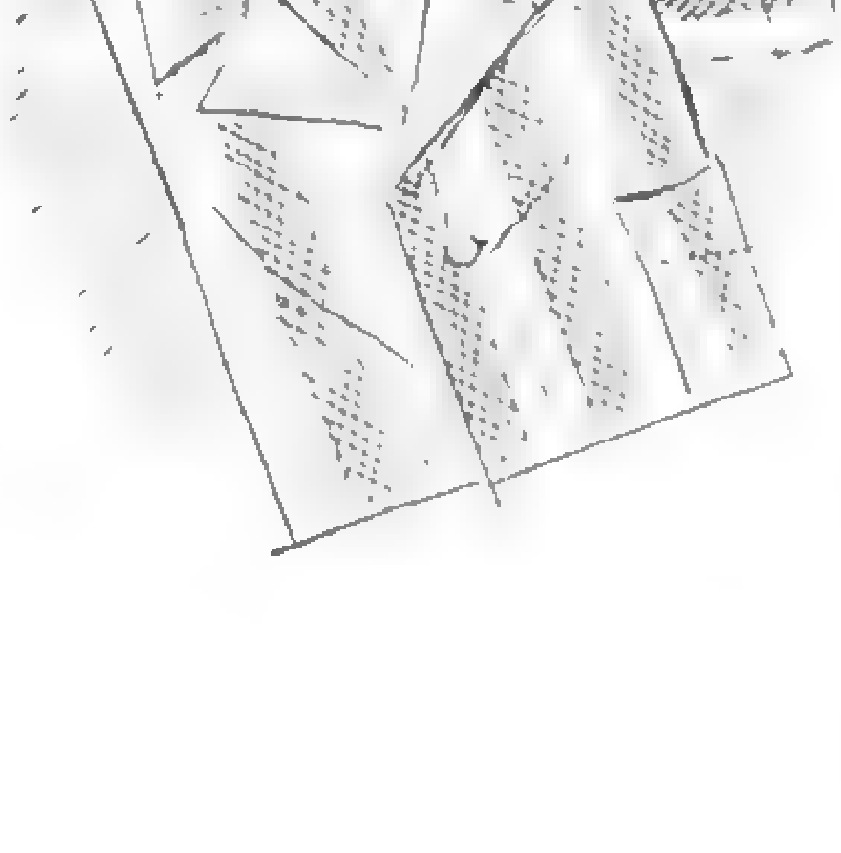
Thin open-weave shirts are recommended on two scores. First of all they are comfortable. Then, too, their pale shades of Sandune, blue, grey or tan are in the current of fashion.



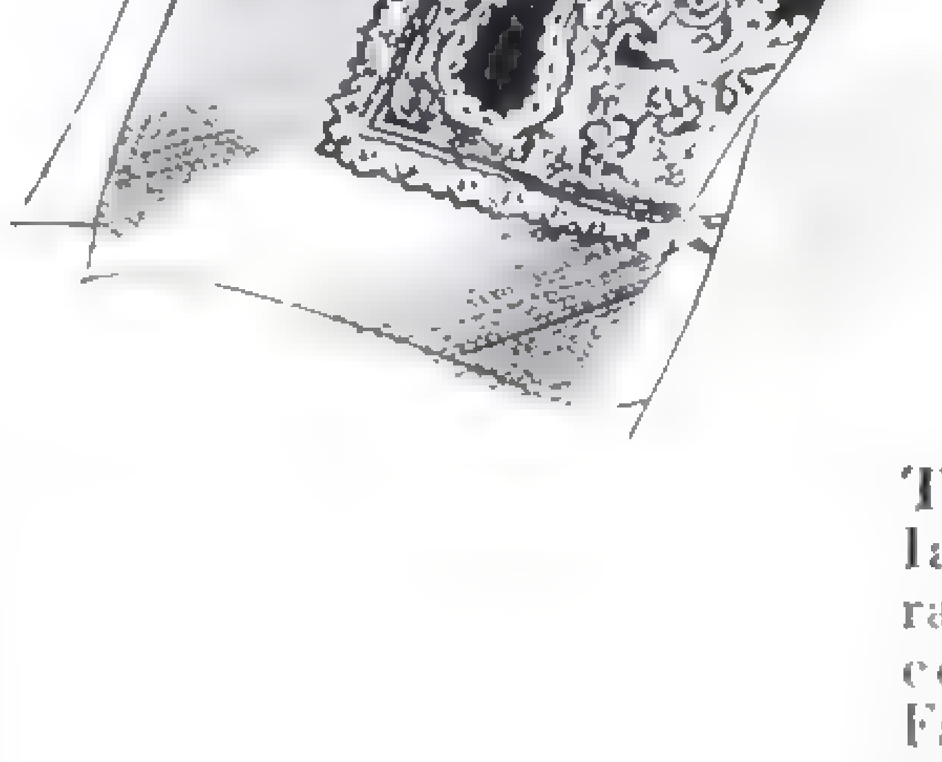
Pale-tone lisle socks are always acceptable. You might pick out a half-dozen in his size to round out his summer ensembles for business wear. Simple vertical designs make the ankle appear smaller.



The Sandune sleeveless pullover warrants a place among Pop's sports wearables. He may have several nondescript sweaters kicking around the drawer, but this sleeveless pullover in the soft Sandune tone would be acceptable because it complements any color of shirt or slacks for golf.



Short-sleeved pajamas—one of those things he might have overlooked. In light air fabrics, these combinations (sometimes with knee-length trousers) offset that ole debbil, Humidity. So how about getting him two or three of these?



The Paisley foulard silk square rates high among accessory gifts for Father's Day. You might pick out a blue, red or yellow square for the chest pockets of his odd sport jackets. It's one of the things you can always borrow.

Old Men's Plans

Continued from page 67

against the sky. He saw her turning her head about, looking for him, and was afraid she would call out. He sat up.

"Here I am," he said softly.

She came over to him.

"Sit down. You don't want to show yourself like that."

She settled herself beside him with a swing of her full skirts. "Do you really think there's still danger, Jack?"

"The man who's only careful when he's seen enemy signs is the man who gets his hair lifted one day because the enemy didn't make any sign."

She did not answer. When he referred to his life with the Indians, she remembered that he had lived with an Arapaho woman for two years. In that thought there was something grotesquely immoral, and something romantic. She wondered what that woman had been like, how he had gone about leaving her, and if she mourned him. She resolved that at the right moment she would make him talk about her.

"You hadn't ought to be here," he said. "I've got to keep my eyes peeled."

His speech was a mixture of good and bad grammar. He had had some education, back there in Ohio, before he left the settlements and headed west. You could not very well imagine him on a farm. He belonged to this wild country. An adobe house on the edge of Taos, the trackless mountains and deserts.

"We have so little chance to talk," she said simply.

In the cloudless starlight she could see him nod.

"We'll be in Crowley pretty quick," he said. "You better tell me right now if you really love me." His words came out with a little difficulty, as if he were short of breath. "Do you really want to marry me?"

Here it was. Up to now there had been a safe indecision, there had been "understanding," there had been the unspoken word, but now he thrust the hard knife-blade, decision, toward her. Crowley was nothing but the mines, there Uncle George was king. He thrust it toward her, and there was no time for putting it aside.

He said, "I reckon you know what it means to marry a Mountain Man."

She knew. Little by little he had been telling her, without ever driving home the point. The sparsely furnished, Spanish house, the outpost town, the long trips without news, or the alternatives, Indian-haunted struggle of ranching. She wondered if it would be hard to learn Spanish. Yes, she knew; and she knew, too, that she did not care a straw.

"Yes, Jack," she said.

He took his left hand off his gun, reached out, and touched her hand.

"Then we got to clear out of here. Tomorrow we'll pass about ten miles from San Martin. It ain't but about twenty miles from us right now. They got a priest there. Maybe tomorrow, maybe the next day, maybe when we hit Crowley, I'm goin' to come to you. Likely I won't give you any warnin'. I may come up with a spare horse saddled, and I may just say 'Get on behind.' Whichever way it is, will you be ready?"

"Of course."

Their language was simple, without love talk, but the questions and answers carried the pure distillation of love. No years of Indian training could quite master that moment. Jack put his hand on her shoulder, turning her, and they kissed.

Hurries to War pressed his face to the ground for a moment as he mastered the quake of laughter in his stomach. Never had he dreamed of anything on the warpath as diverting as watching these two Americans making love. He lay revelling in it for a moment, then he turned his head cautiously to look at Black Horses. They made even the least motion with supreme care, because that scout had watchful eyes—but now his eyes were blinded. Black Horses' eyes were shining with amusement. He made a scooping gesture.

Hurries to War thought hard. It was a chance to do something that would be talked of from camp to camp. They could kill the man and capture the woman; an American woman slave would be a distinguished novelty. But the force of the old man's plan held him back. There might be noise, a cry, putting the whole camp on guard, and then he would have lost face entirely. He signaled "No," with his hand, "wait."

If they went on kissing, this might be the opportunity Circling Warrior was waiting for, the thing for which they were all on watch. He lay perfectly still and completely alert. A small part of his mind slackened to remember rare moments he had been able to steal alone with Cedar Girl, but his sympathy for these two was lessened by his contempt for a man who made love on guard.

Colonel Hoyt came back from a talk with Bighorn, the horse trader. It was almost time for the change of watches. Seeing that Susannah was not by his fire, he looked around. There was no sign of her at any of the fires. Taking up his rifle he went directly to Beaver Jack's post.

Jack heard his heavy tread as soon as he left the wagons, and let go of Susannah. There was nothing to do but wait for him; useless for her to run off.

Susannah whispered, "Keep your temper, darling."

"I'll try."

Colonel Hoyt's anger was mingled with a profound sense of satisfaction. In brief, direct words he pointed out to the Mountain Man that his conduct was unworthy, that he had risked the safety of them all to carry on an illicit flirtation, and that in the army he would be shot for it. He called himself a scout, but he showed himself no more trustworthy than a drunken farmhand. He must see that, of course, after this his presence would be unwelcome to the whole train. Tomorrow they would pass near San Martin; he trusted he would take that opportunity to relieve them all of his company.

Jack took it quietly, save that he jerked slightly at the remark about the farmhand. Susannah uttered a faint "Uncle George" at his last words. The strain of the journey had been long endured; once started, Colonel Hoyt found it hard to stop.

"Of course I know," he said, "that many of your habits were formed among the savage Indians. But you need not expect me to tolerate an attempt to apply their loose, coarse methods of courtship to my ward."

He checked himself, somewhat startled. At least he had managed to avoid the word "seduction," but when Beaver Jack stood up, he was fully expecting violence.

"That's enough, Colonel. That's a-plenty and then some. You won't have to worry about my company. I'm leavin' for San Martin as soon as my turn on watch is over."

"For the camp's safety, your turn on watch is over now; I'll take this post myself. However, I will not send any man alone through Indian country. You may remain with the train until we pass close to San Martin."

"You ain't sendin' me. I'm goin' and that's that." He turned sharply and left them.

Colonel Hoyt said, "Susannah, go to our wagon and wait for me there. I must ask you not to speak to that fellow. The watch will be changed shortly, then I want to have a talk with you."

She said "Yes, Uncle George," more meekly than he had expected, and walked to the wagons.

Hurries to War and Black Horses had watched with relish. This was how white men kept a lookout! Now the chief of the wagon train was alone, and his manner of watching was to stand up, and from time to time pace about. Hurries to War touched his comrade's shoulder, made a quick gesture, and wriggled away among the shadows, to where Circling Warrior lay waiting.

Beaver Jack had saddled up and was just finishing tying his pack when Susannah came to him.

"You can't go tonight, Jack," she said urgently, "it's too dangerous."

"Don't you worry, it ain't dangerous. Barrin' there's a war party followin' us, and that sure seems unlikely, it's the safest thing I can do. By ordinary, Injuns sleep at night like we do, and I'll be in San Martin easily by sunup."

"Then if it's so safe, take me with you."

This was a different voice, a different Susannah. He looked at her a long time. "Do you mean that, darlin'?"

"Certainly."

"Is your saddle heavy?"

"No."

"Get it and meet me outside Preston's wagon."

He tied his animals to Preston's wagon wheel, then he got his other two from where they were picketed. Susannah came quietly through the darkness. Her breathing was excited. For a moment they stopped to kiss.

He said, "You sure, darlin'?"

"I'm sure."

"All right." He threw her saddle on the black. "This horse's mouth is a little hard, but he's gentle," he whispered, "and he's got a good trot."

He tied the cinch. Down the canyon ahead of them, not far, a coyote howled, paused, howled again. Behind them an owl hooted. Jack froze.

"I don't like that," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"I ain't just sartain that was a coyote. Not an owl. Wait a minute. If it's all right, we'll start."

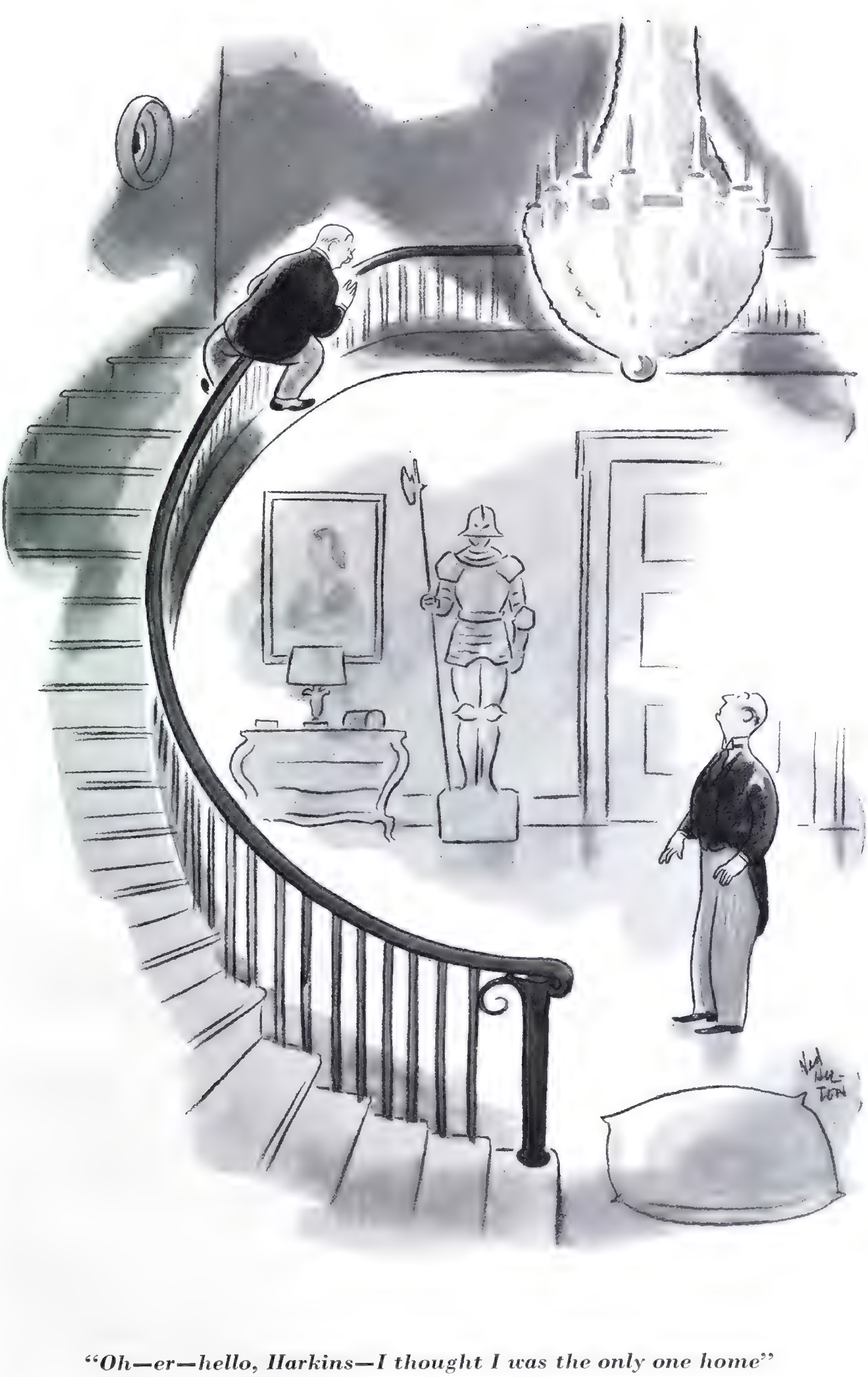
They listened, hand in hand.

Colonel Hoyt stared at the shadows around him. Save for the camp at his back, the canyon seemed utterly empty. He should not have been so intemperate in his language. The strain he had been under must have been heavier than he had realized. At least, they were rid of that young fool. Forever, he hoped. He also hoped nothing would happen to him between here and San Martin, for that would make an ugly story. He thought of going to the wagons and urging him to wait a day, then put it aside. A Mountain Man, a scout—he presumably knew what he was doing.

He stood awhile, then resumed pacing, remembering his brief militia service. There had been something deeply satisfactory to him in the precision of the military way. He established a beat, from a rock, between two chamisa bushes, to a yucca, and back, setting his feet down with a little extra crunch as if by that tread he endowed himself with a uniform. He carried his rifle at the trail. Somewhere on the other side of camp a coyote howled. He hoped it would not continue; those animals could keep one awake all night. Then from fairly nearby an owl hooted. It gave the night a quality of mystery.

He passed between the chamisa bushes again. A hand seized his right wrist and his gun was snatched away, a hand went over his mouth, his throat was caught, his left hand, his legs. He was flat on the ground and helpless, with the feel of bodies pressing against him, before the full shock of fear and the leaden, helpless realiza-

Continued on page 102



"Oh—er—hello, Harkins—I thought I was the only one home"

Old Men's Plans

Continued from pages 67-100

tion of it caught up with him.

José Gonzales woke when Preston shook his shoulder. "Que hay?"

"Wake up. Our turn to stand watch." José sat up and yawned.

"Listen, things are happening. El Coronel and Santiago had a row, the Coronel's out there on watch now, Santiago has saddled up and the Señorita is out there with him. *She took her saddle.*"

"Por Dios! They're running off, then?"

"To San Martin, I guess. Listen, amigo: they need a little time to get away, and the Coronel's out there until you relieve him, entiende?"

"How not?"

They grinned at each other, two black-bearded men, one with blue eyes, one with brown.

José yawned again. "I go to watch his watching."

He took his gun and sauntered quietly past the wagons to where he could see his employer. El Coronel seemed to be playing soldier. It was amusing, it was also foolish. Now he was marching between two bushes. The bushes seemed to shift; in the darkness it looked as if the sentry became several people. There was a rustle and a thump, and he was gone. José dropped flat to the ground and wriggled a few paces forward. He lay silent, rifle ready.

Circling Warrior looked close to make sure. It was the American chief, one could hardly mistake him. He had made his plan of attack swiftly, with fine detail. Each of his young men knew what to do, the three with guns were waiting now on the other side of the camp. He felt the flutter of the war-whoop in his belly, the moment of release about to come. They could not keep a prisoner now; they could spare no one to guard him, and there must be no risk of an alarm. He signaled to Heavy Man. Heavy Man drove the spear home, the American chief jerked and lay still.

He thought of Grey Man's daughter, he was full of the foretaste of multiple triumph. He stood up cautiously, risking the silhouette of his head against the sky to make sure that the camp was quiet. There was not time enough for his consciousness to take in the flash of a rifle, the crack; oblivion smashed into his skull instantly, and his wise skill, his plans, his leadership were ended.

José ran for the wagons shouting, "Los Apaches, los Apaches!" Two arrows came after him.

Jack said, "Inside, quick." He and Susannah dragged their horses in past Preston's wagon. The men were turning out, picking up their rifles. José came up to him, reloading as he talked. Bighorn joined them, and then Preston ran in from the other post.

José said, "They have captured el Coronel. I think I shot one of them. They are right out there."

Susannah asked, "What does he say?"

"Looks like an attack." He'd tell her about her guardian later. There was no time to lose. "You three," he said in a tone of certainty yet free of the quality of ordering, "you better saddle up. One of you take my horse here. Stand by on this side in case they go after the horses. Maybe you better help Johnny bring 'em in."

They nodded agreement and went into action. Jack knew that if Bighorn and Preston accepted his command, the rest would. He looked out to the east, nothing to be seen there. He circled the camp, making sure that everyone was ready and well placed, and telling them to bury their fires with dirt. He would have to tell Susannah. He dreaded that.

They dragged Circling Warrior's body back about a hundred yards, and there lay quiet in a group. Hurries to War knew that this was his chance; if he could seize this moment he would be war-leader from then on. As he lay with his head close to the ground, he heard the horses milling in the setback under the cliffs. He saw just how to go after them; this was an old, familiar skill, needing but little planning. He spoke in a low voice, quickly. The Indians spread out.

Johnny, the one herder, had been startled out of a doze by the shot and José's shouts. First he did nothing, then he rode at the caballada too hard, so that the animals opened up instead of bunching and he was scared. He looked towards camp. Against the low fires, he saw three men saddling up. Then an owl hooted, a lot of yelling and shooting started on the far side of camp, and the men by the horses stood still. He rode the harder, urging the herd in. The animals developed a sudden will of their own, they swung in a bunch together, the wrong way, and then in the darkness he saw a rider on one of the horses, then another, a dozen of them. *Oh God,* he thought, raised his rifle, and fired blindly.

Three mounted men came out on the run. The caballada was full of yelling Indians. Where the white men reached it, it split; half of it they held back, the rest stampeded down the canyon.

Jack and the other leading men agreed they dared not go after the horses in the dark. There was too much chance of an attack on the camp next. They brought the rest of the animals close into camp, and kept alert.

The night became oppressively quiet. After a time he took five men out to the chamisa bush, and recovered the Colonel's body. Save for a very brief word with Susannah when the tension was highest, he had not spoken to her. The very fact that he was not truly sorry for the old man's death made him feel guiltier. When the body was laid beside the wagon with a canvas drawn over it, he remained behind to face her.

She said, "Poor Uncle George. You know, he never could bear to have anyone know more than he did. As much as anything, he wanted to show me that he knew how to run a wagon train, and he didn't at all. He wasn't an Indian fighter." She put her hand on his arm. "It's my fault, Jack."

"Don't say that, darlin'. It's just as much my fault. If I hadn't 'a come along, he'd be all right now. It was me."

"If you hadn't come along, the Indians might have got all of us by now."

That was unreasonable. Intuitively he recognized in it the partisanship of a woman who loves, and did not deny her.

"Everything's different out here," she said. "If something like this had happened at home, I don't know what I'd have done. Out here, you accept things you never dreamed of. It's so strange. The Indians have killed him. It's something that happens, that's all, something that can happen to anyone."

He felt tremendous happiness, not only because everything was still clear between them, but because in what she said he could see a woman who belonged in this country, a frontier woman, a Mountain Man's wife.

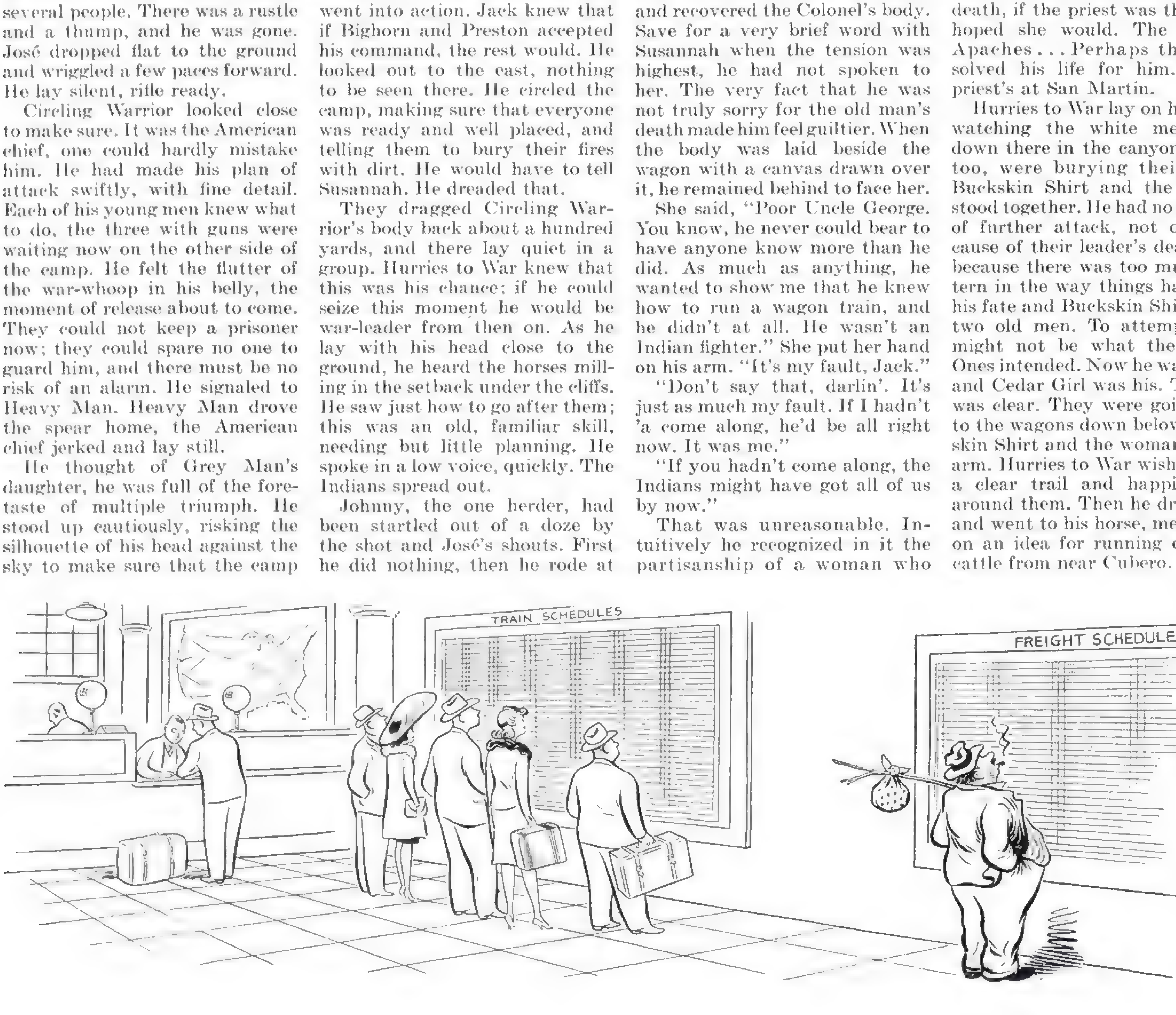
When it was light, he rode with six men after the stolen animals. About a mile down the canyon they found where they had been held for awhile, then driven up the cliff by a trail he would have hesitated to ride in broad daylight.

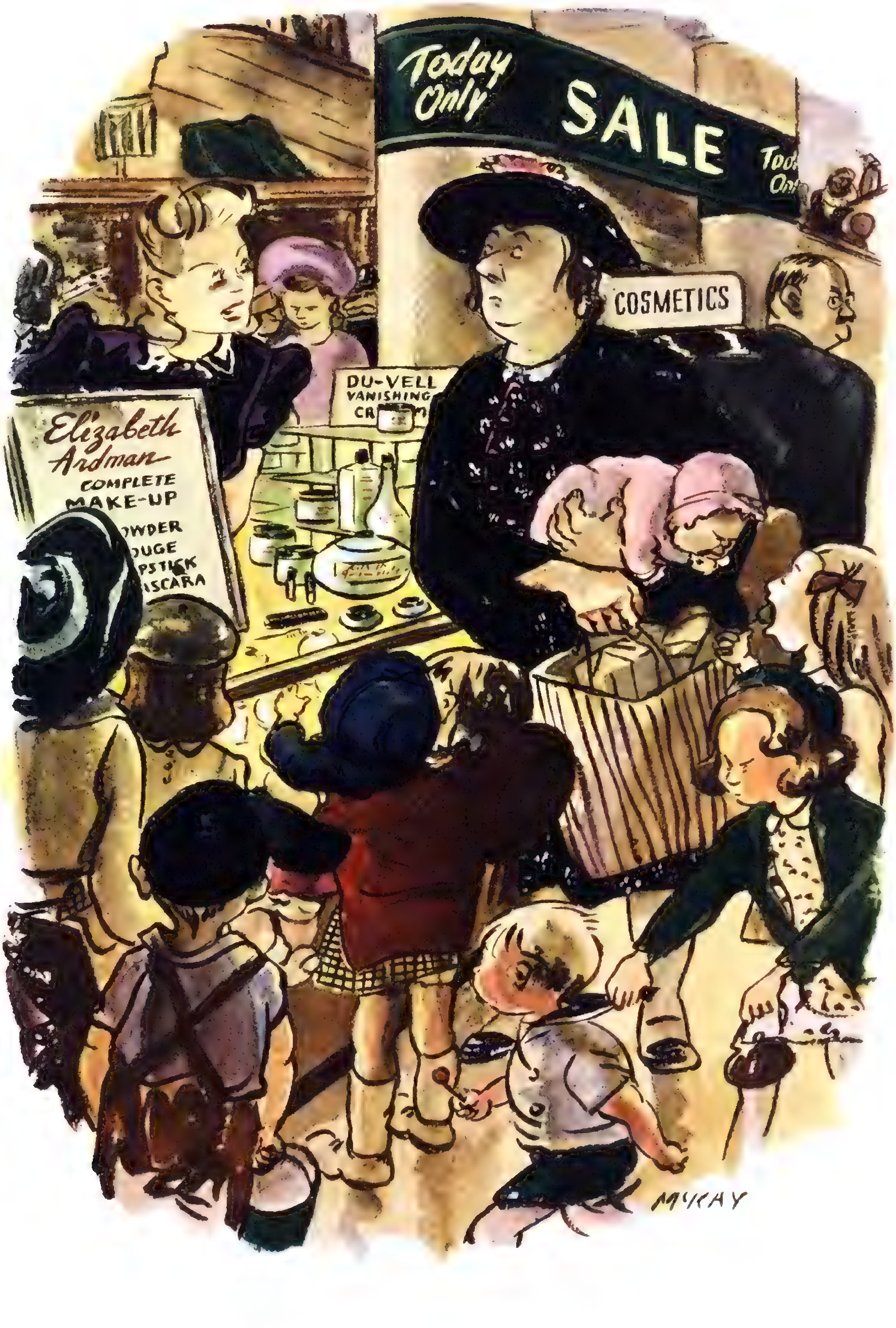
"They've lit for home," he said.

Bighorn agreed and cursed. "Got two o' my stallions."

As they rode back, the men agreed to go by San Martin and pick up a few mules if they could. They were short on spares now. Jack wondered if she would marry him right after the Colonel's death, if the priest was there. He hoped she would. The Navajo Apaches . . . Perhaps they had solved his life for him. If the priest's at San Martin.

Hurries to War lay on his belly, watching the white men, tiny down there in the canyon. They, too, were burying their chief. Buckskin Shirt and the woman stood together. He had no thought of further attack, not only because of their leader's death, but because there was too much pattern in the way things had gone, his fate and Buckskin Shirt's, the two old men. To attempt more might not be what the Divine Ones intended. Now he was leader and Cedar Girl was his. The way was clear. They were going back to the wagons down below, Buckskin Shirt and the woman arm in arm. Hurries to War wished them a clear trail and happiness all around them. Then he drew back and went to his horse, meditating on an idea for running off some cattle from near Cubero. ###

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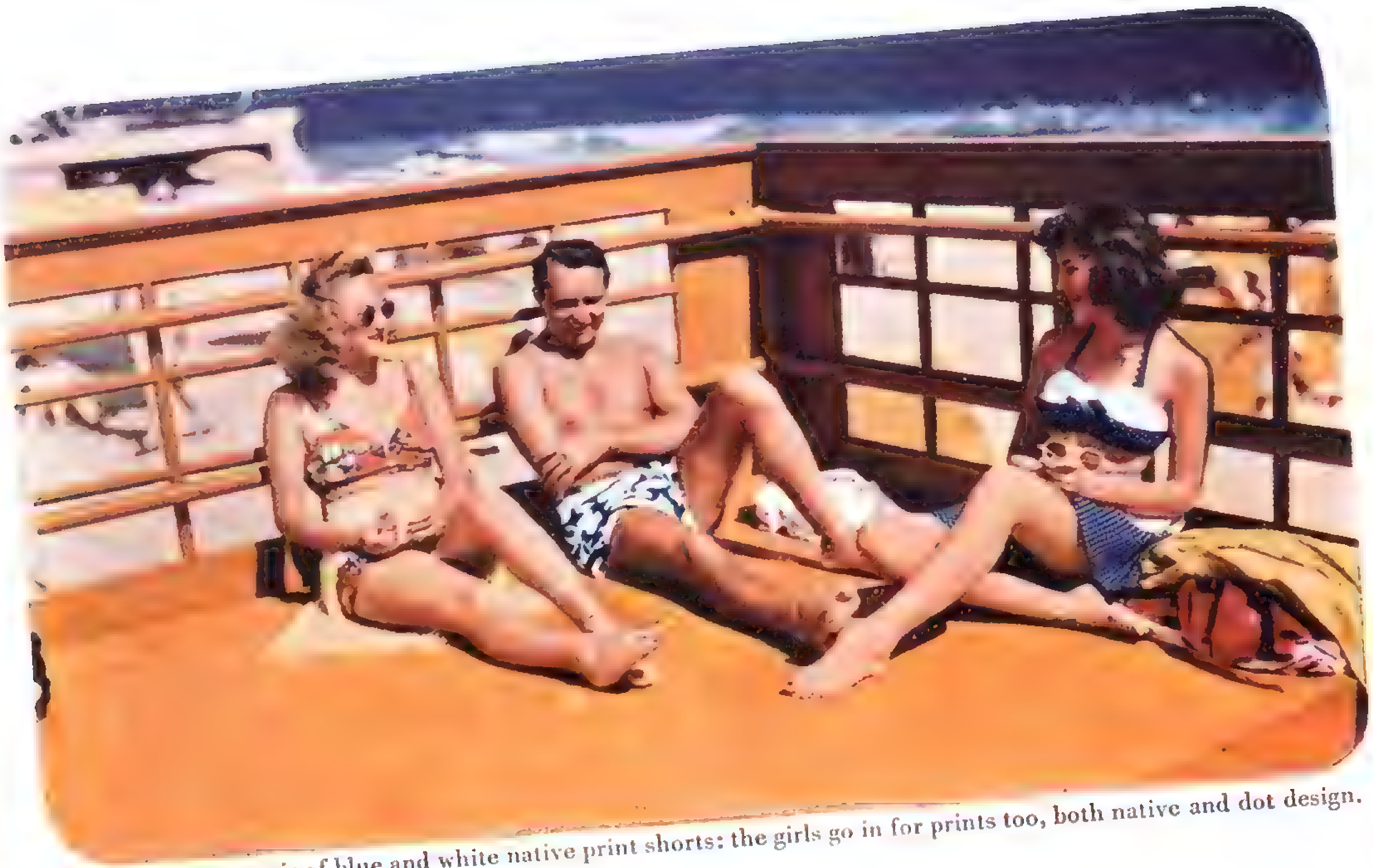
MCKAY

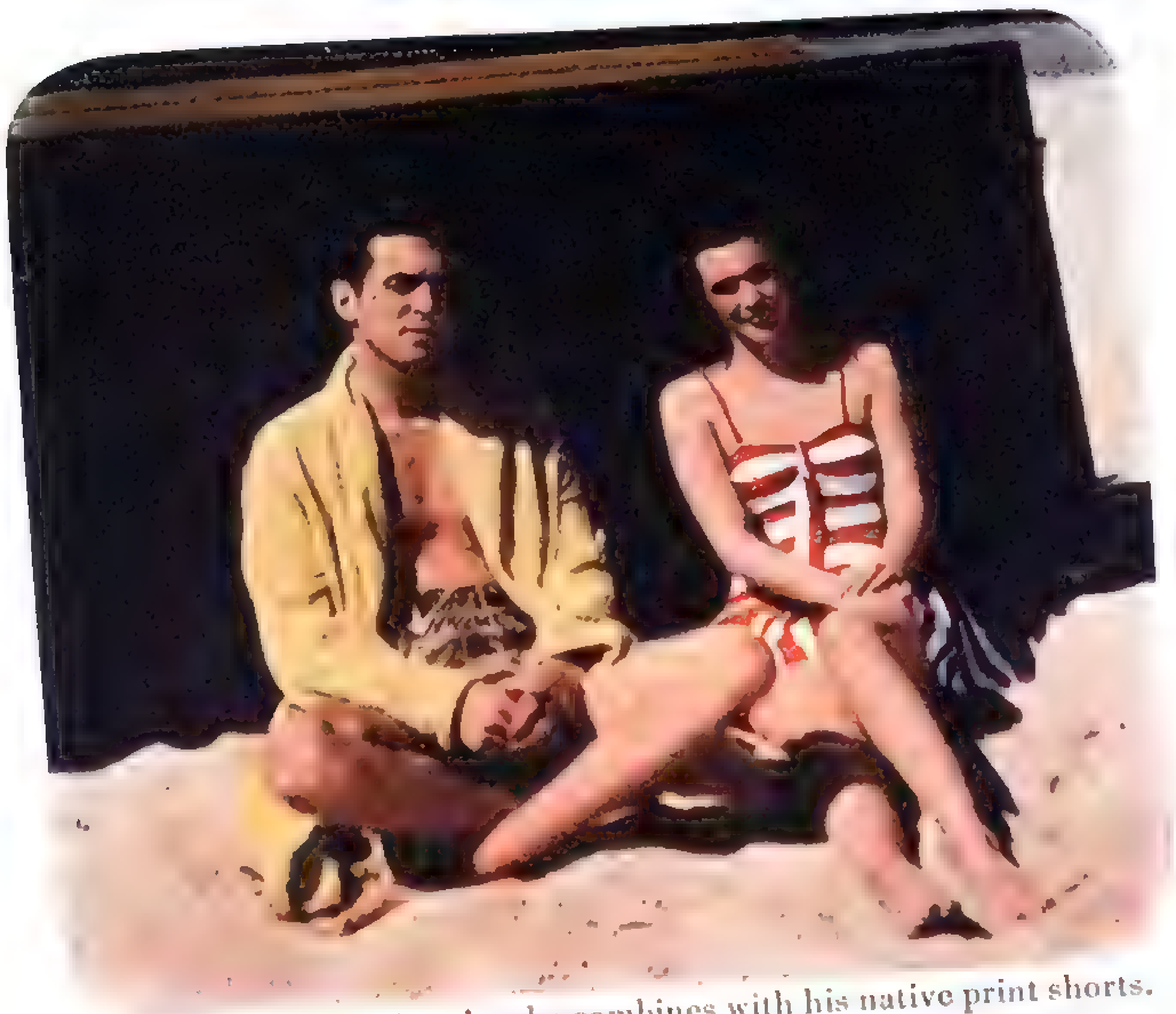
"Madam, has your husband been noticing you lately?"



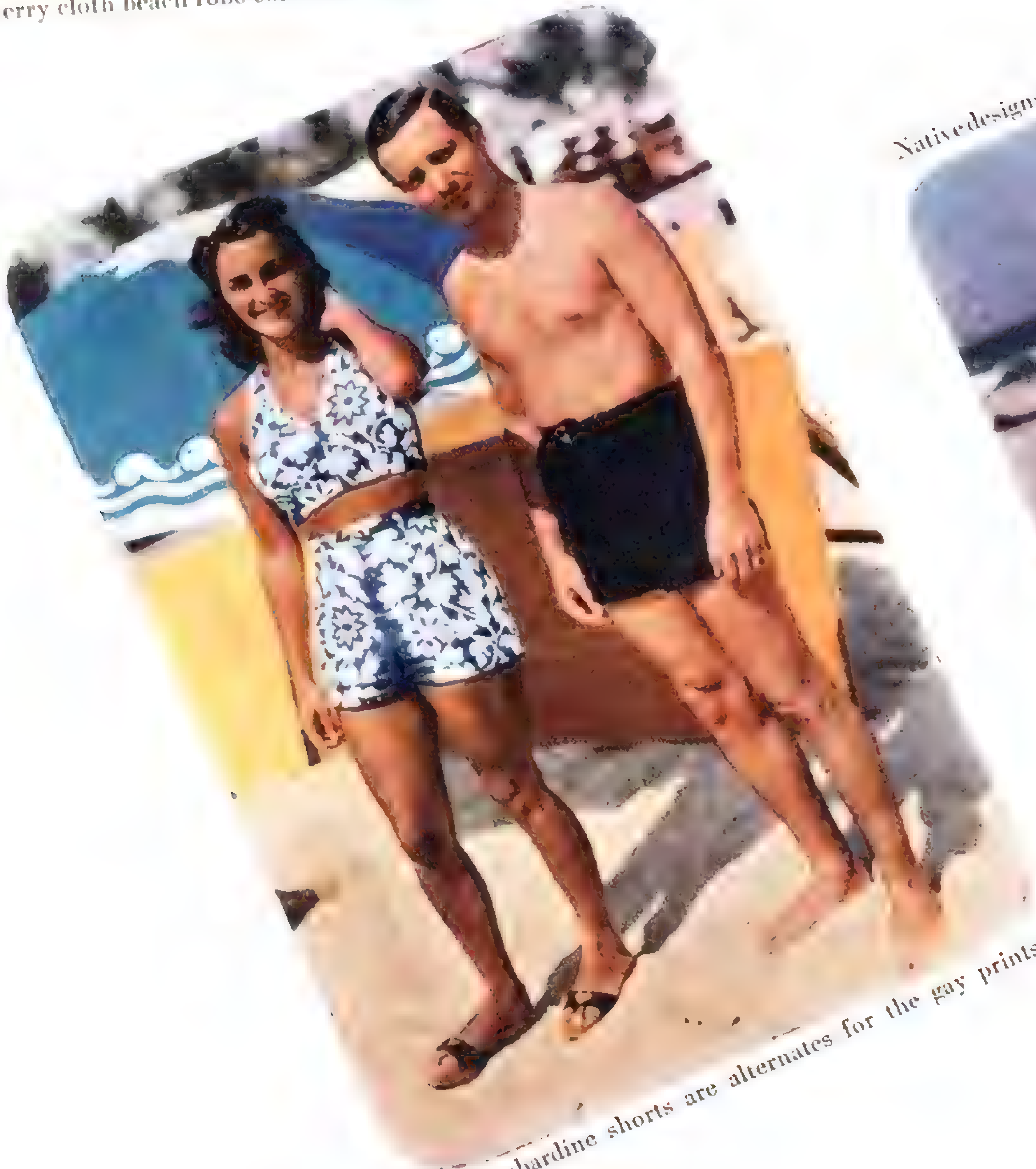
The man wears a pair of blue and white native print shorts: the girls go in for prints too, both native and dot design.

water colors

Beachwear, as worn at Nassau and Palm Beach, is getting gayer in color and design. The trend toward striking chromatic effects is signified by the wider acceptance of native prints. These kodachromes illustrate types approved at fashionable beaches and pools at principal centers.

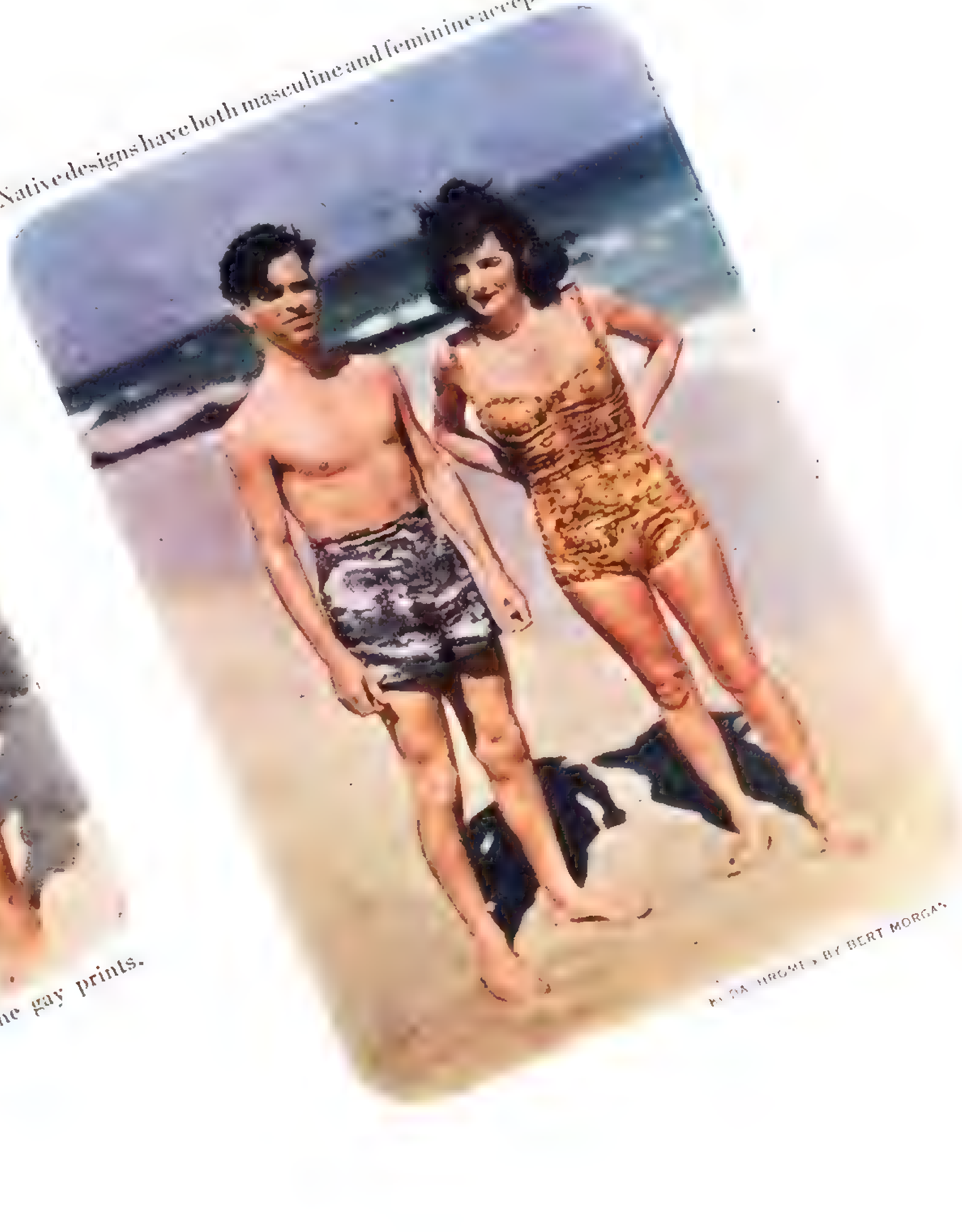


The tan terry cloth beach robe combines with his native print shorts.

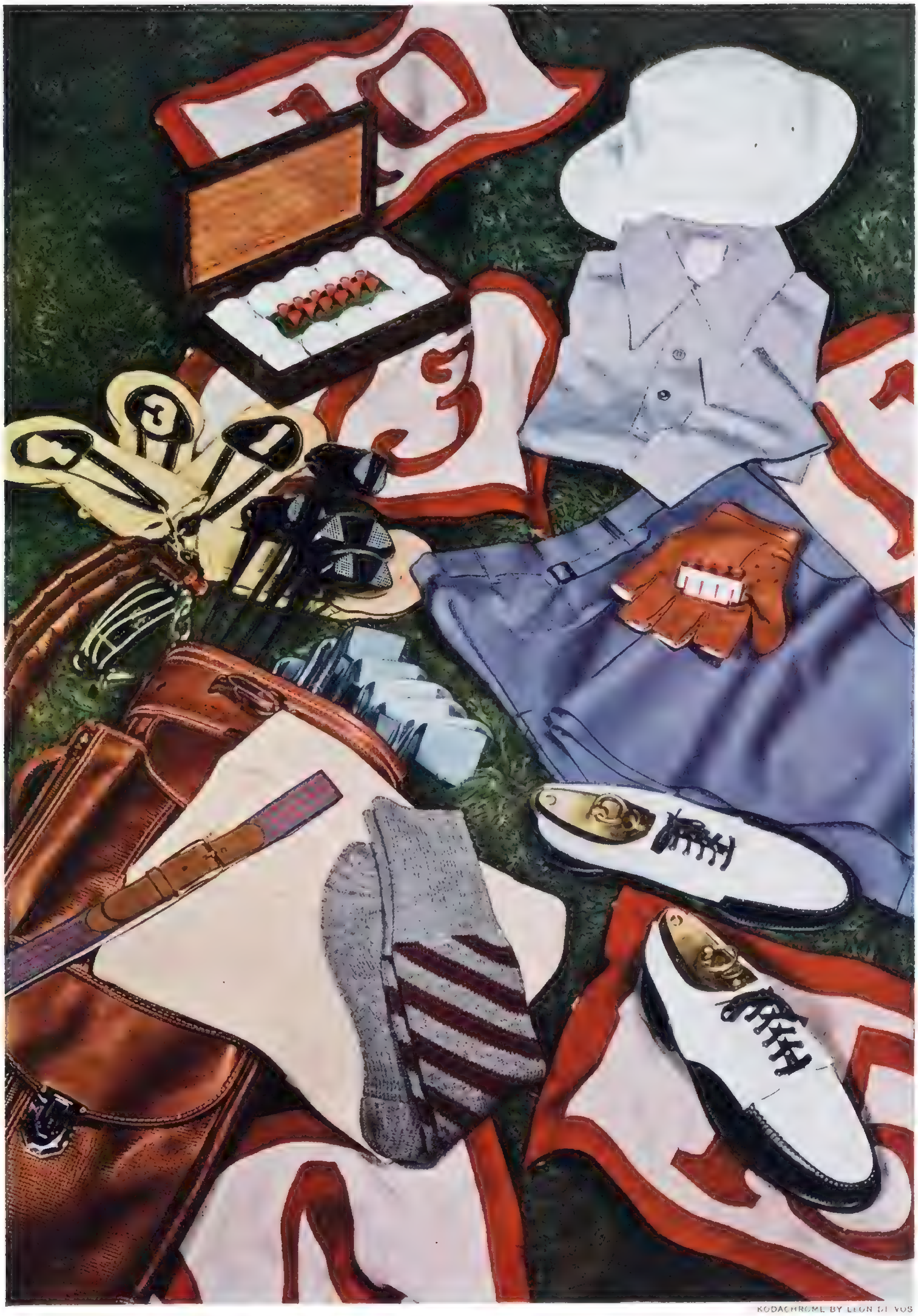


Blue gabardine shorts are alternates for the gay prints.

Native designs have both masculine and feminine acceptance.



KODACHROMES BY BERT MORGAN

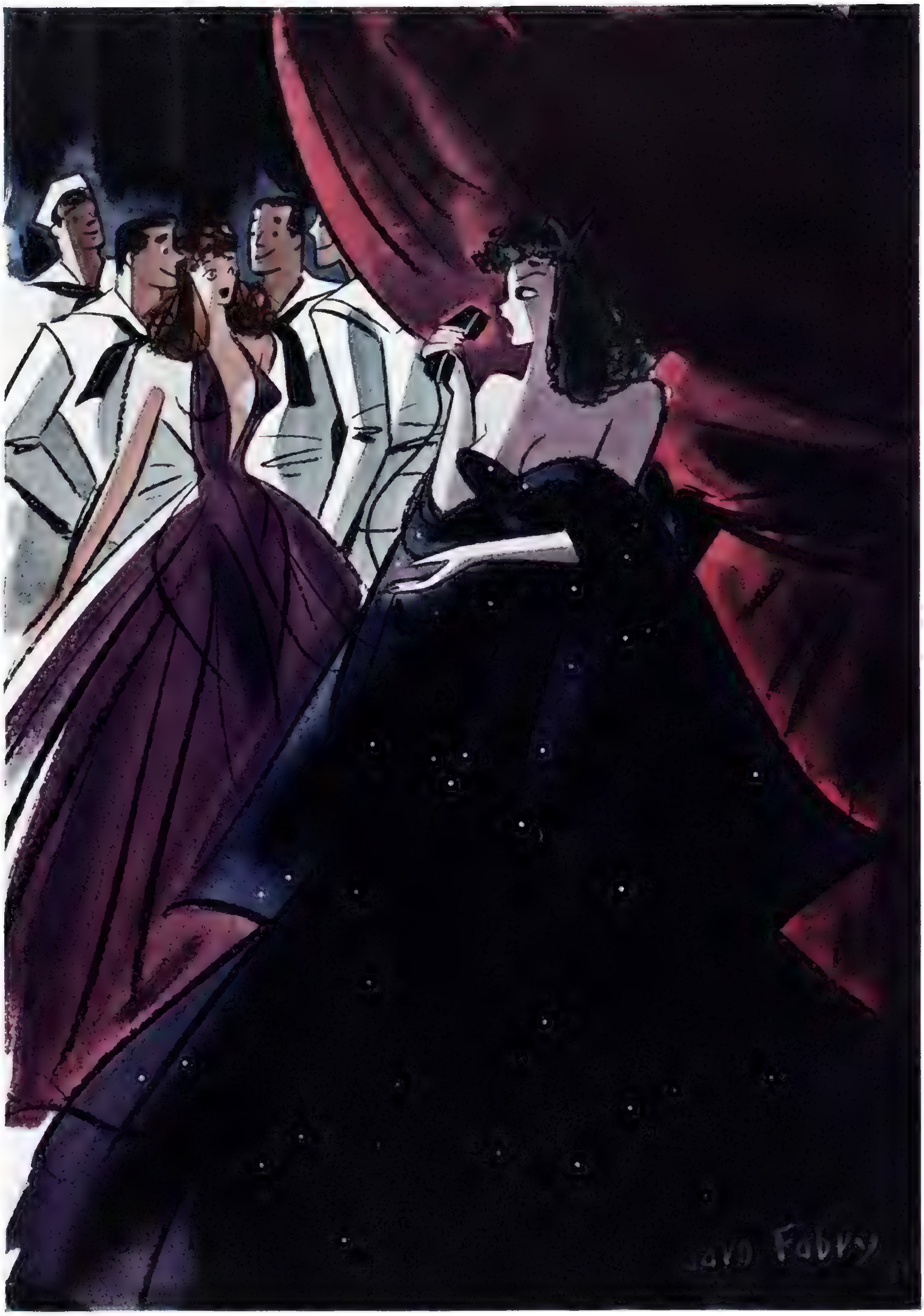


KODACHROME BY LEON DE VOS

par for the clothes course

The pros are paid to eliminate the hooks and slices from your drives and iron shots. Therefore, we won't invade the fairways of the experts. Instead, we'll stay on our own clothes course, and attempt to keep you out of any mental traps that might be caused by improper golf apparel and accessories. The color-camera shot above is a neat approach to the problem. So from top to bottom: The cotton hat not only shades the eyes, but goes well with most outfits. And the grey knitted wool shirt has long sleeves to protect the arms against the sun's rays. The blue gabardine slacks are cool and keep their shape. A contrasting color note is injected by the Sandune sleeveless pullover. The red and grey of the stripes in the ribbon belt are repeated in the diagonal stripes of the wool socks. Spiked soles of the two-toned moccasin shoes insure firm footing. The leather mitts for the woods are attached by elastic cords. Also pictured are matched irons, golf balls and tees, golf gloves.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



"The Secretary of the Navy is raising Cain—says you're holding up the U. S. S. Texas, Lexington and Missouri"

Stella: Art's Poetic Gladiator

Continued from page 92

ment to reach him. He has a kind of bland unconsciousness of the world in which he lives and is completely incurious about the work of his contemporaries, with almost none of whom does he seem to maintain contact. Between public exhibitions of his own work he vanishes from the view of the art world, emerging from his private, insulated universe only when he has pictures to hang. He is either ignorant of those occasions which bring artists together in joint enterprises or in social life or is indifferent through vanity or the fear of having his work challenged by current standards.

How can an artist working in 1941 explain to this generation of unbelievers why he paints saints, madonnas and virgins? After all these years in the new world, Stella appears to be fully at ease only among those who are themselves immigrants. Were you to meet him for the first time outside a studio you would not be unjustified in mistaking him for a prosperous merchant in the Italian quarter whose ways of dress, as of speech, were old-fashioned, not to say anachronistic. He cannot be other than himself, and it has been the same self for generations now, and it must have become troublesome to try to fight down that blank stare of impolite indifference which a big man of the past sees in the faces of the young when he tries to explain what a big man he used to be. The young inevitably will say "So what?" and "Oh, a has-been, hey?" and refuse to make the slightest effort to cross the bridge into the world of Joseph Stella.

He has had an eventful and happy life filled with much more success and acclaim than comes to the average artist. If he were soon to pass away and we had in lieu of a biography only a list of the museums in which his paintings are included we would know that he had been counted among the established painters of the recent past. In accordance with the temperament of his people, he has lived with relish and vehemence, greedily savoring pleasures others than those of art and success. Guy Pène du Bois, in his recently published book, *Artists Say the Silliest Things*, tells of Stella consuming three meals in rapid succession at the hospitable board of Robert W. Chanler. Stella's generous girth suggests indulgence in proteins, fats and carbohydrates. He has no less a genuine love of poetry which he has read in French, Italian and English, including translations into these languages of the poetry of China and Persia. He has written for the Italian press on the art of the Renaissance. Moving toward his sixty-second year he is trying to learn Spanish against the probability that he may visit Central and South America. But his curiosities remain within grooves established in his youth.

I suspect that the artist is possessive, that he loves to accumulate indiscriminately objects, many of them valueless, and hold on to them long after the original stimulus that justified acquisition has passed away. In his small one-room studio there is hardly elbow room against the clutter of things, among them gaily-colored lengths of silks and satins the look and feel of which, he testifies, stimulate his imagination. Scattered about, on mantels, shelves and tables, or hanging from the walls are mannikins, dolls, plaster, wood and alabaster ornaments, porcelains, small sculptures, fragments of all kinds, dried plants and flowers, a helter-skelter of things defying rapid cataloguing that have participated in a still-life composition, or may do so. He has vases of no value or merit, polychrome statuettes, bas reliefs, Pompeiian fragments, African wood sculptures, Chinese carvings, French and Persian plates, stuffed birds, trophies from the flea markets of every place he has visited. He seems to have a weakness for folk art such as planlessly adorns the mantel pieces of the poor and may be found in the cheapest of antique shops, such objects as people put into the dust bin at regular intervals, to make room for better purchases.

Although the purpose of these things is to excite the artist's chromatic faculties, as he himself puts it, it would seem to this writer that the artist could obtain a more living stimulus by opening the window onto the teeming life of the street which his room overlooks. Stella possesses also a beautiful collection of color reproductions of the Italian masters from which, I should imagine, he ought to be able to obtain a profounder inspiration, than is in the gift of his knickknacks. In the light of his really superb gallery of masterpieces (even if in reproduction) it is disconcerting to realize these old pictures are powerless to give him the measure by which he might judge, and dismiss, his more violent and tasteless daubs.

You might consider Stella not only as an art biography but also as an individual expression of the Latin temperament, in his paintings, writings, ways of speech, motivation and conduct. Had the impulsiveness and violence of that temperament been taken into account he would have been less harshly judged for his part in a generally regrettable incident that occurred in Paris in 1930, an incident of which he still carries the scars on his forehead.

He had left for Paris two years before. His gallery successes in New York had been phenomenal. He had sold pictures in rapid succession for excellent prices. He had received hundreds of dollars for small easel pictures and his larger compositions went for prices ranging to $15,000. Five thousand dollars was not an extraordinary sum for a medium-size painting. He was sensible enough to put aside a portion of those earnings for the lean years which might, and did, come.

Like Alexander, Stella was looking around for new worlds to conquer. There was more cream to be skimmed off the American art market but his dealer suggested that Stella go abroad and come back with a European reputation, if possible. He suggested Paris. A Parisian reputation would help raise the ante on Stella canvases. The artist arrived in Paris when studios were not to be had. After hanging around for some time the artist decided to visit Italy, going to Naples, within easy distance of his birthplace, Muro Locano, which gave a hearty welcome to its conquering son. He spent most of his Italian time in Naples, however, painting, and after six months the Mayor arranged an exhibition which the artist, with pardonable paternal fondness, describes as a furore and significant, not to say a sensation and a revelation.

In the Spring of 1930 he returned to Paris, finding a studio in the Rue Boissonade, from which he organized his campaign for Parisian celebrity. There was a show at the Galerie Sloden. It was a sensation. The size and quality of the crowds at the opening made it seem like an opera première. There was high praise, satisfactory sales. Another one-man show followed, at another gallery, this time on the left bank. He was represented in group shows at the Salon des Tuileries and elsewhere. An allegedly important critic wrote a catalogue foreword about his art.

By his own representation, the American art colony was in a turmoil over Stella. There were articles in the papers, talk in the cafés, anger and envy against Stella's monopoly of critical attention. The Italians in Paris refused to accept him as an Italian artist, the French regarded him as an American, which made it unnecessary for them to consider him seriously as an artist, and among the Americans a sharp difference of opinion seems to have arisen. Even among those who held that Stella's art was not American there were several whose right to that classification was tenuous and who should have thought twice before raising the flag on an art issue. It was a situation in which wagging tongues could make mischief, especially with a man so naïvely self-centered as Stella to work upon. A group exhibition of American painters in Paris was organized; Stella was among those not invited. He pretends today that he was indifferent to this exclusion; the probability is that he was not. Roused from his studio one day by the bearer of a report to the effect that this and this had been said against him, he marched to the Café du Dôme. On the sidewalk entrance he met the organizer of the exhibition to which he had not been invited. With typical vehemence he held him by the lapel and put the question.

Before a satisfactory explanation could be formulated, two things happened. (1.) There approached a peacemaker who tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. Him Stella annoyedly ignored. (2.) There approached from the rear with an iron bar of the kind used to fix tables to their places one of the café's functionaries. Erroneously concluding from Stella's violence of voice and manner that he planned nothing less than murder, he gave him a whack with the rod over the skull, breaking the skin and sending a gush of blood into his eyes and face. Stella was rushed to a nearby pharmacy at which, while waiting for emergency treatment, and with blood all over him, there appeared the peacemaker. Enraged by his hurt and by the irony in the peacemaker's approach to him, the injured one, Stella lifted his cane and gave Mr. Peacemaker a taste of it which temporarily put him out of commission. Ten stitches were taken in Stella's forehead before he was up and about again, since when he has had many occasions to regret his impetuosity with the cane, for this account, which I have taken from his recollection of the event, has been twisted into forms which represent him as a violent and wanton man who goes around caning innocent people at the drop of an eyelash.

He remained in Paris until 1934, when he returned to attend a New York show of his paintings, but by this time the art market was deep in depression and not until 1941 did New York see another Stella exhibition. Between these dates he showed at the Newark Museum, which purchased his famous five panels summarizing aspects of New York, and also in Paris, at which time a Stella was purchased for the *Jeu de Paume* collection. Early in 1937 he visited Barbados. As an example of his literary style I close with this quotation from a prose dithyramb he has written on the place:

> "Unheralded, the enchantment of its beauty dazzles as the golden vehemence of the unexpected rising of a NEW SUN. The intense chromatic wealth—joyous high notes of pure vermilion soaring upon vast dramatic orchestration of luscious deep green is the proper ornament for the imposing temples elevated by the columns of the majestic trees darting from the sculpturesque coralline pedestal.
>
> "And periodically—as a climax to this everlasting celebration of The Joy of Living—gorgeous rainbows unfold all the glory of celestial hues, unsealed from Paradise, to clasp in divine unity the terse blue and the vivid emerald resplendent from sky and sea."

The man who can express himself like this in one medium cannot be expected to be soberly restrained in any other. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 86

A. Dana, Editor of the *New York Sun*, hated both Godkin, the *New York Evening Post* Editor, and the group he represented. I may have mentioned this elsewhere, but I shall never forget the right and left shot he made when Godkin opposed President Cleveland's policy on Venezuela. "The *New York Evening Post* which differed from Cleveland on the only occasion when he happened to be right," etc.

Bangs's best claim to be remembered in the history of American literature is his novel, *A House-Boat on the Styx*, which will have readers for a long while to come.

I remember his writing (or speaking) of meeting on the smoking car of a train a little group of men whose language was worse than anything he had ever heard. They were telling stories that, as Dostoevski used to say, would have brought a blush to the cheek of a drunken sailor. They were indescribably filthy, beyond the limits of ordinary smut. Finally Bangs could not stand it; he went into the other car, where there was a woman with an unruly or ailing baby. Pretty soon the gang came in. The leader, who had excelled in filth, went to the mother and child and in the tenderest, most considerate manner, took up the baby, quieted it with caresses, and exerted an overwhelming charm on both mother and child, whom evidently he did not know.

The last time I saw Bangs was when he came to speak at the Yale undergraduate dinner of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, of which the author of this book was one of the editors. He gave us his famous and very diverting lecture, *Salubrities and Celebrities*. The date was the seventh of May, Browning's birthday, and as I was toastmaster, I closed the evening by saying that Browning in his last published poem in *Asolando* had particularly requested his friends, that after his death they should never think of him with pity, as one who had left the earth he loved so well, but rather think of him as one who was on a marvelous and wonderful journey in a strange country; as Browning expressed it in what I call the most optimistic line in English literature

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

I rose and explained Browning's request, and suggested that we all give a tremendous cheer for Robert Browning and that possibly, for all we knew, he might hear it. The undergraduates stood up and gave a "long cheer" for Browning! This made a profound impression on Bangs. I had thought he might be amused. Quite otherwise. I have never seen a visitor at a college banquet so deeply stirred.

On one occasion Bangs collaborated with others on an operatic version of *The School for Scandal*, with Lillian Russell as star. This made a sensation; and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish had the second act performed at her home. Whenever I think of the many great artists who gave performances at that hospitable center of fashionable life, I always remember what Marie Dressler said in her autobiography. As she went upstairs to dress, the glorious glamour of the shining banister made an irresistible appeal. So that when she was dressed for her part, she slid down the banister at tremendous speed, landing in a heap of flummery and feathers directly at the feet of a tall immovable English butler, whose face expressed no emotion. But what he said was, "Very good, Madam; I have often wished to do that myself."

In the year 1899 when Bangs was editor of the weekly magazine, *Literature*, and the question of an American Academy of Arts and Letters was being widely discussed, Bangs sent out this question: What ten of our authors are most worthy to be charter members? The ballots were "few but select," and were as follows in order of preference: Howells, John Fiske, Mark Twain, Aldrich, Stockton, Henry James, Weir Mitchell, Bret Harte, John Burroughs, E. C. Stedman.

Incidents like this in the biography of Bangs show that no matter how important he may be in the history of our literature, *this book is important*. It is filled with allusions to the literary, social, political life of the nineties.

We may laugh at that list of ten if we like, and confidently believe we could make a better in 1941; I think we could; but is it certain that we could select any two of our living writers who are as certain of immortality as two in that list who represent such immensely different gifts, Mark Twain and Henry James? And is it possible that two short stories, *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* will be forgotten?

Compare, however, this list of ten 1899 Americans with ten men writing in England at about the same time—Kipling, Barrie, Shaw, Hardy, Galsworthy, Moore, Wells, Conrad, Chesterton, Bennett, (no order in merit intended). Galsworthy and Chesterton were the only two who had not made a reputation at that time.

Of these ten only two are yet alive—Shaw is over eighty and Wells is over seventy.

Inasmuch as the social prestige of prize-fighting has increased so enormously during the last twenty years, it seems to me that more persons ought to reread Bernard Shaw's great novel with a prize-fighter as a hero, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, published in the eighties. Shaw has always been ahead of his times. I remember with what pleasure I read it years ago, but only long after Shaw had become famous. The book would have attracted more attention had it been published in the twentieth rather than in the nineteenth century. Here is an interesting letter from Stevenson to Archer; the latter had sent Stevenson a copy of this book by an unknown writer, and Stevenson immediately saw in it the light of genius.

(Saranac Lake, *Winter*, 1887-88)

My Dear Archer:—What am I to say? I have read your friend's book with singular relish. If he has written any other, I beg you will let me see it; and if he has not, I beg him to lose no time in supplying the deficiency. It is full of promise; but I should like to know his age. There are things in it that are very clever, to which I attach small importance; it is the shape of the age. And there are passages, particularly the rally in presence of the Zulu king, that show genuine and remarkable narrative talent—a talent that few will have the wit to understand, a talent of strength, spirit, capacity, sufficient vision, and sufficient self-sacrifice, which last is the chief point in a narrator.

As a whole, it is (of course) a fever dream of the most feverish. Over Bashville the footman I howled with derision and delight; I dote on Bashville—I could read of him for ever; *de Bashville je suis le fervent*—there is only one Bashville, and I am his devoted slave; *Bashville est magnifique, mais il n'est guère possible.* He is the note of the book. It is all mad, mad and deliriously delightful; the author has a taste in chivalry like Walter Scott's or Dumas', and then he daubs in little bits of socialism; he soars away on the wings of the romantic griffon—even the griffon, as he cleaves air, shouting with laughter at the nature of the quest—and I believe in his heart he thinks he is labouring in a quarry of solid granite realism.

It is this that makes me—the most hardened adviser now extant—stand back and hold my peace. If Mr. Shaw is below five-and-twenty, let him go his path; if he is thirty, he had best be told that he is a romantic, and pursue romance with his eyes open; or perhaps he knows it; God knows!—my brain is softened.

It is HORRID FUN. All I ask is more of it. Thank you for the pleasure you gave us, and tell me more of the inimitable author.

(I say, Archer, my God, what women!) Yours very truly,

Robert Louis Stevenson

Fanny by Gaslight, by the English writer Michael Sadleir, is a remarkably original novel. If it resembles (without any imitation) the work of any other writer, it reminds one of George Moore in the nineties. This is a novel of the underworld in Victorian days, in the seventies; and although it is a novel, and not a history, it is definitely based on fact. It is to me a terribly tragic story; more tragic even than the author thinks it is. I suppose the underworld so far as sex is concerned, has flourished in all big cities from the earliest times until now. One may learn a great deal about it from this book. The technique in the construction is extraordinary. The story opens and closes in a charming French village inn, such as can hardly be found in any other country. Then the second part of the book is told by a little white-haired old English woman to the novelist; and we get an appalling narrative of what she saw, where she lived, and what she endured in her childhood. This would have appealed to Henry James, though in tragedy it goes beyond *What Maisie Knew*. On page 273 the story is continued by her lover, Harry Somerford, to be resumed again by Fanny on page 391. I have never read a novel quite like this; although a somewhat similar technique was employed in 1939 by P. C. Wren, in *Paper Prison*. This book deals with the immoralities of the underworld; but the author is interested in the mental processes of his characters, not in their animal adventures. And out of all this wreckage and horror rises the character of Fanny, a girl of true nobility of character; loyal, and with her standards instinctively *right*, right like a compass. It is certain that *Fanny* is a highly important and deeply significant novel superbly written with complete mastery of subject and style, and it will be most appreciated by the most intelligent readers. If I were to find any fault with the author, it would be in the very few places where he loses his absolute objectivity. We should all have sympathy for prostitutes, but I do not believe in sentimentalizing them, and I think today in fiction no class of women is more sentimentalized. Furthermore, Victorian respectability was not all hypocrisy; not always narrow-minded and cruel; there were some fine men and women then, as there are today, even among church-members. I can wish too, that the author had not had his fatal duel come off in France; to be sure both duelists were Englishmen; but as a rule, no man's life is safer than when he is a principal in a French duel. Remember how Mark Twain described the French duel where he was a second, and his principal, unhurt, fell on him.

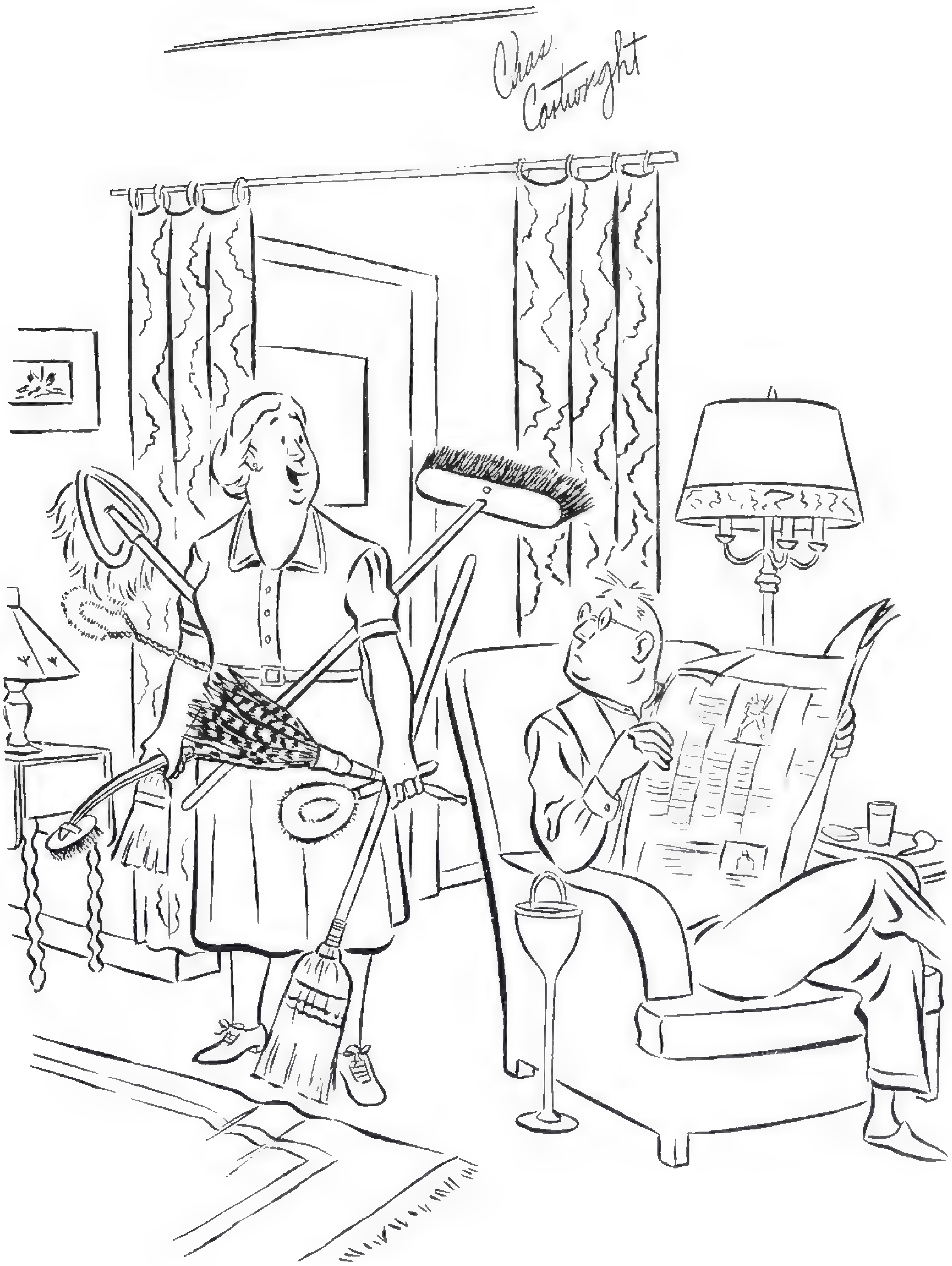
For some reason or another, Mark never loved the French. He never understood their way of looking at things. Many of his most humorous remarks were aimed at them. For example: he said that when Americans see a sign in a Parisian shop-window, HERE ONE SPEAKS ENGLISH, that is absolutely true, "Go right in; you're the one."

I happened to observe in my friend Malcolm Bingay's daily column in the *Detroit Free Press* the quotation of a stanza from Omar Khayyam. This reminded me of a time when we had at Yale an instructor in philosophy, Gervase (Jerry) Green, who was only five feet high, had a superb tenor voice, and was an excellent golfer. He should have been retained on the faculty for he actually made metaphysics interesting, even exciting, to the undergraduates. In every college class there are of course some students who know everything except the lesson. One of these was finishing his exam paper for Jerry, who noticed some lines in verse, the same lines quoted recently by Bingay.

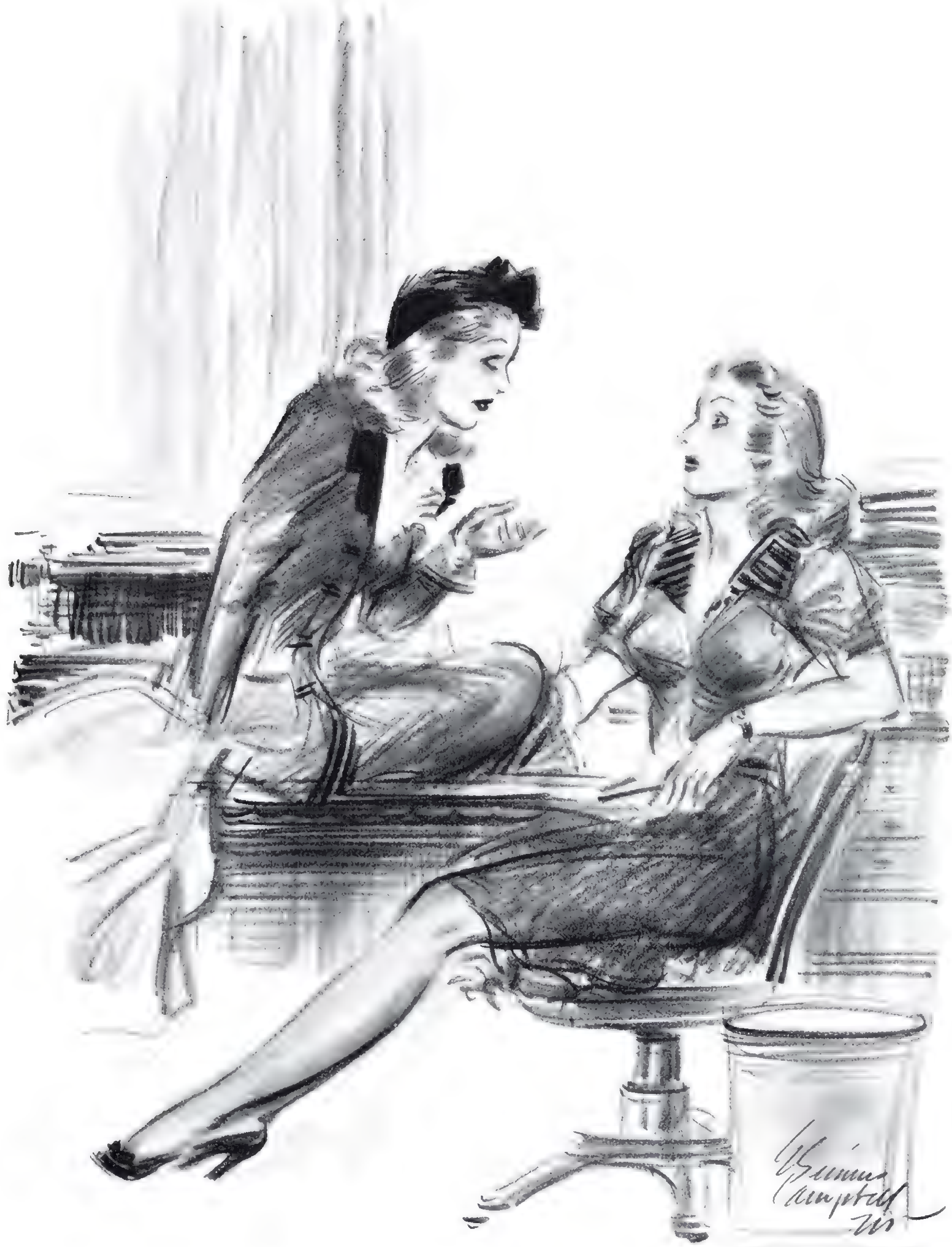
Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

As the student handed in his

Continued on page 111


Chas. Cartwright

"Guess who was just mistaken for Hedy Lamarr"



"When he threw my references in the wastebasket and said, 'Come here, baby,' that was when I suspected he really didn't want a secretary"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 86-108

paper, Jerry said, "Just a moment," and as he read the lines he remarked, "There is another passage in the same poem that fits your case even better." And replying to the inquiry, he said, "I came like water and like wind I go."

Members of the faculty were required in those days to proctor (watch over) exams in other departments than their own, to see there was no cheating. A Freshman in a French exam asked Jerry, "Is this passage at sight?" meaning, was it part of the regular work of the term that had been assigned or was it something entirely new to test the ability to read something hitherto unseen. Jerry asked the boy, "Have you ever seen it before?" "No, sir." "Then it's at sight."

This article will appear in the July number. The Ringling Brothers Circus (heirs to Barnum) is not only in sober truth "the greatest show on earth," but is, like last year, greater than ever before, because an immense number of geniuses of the big tent are imported from Europe on account of the war. And for the same reason, we have in the U.S.A. a very large number of authors, playwrights, musicians, and other artists. I have had the pleasure for the first time of meeting Mr. W. Somerset Maugham and I have never been more agreeably impressed. He really is the man of his works: sincere, frank, unaffected, honest. He is a master of the novel, the short story, the very short story, and the theatre. But I did not know until now, that he is also the master of that very difficult form, the short novel—of which our chief American masters are Robert Nathan, Thornton Wilder, and the late Zona Gale.

His new book, *Up at the Villa*, is a very short novel, and a perfect example of Mr. Maugham's art, continuously exciting as a story, yet with a severity and economy and austerity in style that remind one of Swift. Every young man and woman eager for literary success should read Mr. Maugham's autobiography, called *The Summing Up*, where, with characteristic modesty and frankness, he describes how he became a professional writer. In this tale of love and blood, there is hardly a word wasted; and the two cultivated Englishmen and the lady, together with the poor Italian violinist, are drawn with extraordinary skill. They differ so remarkably from the violinist (who is not idealized, for he is not only poor financially, he is really a poor violinist [that is, his playing is very poor indeed]) that I cannot help remembering what the great genius Richardson did in his novel, *Sir Charles Grandison*. He really made the classification: *Men, Women, and Italians*, and was not trying to be funny.

Up at the Villa is more exciting than any murder story I have recently read; yet its chief value is in the delineation of character. Why is it when Mr. Maugham has such extraordinary gifts of characterization, plot, and style, that he is usually not ranked (Mr. Aldington says he ought to be) among the great novelists, whose works will be read a century hence? If it be true that he falls short of greatness, and only time can give a correct verdict, may it not be for a lack of what we call the fourth dimension? If we could play a favorite game once more, and make an amalgam of two contemporary British novelists, then we should certainly have a great one—I mean Mr. Maugham and Mr. Charles Morgan. Mr. Morgan's three novels, *The Fountain, Sparkenbroke, The Voyage*, are all fourth dimensional, the second especially; but despite their beauty, imagination and fervor, they are not wholly satisfying; "they allure to brighter worlds and lead the way," but they are not sufficiently convincing when they deal with this world. Now, if we could have Mr. Maugham's realism united with Mr. Morgan's spirituality, we should have a very great novelist. Incidentally, I hope that Mr. Morgan's noble idealism is not misleading him. *Sparkenbroke* showed greater potentialities than the other two novels, but it was not nearly so good as *The Fountain. The Voyage* has admirable qualities but it fails in its two leading characters; we should all envy the self-control and unselfishness of the hero, but he is not to be trusted as a prison warden; as for the heroine (is it possible that Mr. Morgan wishes us to admire her?) she is a completely selfish, conceited slut.

Coming back for a moment to *Up at the Villa;* the attractive man of the world, who admits that he has no morals, no principles, no ideals, but is the only one who can rescue the fair lady, amazes her by quoting Dr. Johnson. As he has never made any pretensions of being acquainted with good literature, she asks, "What on earth do you know about Dr. Johnson?" and she finds he knows a good deal.

This passage is significant. The reputation of Johnson and Boswell is higher in 1941 than in any previous year. This is partly owing to the new editions of their works and the books about them by Professors C. B. Tinker and Frederick Pottle in America, and R. W. Chapman and L. P. Powell in England. No one in the eighteenth or in the nineteenth centuries would have dreamed of the immense interest in these two men, which now extends over the whole English-speaking world.

Two new books have appeared, one called *Johnson without Boswell*, edited by Hugh Kingsmill, which is an unconscious tribute to Boswell; for while everything about Johnson is interesting, Boswell certainly gave us the best and the most important things; still, this book has many interesting pages. The other is a new biography of Johnson's friend, Mrs. Thrale, the wife of the rich brewer; it is called *Hester Lynch Piozzi* (*Mrs. Thrale*) and is by James L. Clifford of Lehigh University. It is an admirable piece of work, continually interesting. Boswell did not like her, but Johnson did; and she was one of the women of the eighteenth century whom any intelligent man today (I think) would be glad to marry.

Mrs. Thrale was afraid of nobody; she did not hesitate to contradict or argue against Dr. Johnson; and in repartee she was a match for anyone. A diverting instance of this is given in the present biography. During the war of the American Revolution, the French, of course, were pro-American, and one night, when she was at the opera in Paris, a Frenchman asked her when she thought the Americans would be conquered. She replied, "That is a question not easily to be answered: when America belonged to the French, the English found no difficulty in subduing it: but now that it is defended by our countrymen, the task of conquering it is not so easy."

The last twenty murder stories I have read have been mainly disappointing. But there are a few exceptions. Jefferson Farjeon, an Englishman, who is a grandson of our famous Rip Van Winkle actor, Joseph Jefferson, has written one of the most ingenious and one of the most exciting murder books of the season—assuredly his masterpiece; and I think I have read all his books. It is called *Aunt Sunday Takes Command*. I have never read anything like it. Another extremely good one is *No Murder of Mine*, by Alice Campbell. *Curtains for the Copper*, by Thomas Polsky, is certainly better than the average, but needs more dynamite. *The Man with No Face*, by Margaret Armstrong, is very dull.

Of all the dull motion pictures I have ever seen, I give first place to *Virginia*. It is difficult to imagine how such a play ever reached the screen. The technicolor is good, the acting is good, the play is from beginning to end wholly without interest, either in action or dialogue.

There is hardly anything in the United States more superfluous than the song *God Bless America*. Our national anthem, *The Star-Spangled Banner* is magnificent, both in words and music; *My Country, 'tis of thee* is perfect for all school children, and for general purposes, clubs, etc. I do not see any reason for *God Bless America;* it is not so good as *America the Beautiful*, and we did not need that. There is no reason why any hymn about America should not be sung when anyone wants to sing it; I am speaking only of the attempt to establish a new national anthem.

WHAT THE MAN SHOULD NOT WEAR

It is no business of mine what anybody wears. But not long ago Bernard Shaw announced in print that he always had his socks made to order, with just as much care in having them made respectively for the right and the left foot as if they were shoes; and he implied we should all do likewise. I do not agree. Unless one has one's socks washed every day, it is better to change, if one can, from right to left. They will last much longer for the big toe is hard on socks. And if one cannot tell which sock he wore yesterday on the right and which on the left foot, so much the better; but the subject is not of great importance. I remember once when a family had as so many families have—an aged member for whom they usually apologized to guests, they gave a dinner-party and they told their guests, "Don't mind what Grandpa says, he isn't quite all there." During the dinner came one of those silences and one of the guests, pointing to a little dish on the table, asked the hostess, "What is in that dish?" and she replied, "I think it is candied ginger." Grandfather spoke up. "Why think at all on so trivial a theme?" ⫲

The Wizard of Wump

Continued from page 44

port. My legs were unmanageable, and it wasn't the beers, because I had only had two. I got back on the stool and sat there, stiffly, staring.

"The thing that gets me," Hector announced after a deep study of the diminutive cyprinoid, "is that I always *just* miss changing someone into what I actually want them to be. Maybe my next phenomenon will be a pelican." He gave me an appraising glance.

"I should be home!" I yammered. "My wife's keeping dinner hot for me. I'm so late!" I tried to slide off the stool again, but I was frozen solidly to it.

Hector came around and gave me a comforting pat on the back. "Don't you worry none. I would not play any tricks on you. You and I are pals."

"Thank you," I breathed gratefully.

The double doors of the cocktail bar crashed open and in came a blonde blimp in a dyed-ermine coat.

"Where's that sonabitch'n Joe?" she screeched belligerently.

Hector smiled mischievously and pointed to the goldfish that was spinning around like a gold disc in the bowl. "There's Joe."

"Think you're real funny, don't you?" She banged her heavy purse down hard on Hector's head. It squashed in his natty fedora and made his eyes blink painfully. "What are you doing behind my husband's bar?"

The look of faraway indefiniteness was creeping into Hector's mild blue eyes. His lips began to form silent words. My fingernails bit into the palms of my hands, and I tried to scream to the big blonde: "Get outa here—quick!" but only little gusts of air hissed through my clenched teeth.

This time I saw the whole procedure. It was awful! It was enough to make a man go stark raving crazy. Mrs. Joe's misshapen bulkiness seemed to writhe and inflate and melt slowly, as if it were tallow. Then there were angry sizzling sounds, like fat frying on a hot griddle, and the shape expanded and then slowly contracted. A geyser of yellow steam puffed up suddenly, and, right before my eyes, a pelican took shape.

"You see what I mean," Hector said gravely. "I'm always a step behind. I meant to change her into a mandolin." He sighed. "But it is a nice looking pelican, isn't it?" He came around and opened the doors, and the pelican waddled out into the night. Then he selected a bottle of Joe's most expensive cognac and climbed onto the stool beside me.

"Let's drink a toast to Joe," he suggested. We raised our glasses to poor Joe in the glass pretzel bowl, and cried: "*Salut!*"

I didn't taste my cognac, but I could feel it burning and gagging in my throat. The goldfish had stopped on the side of the bowl nearest us, and its eyes were bulging alarmingly, the fins whirling like airplane propellers, and its mouth gulping spasmodically.

"It doesn't seem believable," Hector murmured with a baffled shake of his head, as he considered his handiwork. "It never fails to astound me."

"Wh . . . When did you first start doing things like . . . like this?" I stuttered.

He poured himself some more cognac. "Well, pal, it began a month ago. I was sitting in Carnegie Hall, listening to a concerto, when a fat man behind me began humming the melody. I detest hummers! I turned around and asked him pleasantly if he would mind stopping. He told me to go to hell. The music was beautiful and this man was spoiling it. 'Vulgarian!' I hissed at him. Then I felt an angry rush of words to my lips, but when the syllables formed they weren't English. I was talking in a strange tongue. It was really quite electrifying."

"Did the man stop his humming?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. The humming, the music, the audience, everything stopped. I changed the fat man into a skunk. You *must* have read about it. It caused quite a stampede in Carnegie Hall. The newspaper said that an independent union of ushers had put the polecat in there in protest against the tactics of the rival union. But, of course, I knew differently. I saw him change right before my eyes. I went home to Wump feeling very superior."

"And you've been changing people and things ever since?" I was beginning to feel more at ease now, or perhaps the cognac was imbuing me with false courage. And he had assured me he wouldn't metamorphose me.

"Oh, yes, I've been transforming people and things by the scores. Down in Wump there's quite a mystery about the decline in the population and the sudden influx of animals and inanimate objects cluttering up the streets." He gave a shrill giggle. "Whenever I feel blue I exercise this strange power I have. It perks me up."

He slid off the stool. The bottle was empty. "Come on, *amigo*, let's do some pub-crawling." His eyes were deep as indigo, and they were sparkling merrily. He nudged me hard. "This is my night to howl!"

"I should go home," I remonstrated. The sudden melancholy expression on his face caused me to hop off my stool with alacrity, click my heels together and cry:

"Okay, let's paint the town red, Hector!"

We looped arms and started for the door. I looked over my shoulder at the glass bowl. Poor Joe was leaping out of the water and falling back again with small, impotent splashes.

"He'll be all right," Hector assured me. "I left a note to feed him regularly and change the water."

He had a 1915 Reo parked outside, and he kicked over the crank with his foot, and we went roaring down the quiet night street. At the corner of Fifth and Clements Streets a drunk-driver crashed into us. It accordion-pleated the front of the Reo. None of us were hurt, just shaken up and indignant.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" screamed the alcoholic sticking his red, lumpish face out the side of the sport-roadster. "Who taught you to drive, anyway?"

Hector glanced up from an apathetic scrutiny of his demolished car, and replied inoffensively: "I passed my state driving tests perfectly. Who taught *you* to drive?"

"Oh, a tough guy, huh?" He started getting out of the seat. He had a torso like a wrestler.

Hector's lips began to move strangely, and his eyes focused themselves on the other with that odd, vacant look. I closed my eyes. Sundry, indescribable noises followed.

When I opened them, Hector was reaching into the front seat of the roadster, and he lifted out a lovely mandolin. He plucked it a few times. "It has a true, sweet tone."

Then he gave his wrecked auto another mournful look. A sob caught in his throat. His fingers closed chokingly around the neck of the mandolin. "My dead wife and I drove to Niagara Falls in that car on our honeymoon." For a moment I was afraid he was going to splinter the mandolin against the curbstone, but he reconsidered and tucked it under his arm. "I meant to change him into a can of sardines."

A faint drizzle had set in, and we turned down the brims of our hats and staggered along the deserted street, our unsteady footfalls providing an accompanying beat to his playing and my singing of such songs as, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, *Annie Laurie*, *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*, and *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall*.

A policeman, with a face like an English bulldog's, was waiting with arms akimbo in front of a darkened florist shop. We saw him too late and, before we had a chance to take to our heels, he reached out his long arms, snagged us and jammed us up hard against the brick wall. The impact caused my head to ache. Hector's mandolin fell to the pavement with a twanging sound.

"What are you two souses trying to do, wake the dead?" he fog-horned at us. Then he began banging our heads together soundly. Hector's eyes were becoming lackluster and his lips were trembling. "Here we go again!" I thought to myself fearfully, expecting the worst.

Then my head wasn't crashing against Hector's, and he was bending down picking up his hat and mine and the mandolin. "Sorry I didn't subdue the Cossack sooner," he said apologetically, handing me my hat. He made a smacking sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "Tsk! Tsk! I still can't get my talent in chronological working order."

I was looking around for the policeman. Hector pointed in the gutter. There, a sardine can, with its top curled back on the key, shone dully in the street lamp. I picked it up.

"Well, well," I marveled.

We stumbled on a block farther, singing lustily at the top of our voices, and then Hector decided abruptly that we should stop and give serious application to *The Stars And Stripes Forever*. We leaned against an apartment building, and while Hector furiously titillated the strings with a pick, I banged the sardine can against the brass name-plaque. It was quite an effective rendition, until a window was slammed up on the floor above us, and a man's tousled head protruded. A Frankenstein monster's face glared balefully down at us.

"Get outa here, you two drunken bums!" it yelled. "Don't you know people are asleep?"

Hector gave a deep sigh. "Some humans just don't appreciate the finer things of life. Eat, sleep and fornication, is all they think about. Animal existence!" He narrowed his eyes and I heard a faint whispering recitation.

I glanced up at the window a few moments later. Where the irate man's head had been was now a lovely trailing-arbutus growing from the window box, its delicate pink, star-shaped flowers filling the moist night air with an haunting fragrance.

Hector gave me a sidelong, perplexed glance. "It's the flower of my nativity—Massachusetts. That's what I meant to change the policeman into."

His shoulders hunched mournfully, and I said "Better luck next time," and we continued down the street, singing softly: *I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair*.

The Bongo-Bongo Club was about to close when we entered. The bar was crowded with men in tails and women in low-cut, strapless evening gowns, and so were the tables clustered around the small dance floor. I felt out of place in my wrinkled business suit, but Hector was cocky as a bantam rooster.

"Our money's good as theirs, I think!" he snapped.

We sat down at one of the tables far back and craned our heads over the others to look at the lush-looking red-head, who was singing a smutty song with keening nasality. It was pretty lousy.

Hector shook his head dismally,

"I don't like suggestive songs." He began to pluck haphazardly on the mandolin. I gave him a meaning glance, but he only smiled at me with tender ecstasy.

Someone said "Quiet!" close by, and another expelled air in a loud, admonishing "Sh'hh!" Hector kept right on blissfully playing his mandolin. I began to slide down in my chair embarrassedly. All around were angry hissing sounds, like steam escaping from leaky jets.

"Let's sing *Dixie*," Hector said.

"No, no, not here!"

A husky fellow with cauliflower ears, dressed in a tuxedo, moved down from the front of the club. He was walking lithely toward us on the balls of his feet, and I knew that only punching a bag and waltzing around a prize ring could have given him the animal grace with which he approached us. I was quaking inside. It was the Bongo-Bongo bouncer!

He tapped Hector on the shoulder and grinned with a homicidal grimace. "You'll have to cut out the racket, brother. Miss La Salle is singing."

Hector burped scornfully. "You call that singing?" He clawed at the mandolin strings viciously. "Insult to the profession!" His voice rose shrilly. "This is *my* night to howl!" He did howl, too, like a coyote.

"Maybe we'd better take a little walk together," the bouncer chuckled icily. His glance included me also. "What do you say, huh?"

"Go soak your head in a vinegar barrel, you punch-drunk palooka!"

I folded my hands in my lap and tried to look very inoffensive. The bouncer's two hands were reaching under Hector's armpits. I winced and lowered my eyes. I had seen *that look* in Hector's eyes.

Bedlam suddenly broke loose in the club. I opened my eyes warily. A kangaroo, with boxing gloves on its front paws, was springing all over the room swinging punches at the patrons, who were rushing for the exits.

"That's the bouncer!" Hector cried triumphantly. "And he's what I wanted him to be."

"You're becoming very proficient," I congratulated him.

A couple of blocks away from the club, the radio patrol car caught up with us. A man in tuxedo in the back seat of the car, shrieked:

"That's the two drunks who brought the kangaroo into my club!"

I was pushed down hard on my buttocks; Hector landed on my stomach, knocking the wind out of me. He helped me up. Two beefy-faced cops confronted us with flaying arms. Then I saw Hector's eyes. "Wait, Hector!" I gasped. "You've got to stop abusing your power like this. Besides these policemen have to preserve law and order, and they perhaps have a wife and kids. You should use such a divine blessing as you possess only in an emergency. We have been breaking the law, too."

They put Hector and me in a tank with a lot of drunks and robbers. They had taken his mandolin away and the poor little fellow was sunk in abject misery. He kept sighing and lifting his sorrowful eyes to mine accusingly.

Our alcoholic fuel had been expended, and the glow was only a small, sputtering flame. I thought of my wife and my job and the disgrace.

A drunk heckled a panderer, and a free-for-all fight started. Hector and I crowded into a corner of the steel tank out of the radius of lashing fists and kicking feet.

"I don't think it's safe in here," Hector remarked, gazing sourly upon the milling, fighting prisoners.

I didn't think so either.

"What do you say, huh, pal?"

"I guess this can be considered an emergency."

He stared with dulling eyes at them and his lips moved mutely, as if reciting the litany. The remarkable mass demonstration took place just as the jail-guards opened the sliding barred-doors and stormed in, swinging clubs, to restore order.

When we were passing through the door at the end of the cellblock, I looked back. Such a menagerie in one cage, I had never seen in my life. There was an anteater, a kinkajou, a badger, a jackal, an ibex, a screaming puma, two marmosets, a gnu and a tapir. Four orangoutangs were belaboring them unmercifully.

Hector was walking as if in a daze. And such a benign look on his face!

The sky was becoming faintly radiant in the east when we came out into the street.

Hector was yawning and running his hands wearily over his face. "Well, it's been quite a night, eh, pal?"

"Simply amazing, Hector old boy!"

A tawny alley-cat was slinking close to the wall of the police station. Hector watched it with interest.

I said: "Well, I guess I'd better get home and make peace with the little woman."

"Want me to come along to patch things up for you?"

"Oh, no," I assured him hastily. "Everything will be hunky-dory."

"Just as you say," he replied drowsily. But I knew he surmised my wife was a hell-cat, and that I was going to have a tough session at home.

I started off. "So long, Hector, see you around."

"Hey, pal, look!"

I turned around. Then I fell back a step, pressing my palms over my unbelieving eyes. The prowling cat had disappeared and in its place was an enchantingly formed blonde, one slender arm draped around Hector's neck, the other trying to hide her matchless nudity. As I looked away, blushing, I heard her say throatily:

"I'm cold, daddy."

After a few moments, Hector called to me: "It's all right, pal, you can look now."

The blonde had his overcoat on, but her slender feet were cold, and she kept lifting them and rubbing them on her rounded calves. "Let's go, daddy!" she whined plaintively.

"Well, I sure have my power under control now," Hector chuckled at me. "Look what I got?" He held out his hand. "Well, *adios*, pal. Too bad you can't play anymore and have to go home."

A black cat was rubbing around my legs. "Maybe I could stay out a little longer," I said, with a sudden surge of bravado. "Why not? I'm going to catch hell anyway, so I might as well go the whole hog." I pointed down at the friendly, mewing cat.

"No, you'd better go home, pal," Hector advised. "I know how mean wives can get when a husband's been out all night carousing." He was looking dreamily, reminiscently beyond me.

I watched Hector and his blonde girl-friend go off down the street in the greying dawn. I felt incredibly lonesome and utterly forsaken.

Then I said "Damn!" and turned around and started for home.

A milk-wagon passed me, and the horse neighed and the driver stared back. He kept looking after me with a silly expression on his face until I turned the corner into Bunker Street. Hell, I thought, drunks staggering home in the early morning hours should certainly be no uncommon sight to them.

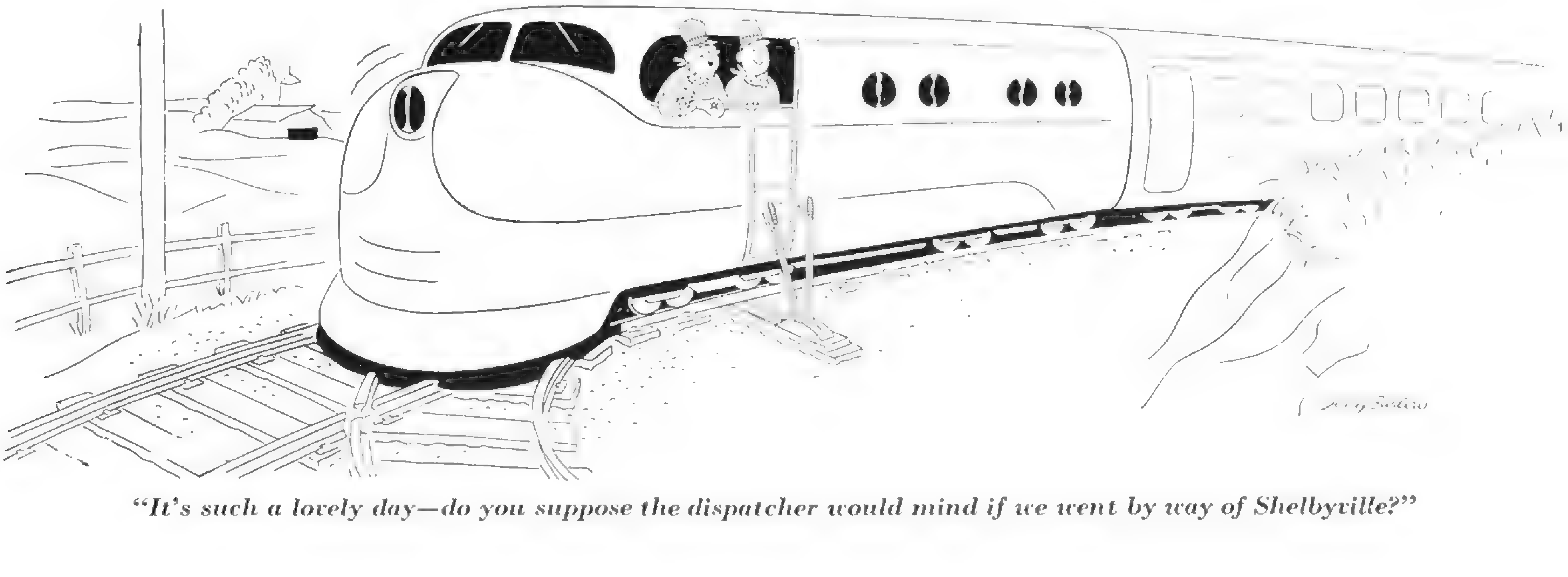
My mouth tasted disagreeably; you know, like a Chinese-family-moved-out. I stopped at a gum-machine to sweeten my breath. But, first, I studied my face in the mirror. *Jumping Jupiter!* what a shocking reflection! The worst hangover I ever had, without a doubt! Right then I decided it would be unwise to go home in this condition.

Down on Summer Street there was a riding-stable owned by a friend of mine. I didn't think he would mind too much if I used one of his empty stalls to sleep in.

When I trotted into the stables, the horses neighed at me derisively. Some kicked out at me. Mean buggers! But I evaded their murderous, lashing hooves and got into an empty stall.

There I pondered my predicament. Emily was high-strung and subject to fainting spells. She'd be sure to throw a fit when she got one look at me.

Well, what would you do if the doorbell rang one morning and you opened the door and found a dejected Missouri jackass? ⌗



"It's such a lovely day—do you suppose the dispatcher would mind if we went by way of Shelbyville?"

The First Born Son

Continued from page 55

thought it was because they were wise . . . it was because they were half-dead already. If he thought he'd ever get like that about things when he got old . . . He'd never get old. He swore a desperate promise to himself that he'd never, never, never get that awful patience like his father . . . standing there now, with that stupid look on his face, like one of the oxen . . .

"But Dave," Martin said slowly, "this place will be *yours* some day, you know that."

"What the hell do *I* want of this old *place?*"

A whiteness came into Martin's face that was different from the whiteness of the cold or the weariness. He remembered the day his father had said the same thing to him. They had both felt shy and awkward, and he could say nothing, but as soon as he was alone, he had looked over this land, the tight tears of pride came warm into his eyes. He had kept this place, the best thing he had, till he could give it to his own son, and now when he offered it to David he saw it meant nothing. That he despised it. He had known through and through how his own father felt.

"It was always good enough here for *me*," Martin said.

"All right, but what did you ever *amount* to?"

Martin was stung into a sudden anger. "As much as *you* ever will, you . . ."

Then he looked over the fields, slowly, and a break came into his anger. Why today, only a few hours ago, starting to plow, it had been, without a thought, so sweet, so safe, so sure . . . he and his son plowing and him trying to show David how to turn the furrow better and David trying his best. Things just didn't come handy for David, it must be that. He had half felt Ellen working quiet and happy in the house and the smoke went straight from the chimney into the clear, sun-filled air and there had been no hurry or fret in the fields or the slow oxen or his thoughts. Now . . . it could never be the same again between him and David, now. Every time they said a sharp word to each other now, these sick things would all come back . . . What if David was right? What *had* he ever amounted to? Well, he had been young here, and youth was very fresh and full here in the fields and the sun and very long, some of it never died, it grew green again with each April sun. He had had a wife of his own kind, and everything they had, they had got with their own hands, his hands and hers. There had been a lot of tiredness but there was always the quiet night afterwards and the slow kindly talk. There had never been an end of work, but you could always stop to talk across the fields to your neighbor, and you got along just the same. There had not been much money, but there had always been the sweet smell of bread in the kitchen and the soft song of wood in the kitchen stove. There had been no strangers among them, and when you died these men you had lived your whole life with would not work that day, even if there was clover to be hauled in and rain in the wind . . . and you would lie in the land that your hands and your feet knew best, and the same breezes you had breathed would always blow over you. Surely that was enough for a man. If your son . . . If David . . . It was hard to believe that your own son stayed on . . . It was hard to believe that your own son was not like you wanted him to be. But, Martin thought sadly, you couldn't make him see, if he didn't feel that way. You wished . . . but if he felt that way, there was no way to make him see.

If you don't know the erstwhile Private, now Corporal, Smoot—meet him on page 52, and follow his adventures in future issues.

"Well Dave," Martin said slowly, "if you're *bound* to go away, I suppose . . ."

"Oh," David said impatiently, "let it go, let it go . . . I'll stay," he added sullenly.

He is almost afraid of me, Martin thought. He won't even talk it over with me. He has no use for my talk. He wants to keep me away from him. He don't think I can understand him at all. I try . . .

He walked around to the oxen's heads and picked up the whip.

"Haw," he said quietly. "Just cut her light here, son."

David put his hands back on the handles but he didn't speak. He threw the plow around when they turned the furrows, so the chain jerked taut in the yoke. "Easy now, boys," Martin cajoled the oxen.

A bare little wind started in the bare maples. The sun burned cold and lonesome in the blind windows of the church across the road and the long withered grass bent over the cold grey sand in the middle of the built-up graves. Peter's grave . . . Peter would coax to hold the whip. He could hardly make his small voice loud enough to stir the oxen, but they obeyed him. Martin could see the crazy nostrils of the running horses and then Peter's small crumpled body on the rock heap where the wheel had struck . . .

The cows came up from the pasture, calling hollowly to be let in. The sky looked away from its own darkening face in the mud-bottomed puddles of the road. The blood in Martin's face came blue to the skin, and his blue eyes, a little faded with weariness, looked like frozen spots holding up the weight of his face. He walked back-to, guiding the oxen by the horns to help David keep the furrow straight, but David did not straighten his back, even when Martin stopped for a rock. Martin would come around and kick out the rock himself.

Martin blew on his hands and tried to start a smile in the corners of his tired, cold-thin, lips.

"Time for mittens, I guess. *Your* hands cold?"

"No," David said.

A shaft of the sun broke for a minute through the blue, wind-cold clouds. Long bands of it searchlit the grey rocks, without warming them.

"Snow comin'," Martin said.

The sun went down, and the sky made a few cold-pink patterns at the horizon. It would not be as sad again until April.

Martin turned the oxen for one more furrow. He could not stop, until he was *sure* how David . . . Maybe if he kept on, David would say something himself about stopping, and he could show him then how ready he was to listen to him, and take the oxen off the tongue.

"*I'll* never ask him to stop if he plows all night . . ." David was so tired the muscles in his legs felt like a frayed rope and a tight cord drew his temples together. The blood seemed to drain from his face and throb heavy in his neck. The ashes of weariness sifted through the bright surface of his thoughts. The oxen lifted their heavy feet and deposited them carefully on the ground. The plow dug its slow way through the earth.

"I guess we're just gettin' her done in time," Martin said.

David said nothing.

"I guess this cleans things up, about, for winter. You'll have a little more time to hunt, now, Dave."

Ellen came to the corner of the house, holding down her apron with one hand against the tug of the wind, and called supper.

"All right," Martin called back.

"Hungry, Dave?" he said.

"No."

David glanced at his father's face. For the first time he noticed how tired it looked. He felt sorry for his father, for a minute, and a little ashamed. He'd *have* to stay as long as his father was alive, he supposed.

They came to the end of the furrow. Martin hesitated.

"Well, I guess we'll let her go at that for tonight," he said. "We can wind her up in the morning, easy." He hesitated again. "Dave," he said, "if you really *want* to go away . . ."

David's impatience flared again. He forgot his father's face.

"Oh, for God's sake," he said, "can't you let that *drop?* I said I'd stay, didn't I? What more do you want? I'll stay here as long as *you're* here, anyway. So you need not worry."

So it is that way. A small coal touched suddenly against Martin's heart. He will wait, but he will be glad . . . so he can go away. If he was waiting for it, so the place would be all his own then, it would be . . . but he will be waiting, so he can go away. There will be a stranger here, and nothing will be done the same. There will be a strange name in my house, and maybe they will let the alders creep back over the acre field because they did not clear it for the first time and plow it with their own hands . . . and the grass will grow tall and strange over the graves.

He pulled the bolt from the tongue. It was true. It was true, then. He *had* no son. David took his hands from the plow. Martin waited for a minute to see if he would line the plow up for the next furrow in the morning. David did not move. Martin walked around to the plow. David went to the oxen's head, took up the whip and started with them to the barn. Martin pulled the plow around and lay the chain straight out along the next furrow. Ellen came to the corner of the house and called supper again, but Martin did not answer. He watched David take the oxen past the house. He saw Ellen say something to him, but David did not reply.

He bent down and dug the mud from the plowshare. It shone underneath, where the earth had polished it, like a sword. The earth smelled cold and silent. He moved a few stones, absently, with his foot and stood for a minute with his eyes on the ground. Like the night they buried Peter. He felt lost in the long, dead day.

In the porch, he listened to see if David might be talking to the oxen. There was no sound but the bells, as David jerked the yoke-straps. Martin caught his breath quickly. He had no son. Peter was dead. He *had* no son, now. He scraped the dirt from his heels with a stick from the chipyard and went inside the house.

"Well, what in the *world* have you two been doing?" Ellen said, moving across the scrubbed softwood floor from the stove to the table. The warm breath of food rose sweet in the oil-lamplight. She held the dipper of water for Martin's hands over the basin in the sink. "Are you goin to do a coupla more acres after supper?" she joked.

"Yeah, I was kinda thinkin we might," Martin laughed.

But his laughter was heavy and grey, like a hawk rising. #

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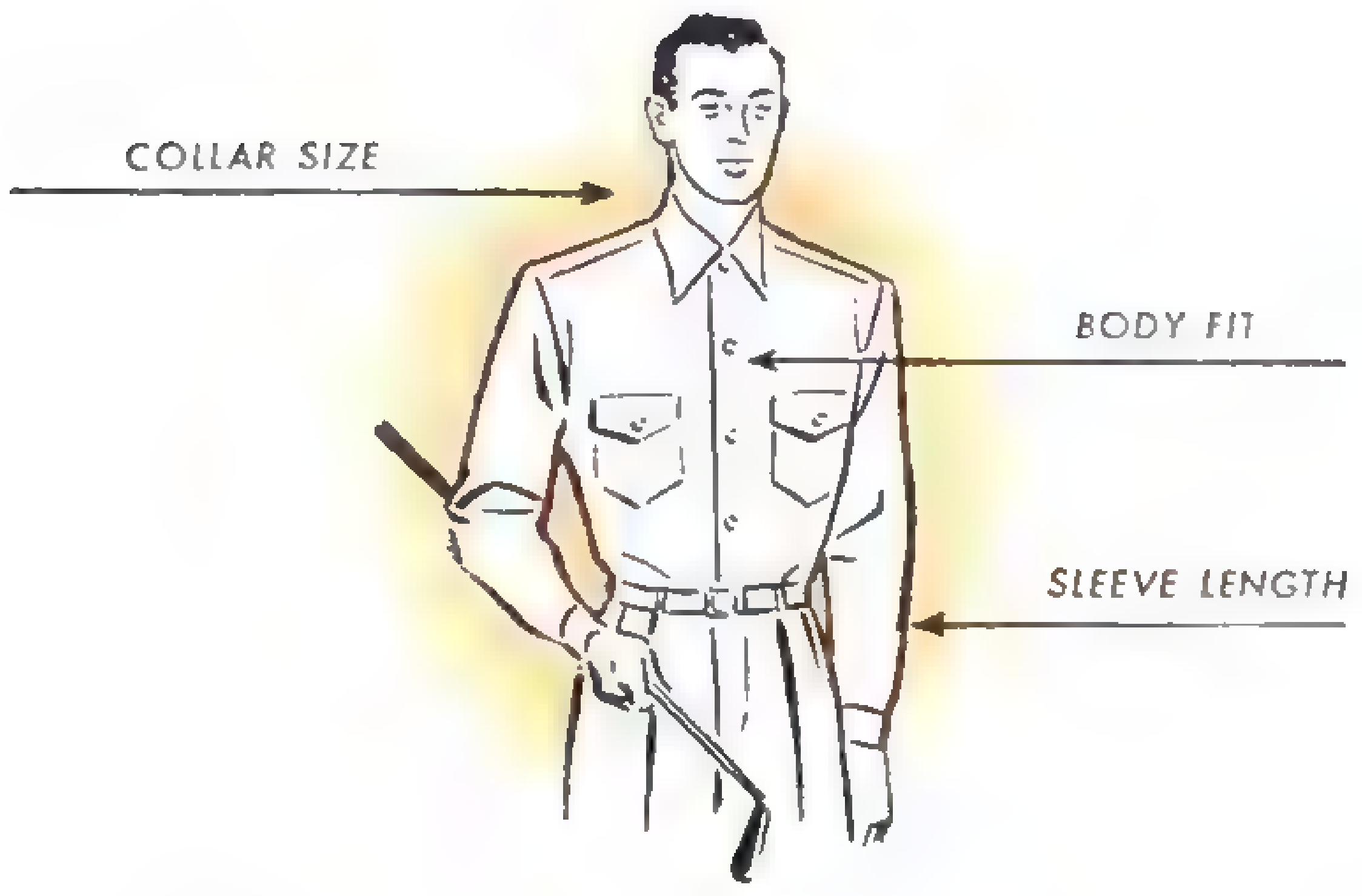

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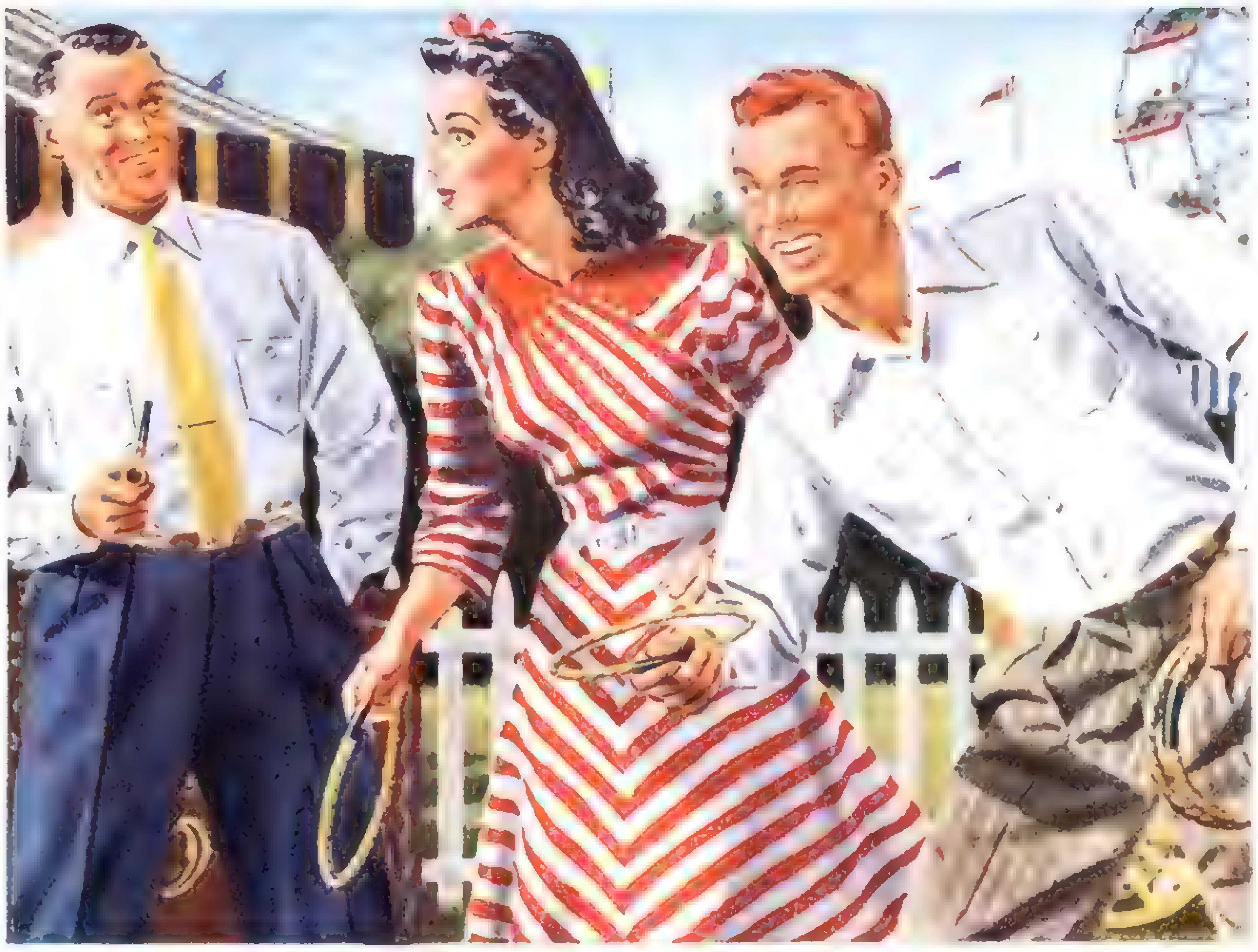

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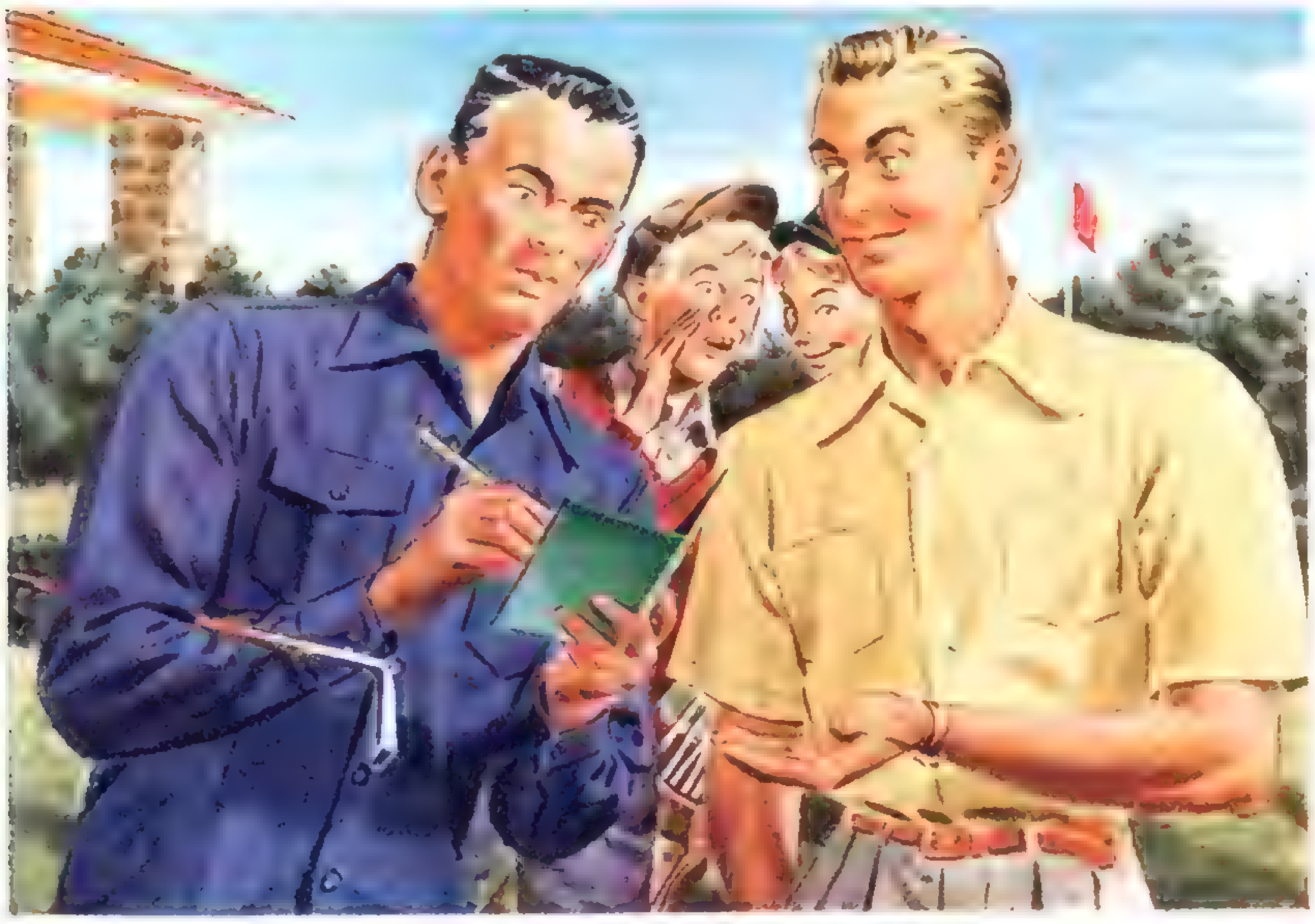

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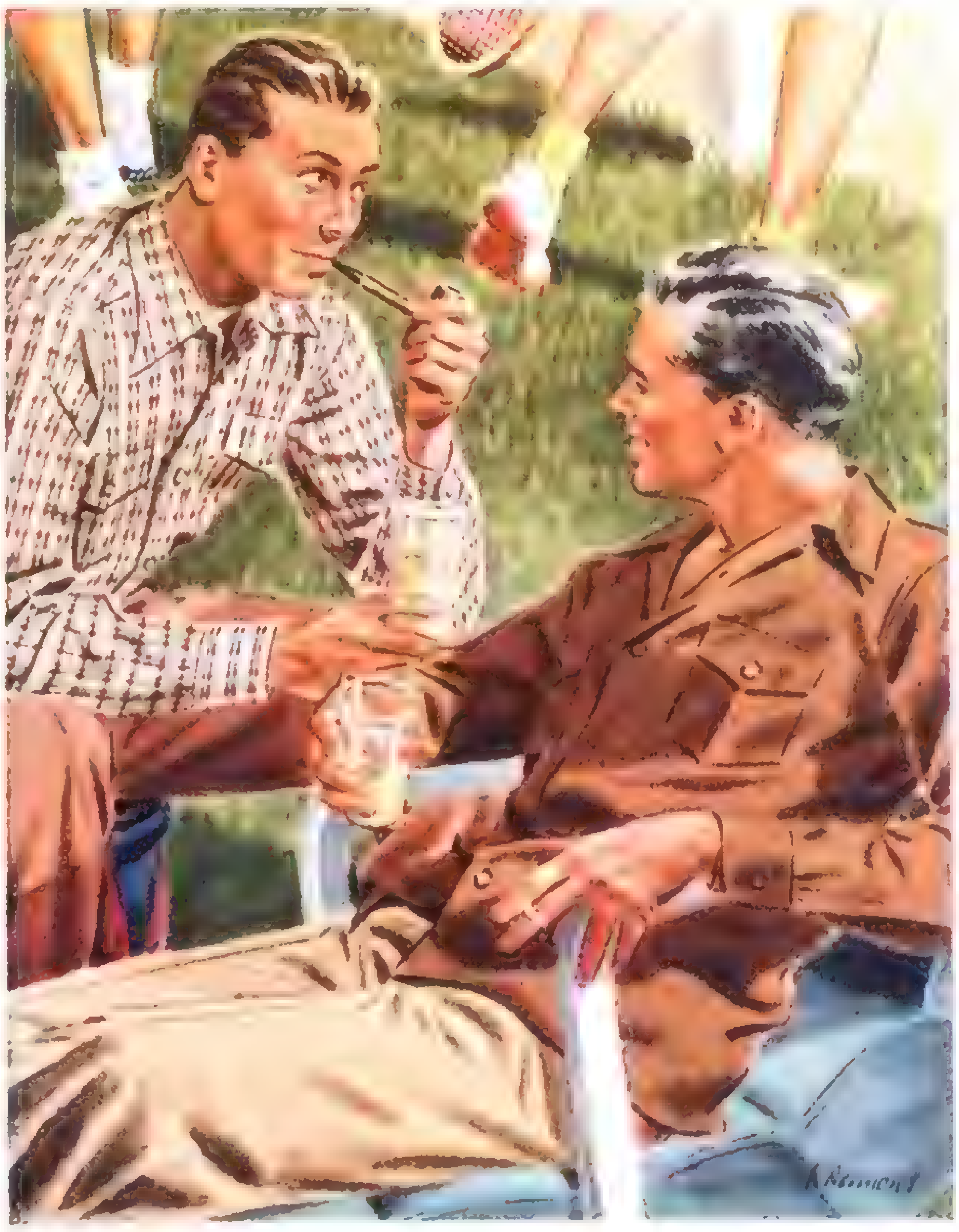

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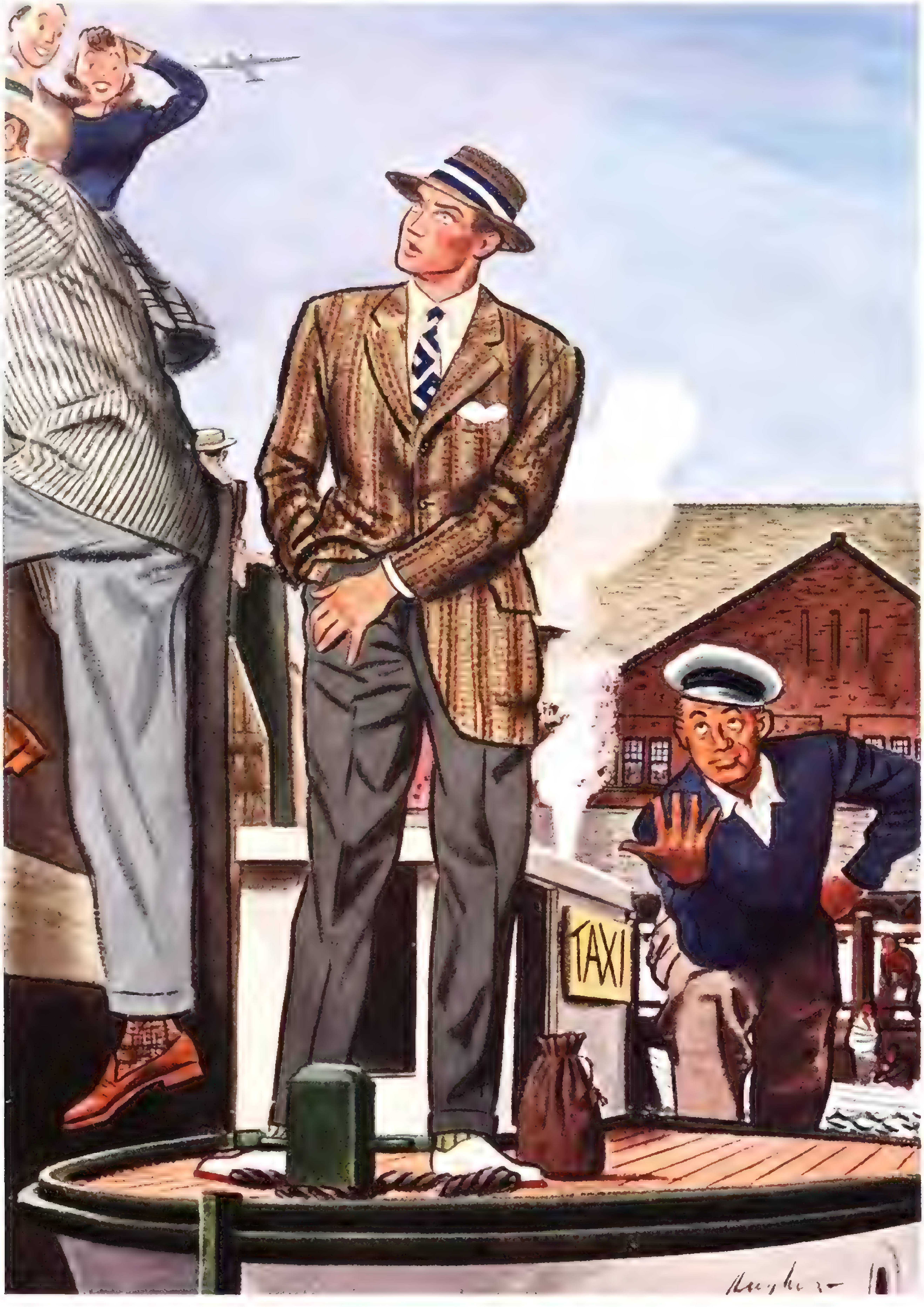

he's stuck for fare

The startled expression on this last member of a fivesome at New London, during the Yale-Harvard crew races, speaks for itself. So we won't, except to point out that he is holding the bag—and at the same time, he isn't. We must assume he is the owner of that brown bag at his feet, and that said bag contains something a bit stronger than orange juice. But he will pay, so now we can discuss clothes. His Shetland jacket is striped red and blue with brown. The tie is a blue and Sandune foulard of large pattern, combining with the oxford button-down collar shirt. The band of his mesh brown coconut hat signifies a club. Below the cuff of his grey flannel slacks are visible Sandune and grey Shetland striped wool socks, and white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles. Climbing out of sight, but fast, is an undergraduate in a tan and white striped seersucker jacket, which continues popular. Sky grey flannel slacks, brown and blue striped wool socks and moccasins complete his visible outfit.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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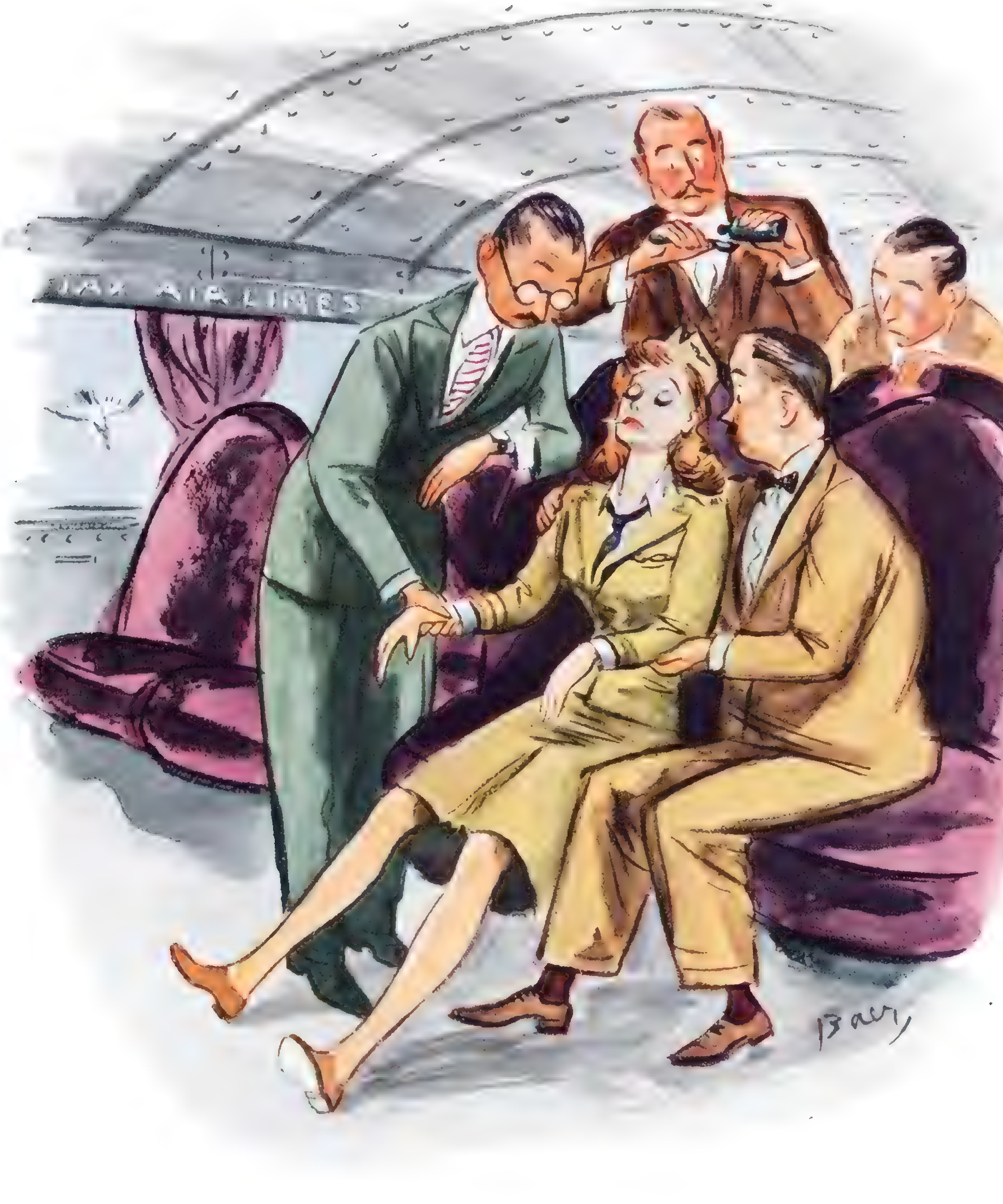
AIR LINES
Baer

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 89

smoothly performing machinery of the kitchen. Then, when the owners were tearing their hair, they should demand higher wages.

The kitchen-revolution worked to perfection. One evening dinner time came, but the large round table under the old elm tree just outside of the house, remained uncovered. No maids came to set it, no one brought the hurricane lamps. My father smiled smugly and indulged in genial small-talk. He offered to cook the dinner, of course. We all tasted it. Next day the servants got their raises, however; on grandfather's insistence, they admitted the identity of the *agent provocateur*. The episode ended a few hours later with us heading back to town; grandfather thought father would be happier among the city folk.

While he was a poor cook, my father did know all about food. His midday meal was the important one, for he was a firm believer in a light dinner in the evening. At both meals he drank a half bottle of St. Julian or if this particular sort was not to be had, some other kind of red wine. Wherever he ate, at home, in a friend's house, or in a restaurant, he went to the kitchen and inspected the dishes. In the process of this tour, he talked at length with the chef or cook, all of whom adored him, and at the end of the meal he rewarded them generously. He would also shake their hands, which, for some peculiar reason delighted the kitchen help more than any reward.

Without having had the slightest notion of modern dieteties, he blended his daily food precisely—so much fish, soup, farinaceous food, sugar, meat, etc. He advocated a steak for a man every day. "A man must eat beef," he would say. Many little things come back to me about my old man as I write this Father's Day article. And I am sorry that he is not here with me in the United States, where beef and steaks are the best in the world.

The other day I went with my friend, Toots Shor, New York "saloon-keeper" (as he styles himself) to Wilson's, the meat packers. Toots is the kind of restaurateur who wants to see his steaks in the flesh. Another meat expert came with us, David McDonough, of the Gotham Hotel Supply Company, from which many of the fine hotels of America get their meat.

The two gentlemen urged me to go up on a high platform and witness the mob-execution of young black bullocks, but liking animals perhaps more than humans, I stayed away from the spectacle, and merely looked at them in their pen with a sad last gaze. I know full well that in order for us to enjoy beefsteak, the animals have to be butchered, and that bloody-meat-eating humans are often less bloodthirsty than vegetarians (two of the European dictators are reported to be that). Nevertheless I wanted to shout to the executioners to stop and offer to pay for all the livestock in the inclosure. But, Alas! I could not have bought a foreleg of a bullock. So I let it go at the good intention and waited till Toots appeared at the door with a jubilant smile.

"There's a fellow in there that will give the best steaks in the world to my friends, Quentin Reynolds and Orson Welles!"

The saying that "no matter how much money you make, you can't put away two steaks" doesn't apply to Mr. Welles, who as a rule eats two steaks at least two inches thick, at Toots's, a couple of orders of rice pudding, and tops all this with apple pie and about a half gallon of coffee.

"I shall wait till that fellow becomes meat, which should not take longer than thirty minutes, and then I put my stamp on the choice parts," said Toots, opening a little case and bringing forth the stamp that bore the letters T. S. He is not alone in this; other New York restaurants, the Versailles, Manny Woolf's, the Chambord, Gallagher's, all mark their preferred cuts, and leave them in properly refrigerated warehouses, sending for them after about five weeks. When the hanged meat develops long white whiskers—which is mold and comes from dehydration—it is ready for the connoisseurs' enjoyment.

We dropped in on the lambs, a hundred of whom were just led into the executioner's chamber by Judas, the goat. Again I refused to witness unpleasant sights, and this time stayed with Judas. Lambs seem to follow a goat wherever he leads them, and having done his duty, Judas, who has been in the service of Wilson's for four years, stations himself at the door to wait for the next job.

To pass the time while the poor lambs were being butchered, I spoke to Judas with no smile on my face, no pleasantness in my tone, reproaching him for his treachery and the inhuman profession he had adopted. His beard trembled as he faked emotion; he looked at me with his clever eyes which seemed to say: "What can I do? A guy has to make a living!" I was forced to agree; I even offered Judas a cigarette which he took most eagerly and chewed up in a second. I was informed by the butchers who stood around that Judas loved cigarettes, so I gave him the rest of my pack. They were devoured just as quickly as the first one, and the paper package went down the hatch, too.

Excuse me for wandering but that cunning goat interested me. Let's go back to steaks. There are two types of sirloin; the one served in good hotels is taken from a large "short loin" after the "tenderloin" has been removed; the one you buy at the butchers' is cut from the "sirloin butt." The former is supposed to be better. Porterhouse steak comes from the end of the "short loin" where it joins the "sirloin butt" and contains both the hotel type and the "tenderloin." The mark "prime" signifies the grade of the meat as judged by an official of the Bureau of Agriculture Economics. The official grades the entire carcass, and not the individual cuts. The grades are as follows: (percentages refer to a theoretical 100 percent, according to conformation, cover, color, etc.) Prime is 90 to 100, Choice 80 to 90 per cent, Good 70 to 80, Medium 60 to 70, Fair 50 to 60. Very few packers go to the considerable expense of official grading and substitute grades of their own. "Prime Ribs of Beef" on a menu or in a butcher shop is only used correctly when the ribs of beef are from a carcass graded "Prime" as described.

The prime ribs of beef are cut from the hindquarter—last six ribs—between the forequarter and the loin. Eastern packers usually cut one rib less on the hind than the Western houses. Besides the sirloin, tenderloin, and Porterhouse cuts there are club, T-bone, Delmonico, and flank steaks. The latter is less juicy and tender than sirloin, but it's of good quality; it's excellent for stewing or rolled.

The tough parts of the beef are the neck, good for stewing, or soup, or corned; the shoulder, for pot roast, or Swiss steak; the shank for soup; the chuck for braised beef and casserole dishes, the brisket or plate for boiling or soup; the rump braised, stewed or boiled; the round which makes a good steak or roast; and the navel which is made into corned beef.

Out of respect for Father's Day, I wished to clear up the beef situation; for strong men, fathers, like their beef, the meat that offers a greater variation of dishes than any other raw cooking material. It may be eaten raw, roasted, grilled, planked, broiled, fried, steamed, stewed, boiled, smoked, dried or salted. Beef is indeed sent by God, but cooks are often the creation of devil.

I like my beef grilled best ever since I have been roaming around Anglo-Saxon countries. Grilling and broiling are the greatest alimentary inventions of Americans and Englishmen. In many lands they spoil a perfectly good steak by stewing or boiling. What do I say, "perfectly good steak"! There is no such thing in Europe, and there never really was, in comparison to American steaks. Even in Paris, where there were famous and superb restaurants around the municipal slaughterhouse, they used to eat steak an hour or so after butchering the animal, and that is why the restaurants were near the spot. Even the French, born culinary savants that they were, did not know that a steak has to age! Their cuts of beef had gorgeous names, like *Châteaubriand*, *Tournedos*, *Aloyau*, *Entrecôte*, *Jarret*, *Gite*, *Surlonges* and *Quasi*, and they had excellent beef dishes, like *Boeuf à la Mode*, *Tranche de Boeuf à la Camergot*, and *Carbonnade à la Lyonnaise*, still they had no idea how to create and broil a juicy American steak, gentle as to taste and consistency, two inches thick, done on charcoal, a little burned on the outside and cherry color on the inside.

Neither did my late father with whom I started out, for that matter. He posed as a cook, because it pleased him; because Alexander Dumas *père* and Sir Walter Scott, also gentlemen in the writing profession, dabbled in it too. The little he knew about it trickled into me and I augmented it by listening to chef friends, eavesdropping at the kitchen door, and finally by actual practice, and I am trying to put it into words for you. Besides—notwithstanding Father's Day, I had to write about my father a little, who was partly responsible for my interest in cooking. But, frankly, he was merely a hard-working writer, a charming man, and a wise eater. Here are some more of his favorite dishes.

Carlsbad Steaks

Remove the undercut from a sirloin of beef, and cut it into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Season with salt and pepper, and fry the steaks lightly in butter. Serve them in a silver dish; pour over the meat horseradish sauce and decorate with red currant jelly. Serve separately a dish of compote of cherries. (Horseradish sauce: Grate a young horseradish root very finely; add to it a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and salt to taste. Stir into this gradually a quarter of a pint of cream. Heat it for the hot meat by pouring it into a jar and standing it in boiling water.)

Casserole Steaks

Cut the sirloin into slices as above; pound the meat vigorously, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle a little flour on it. Fry the meat in hot butter, very lightly, so that it will remain raw inside. Transfer from pan to pot, and in the butter that is left in the frying pan, brown a small shallot, finely chopped; add a teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of tomato purée, a cup of chicken broth, and ten finely chopped mushrooms. Pour this on the meat in the pot and simmer gently. Don't raise the lid unless you want to add some more chicken broth in case the sauce seems to be too thick. Shake the pot a few times without opening the cover. When the meat is quite tender, add quartered, boiled potatoes.

Braised Tongue with Cherry Sauce

Take some slices of cooked tongue and heat in a brown gravy, to which has been added a carrot, an onion, two cloves, and a few peppercorns. Heat very well, strain it, pour it over the tongue, and serve with hot cherry sauce.

(Cherry Sauce: Mix one tablespoonful of red currant jelly, a wineglassful of port or claret, a little chutney, some Worcester sauce, the juice of three oranges and one lemon, and some Cayenne pepper. After mixing, boil till it is reduced to its half. Add to it some glazed cherries.

The best sauces with broiled steak are *Béarnaise* and *Sauce Robert*. #

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Dad's Day at State

Continued from page 24

be young Jim Drakos' Dad."

"Yeh."

"You must be mighty proud having a son as good as Jim Drakos is."

Mike glanced up sharply. The fellow didn't look as though he was trying to be funny. "Jim's a good kid," he answered. "Even when he ain't playing football."

"Of course." The man smiled. "They're all pretty good kids, I guess. I think my own's O.K."

He seemed like an all right guy. Mike felt guilty at having barked at him like that. Liz was always telling him not to make up his mind about people so fast; only he never remembered. A holdover from the early days maybe when he had to decide the first time he met up with a kid whether he'd get a smash in the face from him or not. Mostly, in the tough Third Ward, it'd been a smash if he wasn't quicker on the pull.

The two teams were facing each other, the blue and gold in one line, the red and white scattered all over the field. Bands were playing, and the yelling grew to a roar louder even than a whole roundhouse full of engines letting off steam at the same time. Cheerleaders like he'd seen in the movies were jumping around in front of the stands. On one side of him Willis was yelling, his face red as a beet.

He himself felt his skin tighten with excitement. The ball sailed up high, came down near the goalposts. An M. and U. player picked it up and returned it to the twenty-three yard line. Everybody settled down after that.

Jim had talked to him often enough about the game. Once or twice they'd even walked out to the park on a Sunday afternoon, when Jim was still going to high school, and watched scrub teams play. But being a railroad man, he'd had to work every Saturday, so he'd never seen Jim play in high school or college. Until today. He'd laid off special to come up after Jim had asked him and Liz had cried and said he must go. After the game, Jim wrote, they'd go to some Union building for a supper and Jim'd have to speak. He still hadn't made up his mind if he wanted to go to that.

The quiet-spoken man hadn't said anything for quite a while. Maybe he ought to say something to him. "Your boy playing now?" he turned, a little self-consciously, to ask.

The guy certainly was proud of his son. He smiled till he showed practically all his teeth. "He's number 80. There he is, that tall fellow at right end. You'll see him on the receiving end of a lot of passes your son throws today. He connected for two touchdowns in last week's game."

The football lingo wasn't in his line, but he nodded his head as if he understood.

"Now watch that play." Thermal leaned forward intently.

State had got the ball on a punt and now it rested on their own thirty yard line. Jim took the ball backward, and for a sick second Mike thought he was running the wrong way. But then Jim stopped, took aim in spite of the players rushing toward him, and heaved the ball toward number 80. Mike sucked in his breath. The ball just slid off the player's fingers.

Thermal said, "Too bad." By the way his face lengthened, you'd have thought *he* had dropped it.

In the next play, Jim took the ball again, but this time he didn't try to throw it. Instead, he ran, straight into the other team, it looked like, until suddenly you saw him past all the men except the safety. He reached midfield before anyone tackled him.

It was a wonder that Willis fellow didn't split a blood vessel the way he hollered. Of course everyone else was throwing pieces of paper and hollering, too. But not till their faces were purple. When the crowd decided to sit down again, he took a long drink and thrust the bottle into Mike's hand. "It's on me, pal," he said. "That was my son who led interference that let Drakos through. It was a real tackle he made. Almost as good as I did in my day." Even his breath was enough to get a man drunk.

Mike shoved the bottle aside. "Thanks buddy," he said. "I'm not cold."

Thermal turned to him, his eyes bright. "What a run! Did you see the shifting he did to get around those ends?"

Willis's broad face contorted into a frown. "Listen," he said belligerently, "I don't know who either of you are. But that sure was a perfect tackle my boy made. I taught him myself."

Thermal laughed. "It was good," he agreed. "You'd probably like to know, though, that this is Jim Drakos' dad. I'm Thermal, William Thermal."

Willis stood up, face sobered. "Let me shake your hand, Drakos. A man who produces a player like Jim Drakos ought to go down in football history." He spoke so men a couple of rows away could hear, and turned around to stare.

This was the kind of thing that made Mike want to take a poke at someone. He dropped the hand as soon as he could. He felt dumb and mad at the same time. Damn fool. All dressed up like a college kid and acting worse than one. Only the next play kept him from having to refuse the bottle again.

The teams didn't seem to be getting anywhere. First one team had the ball, then the other. Jim did make a couple of runs, but neither side made a touchdown, which was really the only play he could recognize.

Just before the half, two of the cheerleaders came up into the stands and handed out numbers painted on oil cloth to all the dads. His number was 39. He eyed it with distrust. "What's it for?" he asked Thermal.

"We're wearing our sons' numbers on our backs in the parade between halves," Thermal explained. "Fasten mine on for me, will you?" He didn't seem to feel silly.

Parade! If he hadn't thought he'd be making a worse fool of himself by saying anything, he'd have squawked right there. Maybe on the way down to the field he could get out of line and into the men's washroom.

When they started down the concrete steps, he did almost manage to duck out, but then that fool Willis made a sudden dive after him, and nearly knocked him over. "Can't get away from a Willis," he cackled.

Mike controlled himself just in time. His fists, hardened by years of swinging sledge hammers and driving bolts, clenched in the pockets of his brown overcoat. He shut his mouth on the stream of roundhouse language he wanted to let loose. Jim'd be the one the papers would talk about if his dad got into a fight.

Down on the field, he stayed as close to Thermal as he could. For a while, he leaned against the stone base of the stadium. Now that he was down here and could look up around the stands, the place seemed even more immense and unfriendly than when he had come in.

Cheerleaders in their white outfits were running around like a bunch of straw bosses. "Line up behind the band, please," they kept saying till he had to go out on the field.

That was when the men saw his number.

"Drakos' dad!"

It needed just one fool to start off the noise. All the men began coming over to shake hands and tell him how good Jim was, while the cheerleaders kept telling everyone to stay in line, and nobody did.

Served those college kids right. Trying to make the fathers act like a bunch of trained seals. Only the men didn't seem to feel like that. They were laughing and acting as if this were really some potatoes.

He couldn't feel that way. Even having guys in their swell clothes praise Jim didn't mean a thing. He knew Jim was good, but it wasn't football that made him think so. It was things like Jim's bringing home all the money he made as a newsboy the year his dad was out of work, or doing the housework after school the winter Liz broke her leg. That's the kind of thing to judge a boy by, not how he could carry a football.

Willis was out of line again, running low, as if he had a ball and was making a touchdown. The more people laughed, the more like a fool he acted.

But Thermal wasn't laughing, Mike noticed. He edged toward him. "I'd like to duck out."

"I know." Thermal nodded. "It does seem damn silly. But the university's trying to show us a good time, and the parade is one of the ways they think they're doing it."

"Yeh. Making monkeys of us." Mike glared up at the milling crowd.

"*You* don't have to feel like that." Thermal's gray eyes followed his. "Everybody up there is mighty proud to have you here." He took out a silver cigarette case. "Smoke?"

Mike refused. "I never shoulda come," he said. He looked again at the fit of Thermal's coat, and his face hardened. This guy could not understand how he felt.

A cheerleader came up. "We'd like you to lead off the group, Mr. Drakos," he said. "Come this way, please."

His jaw set. "I'll stay right here," he said.

"We'd rather have you come up to the front, sir," the boy said, raising his voice so it carried over the piece the band had started to play.

He was trying to hold his temper, remember Jim. But when a smart aleck like this college kid tried to tell him what to do—.

"Let's both go up to the front, Drakos." Thermal started to walk ahead. "We might as well get this over with."

He went along because he could not think of any way to get out of it without a real argument. With the band playing, they all marched down the field. The noise seemed to get louder all the time. Everyone kept in line, except Willis, who'd somehow got into the front line, too, and was trying to get out ahead and act like a drum major.

Nice thing for a son to see his old man acting like a drunk in front of the whole crowd.

Mike didn't look around, just followed the band. He tried not to think of the people gawking at him.

Suddenly Willis turned, yelled. "Forward pass," and threw something. He dodged, and a bottle sailed by him and landed on the ground.

"You goddam fool!" His restraint was gone.

"What's the matter, Drakos? You slipping," Willis lumbered back.

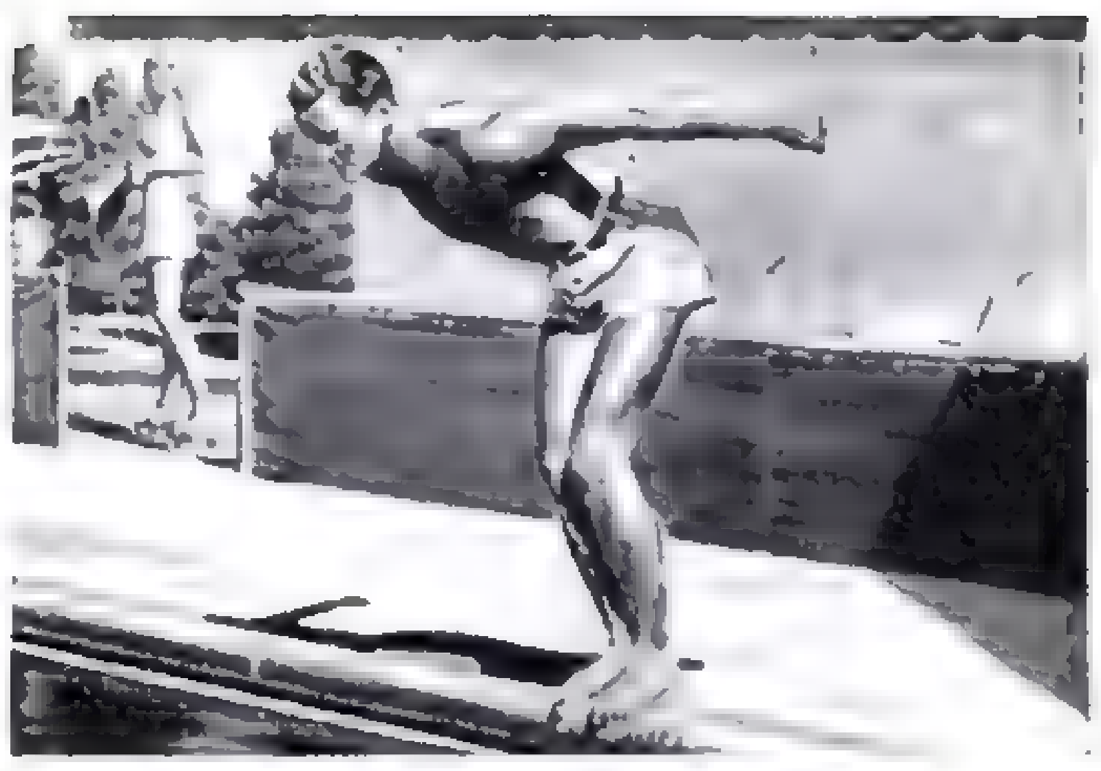
Mike's clenched fist came out of his pocket. He was swinging when Thermal grabbed his arm. "He's drunk, Drakos," he said clearly. He pulled him on while a couple of cheerleaders came up and took Willis to the sidelines. After a few steps Thermal dropped his hold and said, "No use letting a drunk like that make a scene, d'you think?"

That cleared his head. "No," he said, "no. I guess not." He looked around at the packed stadium, suddenly conscious of what he had almost done. Directly ahead now was a radio announcer, talking into a shining microphone he held in his hand.

Mike had a picture of Liz, sitting in front of the radio, listening to every word as if it were the

Continued on page 122

Badminton is certainly a game for fun and health. But the blazing summer sun damages your hair—leaves it dull, brittle and lustreless, wild and unkempt as a rope-end.



A swift plunge and a freshening swim and—*another drubbing for your hair!* Soaking waters wash away the last trace of its natural oils—wreck its looks completely!

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ENJOY the outdoors this summer—play your favorite games and sports—swim all you want to. Build up your reserve and energy for the winter ahead. But guard the health and looks of your hair.

The broiling sun bakes out your hair, leaves it dry, brittle, lifeless and hard to manage. And a swim or shower completes the damage by washing away remaining oils. So protect your hair—give it a chance with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Dad's Day at State

Continued from pages 24-121

Bible. Suppose he had knocked Willis out right here on the field! He broke into a sweat.

For some reason the band had stopped. Even the people in the stadium seemed quiet. The announcer was in front of him. "And here we have the dads of the players lined up, while the band gets ready to play State's *Alma Mater*. And leading the dads is Mike Drakos, father of All-American Jim. How about it, Mr. Drakos? Say hello to our audience?"

Mike just stared, not believing this new attack.

The announcer was holding the mike toward him, motioning him to say something. "How about it, Mr. Drakos?" he repeated even louder.

If he could have, Mike would have turned and run. Instead, he glanced at Thermal, who just smiled and jerked his thumb toward the mike.

There was nothing else to do. He looked into the mike and said, "It's a good game. Glad to be here." Even to himself his voice sounded shaky.

After that the band played, everyone sang, and then there was a cheer for the dads. Mike kept looking down at the grass, uprooted in spots by the players' cleats. None of this seemed real any more. Then they were marching off the field. The players came running on again as they climbed back to their seats.

Thermal nodded. "You did all right, Drakos."

"Take this sign off me, will you?" he asked. Even yet thinking about that moment in front of the mike made him shake.

"It was a sentimental thing to do, making the fathers march like that." Thermal unpinned the number, handed it to him.

"It was damn foolishness." His voice was hoarse.

"It's wonderful!" That was Willis, sitting down next to him again.

He'd even forgotten Willis till now. But, remembering, he turned to Thermal. "Thanks," he said, "for not letting me sock him. It would have been—" He could find no adequate words, thinking of Liz listening so proudly at the radio. She must have heard him speak, too! In the horror of the moment he had not thought of that. His spirit lifted.

"Never mind. I know how you felt. I'd probably wanted to take a poke at someone, too, if I'd been in your shoes." Thermal folded his own number and put it in his pocket. "Souvenir of the day," he said. "Something to remember Larry by."

Mike looked at his own square of oil cloth. "Might as well keep mine, too," he said awkwardly. "The wife'll probably like to see it." He stuffed it into his pocket.

"Is she listening in today?" Thermal's voice quickened.

"You bet! Never misses a game Jim's in." Mike laughed. "You should hear her sling the football talk."

Thermal laughed, too.

"Your wife listen in?" This guy in his swell clothes wasn't bad to talk to after all.

"I doubt it." Thermal stared down at the field where the teams were lined up again.

The whistle blew then, and the game went on. If he'd understood football better, he might have enjoyed it more. As it was, the only times a play mattered was when Jim was in it. But that was naturally often. And when Jim finally did shake himself loose and run for a touchdown, he got to his feet and hollered with the rest. Even a shower of confetti someone threw on him didn't make him mad.

Thermal shook his hand and said, "Good boy, good boy," as if he'd made the play instead of Jim. Men all around him slapped his back, yelled above the racket the band and everyone was making. But he didn't mind any more. Even when Willis, rapidly passing out, said, "It was my boy who led interference, though," he didn't care.

Twice after that Jim went across for touchdowns again. The stadium went crazy each time.

When the gun finally went off at the end of the game, he felt as if he'd put in a hard day driving staybolts. He turned to Thermal. "Going down to the dressing room to see your boy? Jim said for me to meet him there."

The look on Thermal's face was actually hungry. "I guess not. I'm catching a plane at six-thirty back to New York. Larry didn't know I came for the game."

"I'd like for Jim to meet you, Mr. Thermal. And I bet your boy'll be glad to see you."

Thermal pulled his hat down on his head. His voice was old. "I'm afraid not. I haven't seen Larry in five years—not since his mother divorced me. Well, goodby." He shook hands, went on ahead down the steps.

Mike shoved past the drunken Willis, sitting by himself, blabbing about the days when he'd played tackle. Jim would be waiting and glad to see him. It made him feel like a piker thinking how glad. Maybe he could meet Thermal's kid, too . . . The crowd jostled him around as he went down the stairs, but he wasn't paying any attention to the crowd any more. #

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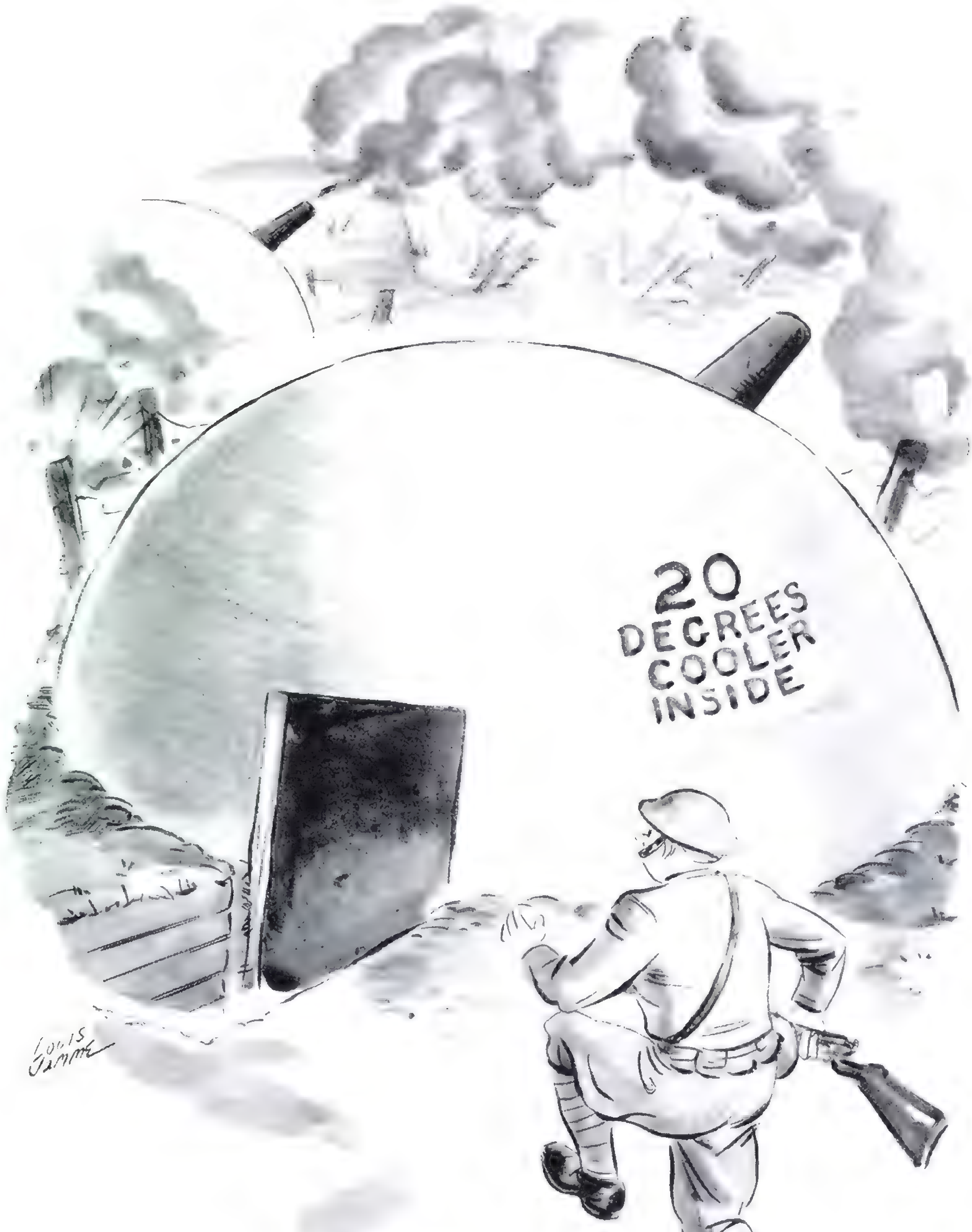
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New York's Leading Hatters

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Make Mine with Water

Continued from page 58

large part, to the fact that it can be enjoyed, and actively participated in, by all members of the family. No less attractive is its endless variety including the sport of racing, the pleasure of cruising —of inshore and deep sea fishing – to say nothing of the endless fun of operating one's "home afloat." Best of all, there is the knowledge that once aboard, you are king of all you survey, your ship is a self-contained entity, while stretching out before you is an endless and ever-changing horizon beckoning you on to new delights and surprises. Be your "yacht" a real deep-sea craft or a converted cockleshell, she's the darling of your eye —and you wouldn't trade her for all the cup defenders ever built!

* * *

Now that we have sold you on yachting as a major sport, let's presume that you are one of the many neophytes who have cast longing glances at every boat that you have seen, and that you are now ready—come what may—to take the plunge and to become a yachtsman yourself.

Before buying a boat, the first factor to be considered is—how much *can* you spend? Secondly—where are you going to use this boat? On a river, lake, or are you on the seaboard where your range of activity is practically unlimited? Thirdly—for what purpose do you wish to use it? For cruising, for day trips, or do you want to race? Fourthly—do you want a sail or power boat (or a sailboat which is equipped with an engine, which is commonly known as an "auxiliary")?

As to the first question: before parting with so much as a penny there are these simple truths which you must consider:

1. The financial axiom in boat buying is that "upkeep" is a more essential factor than "purchase price." You may have your eye on a 60-foot cutter which is to all outward appearances a bargain, but have you thought to consider that her annual maintenance may easily exceed your initial investment?
2. Never so much as consider buying a second-hand boat without having it inspected by a reputable yacht broker or naval architect. The fee for such an inspection is usually $25.00—and dirt cheap at the price. Know what you are buying, and if you don't, make a boon companion of someone who does!
3. Whereas it is often advisable for the tyro to begin with a second-hand boat, it is equally true that in the long run you will usually save money by buying a new one. Moreover, the financial depreciation of a yacht is far less than that of an automobile. A ten-year-old vessel, if she has been kept in good condition, can be resold for as much as fifty to sixty per cent of her original purchase price. The very best kind of moderate-sized cruiser or auxiliary can be purchased for the price of a better quality automobile, and she will still be in good shape and in active use when the same car is on its way to the junk heap. In recent years many boat builders and brokers have established installment purchase plans, as have finance companies in certain areas.
4. Don't make the common mistake of getting a boat too large for you to handle, especially if you are a beginner. If you do, she will be a millstone around your neck. Be content to start in a small way, and then let experience be your yardstick.

Question two is of equal importance. A sailboat is rarely practical on a river—that is, unless the river is large and the boat is small. River banks obstruct air currents, and the actual river current is often too much to contend with. However, this question is so tied up with all manner of local conditions that it can only be answered by a local authority. (The yachting fraternity literally breed "local authorities," so you won't have any trouble on that score.) Go to the local boatyard, marine supply dealer or yacht club and weigh their advice carefully.

The answer to the third question also varies. A recent survey indicated that no less than 85 per cent of the yachtsmen contemplating new boats wanted them for cruising, and but 5 per cent of the balance were interested in mere day sailing (excluding those interested in day racing). You'll have much more fun if you cruise, even if your voyages cover but a few miles. If you want to race—"Class" racing boats range in price from 150 to 150,000 dollars! But there is no point in planning to race if you have no one to race against. Inquire about and find out what are the most popular classes in your particular locality.

The pros and cons of the motor boat vs. the sail boat are endless. It is a question of local conditions and personal preference. There is nothing quite so exhilarating as sailing, and nothing as maddening as sailing under unfavorable conditions. The modern power boat is a miracle of compact efficiency. Equally, stock auxiliaries are superbly built, and today boast of luxuries unheard of a few years ago. Moreover, the prices of stock boats are about one-half those of similar craft custom built. A good point to remember is that the maintenance cost of a power boat is considerably less than that of an auxiliary of the same size. (The operating cost of a power boat increases in proportion to the size and speed of her engine and whether or not she is single or twin screw.)

The various types of sailing vessels are many, and to the landlubber the legion of classifications will seem almost incomprehensible. There are schooners and yawls, sloops and ketches, catboats (now rapidly disappearing) and cutters, and each one of these names signifies a different "rig" (the arrangement of the masts and sails). Their hulls differ according to the whim of the individual designer, and you will therefore find vessels both long and narrow, short and broad, deep draft or "skimming dishes"—or just plain nondescript and "tubby." But there are reasons for all these physical variations.

Motorboats are equally individual in both external and internal characteristics, and the individual variations of their hull form and cabin plan are endless. The advantages—or disadvantages—of all these differentiations enable you to pick and choose according to your individual likes and requirements.

Speaking of accommodations, let us go aboard a thirty-foot power boat. Beginning at the stern (the after end) we step into the cockpit. Here are seats running along either side, or if she is a fisherman, there are specially rigged fishing chairs and bait boxes (the average cockpit is partially open—and partially closed over). Lifting the hatches in the cockpit floor we find the engine, flanked by gas tanks and other mechanical fixtures. In the modern "sedan cruiser" the cockpit area is both covered over and glassed in, and has seats convertible to spacious bunks at night.

Continuing forward and on down into the cabin proper we notice bunks on either side (sleeping two, four or even more), a shipshape galley amply equipped with sink, stove, icebox and all manner of stowage space. Further forward is additional locker space, while in the very bow of the boat is apt to be found what all sailors politely refer to as the "head," and here and now let it be said that you aren't a yachtsman until you can shave in a heavy seaway.

The arrangement on a sailing vessel of equal size is usually much the same with the exception that masts and hull form necessarily affect the interior arrangement. Architects could take pointers from designers of ship's interiors (as have the manufacturers of automobile trailers) for every fraction of space is utilized to an almost unbelievable extent.

It's no exaggeration to say there is literally a boat for every pocketbook. Rowboats, dories, canoes, dinghies and utility outboard hulls begin at twenty-five dollars, inboard engine runabouts (ranging in length from 15 to 25 feet) can be had for 300 to 4,000 dollars, while every type of sailing boat built or imagined is on the market at prices beginning with "knockabouts" at 150 dollars and continuing up into sailing yachts whose construction costs are in six figures. The price of cruisers (power boats with living accommodations) vary according to design, builder and power plant. A 23-foot boat can be had for as little as 1,600 dollars, a 30-foot "sedan" cruiser averages 3,700 dollars and a 26-foot utility cruiser can be had for as little as 2,100 dollars. The minute you get into size you begin to talk about money, as anything over 40 feet in length is pretty certain to average 10,000 dollars and up. All of these prices are for new boats; prices in the second-hand field are considerably lower, and vary enormously.

* * *

Now let us assume that you have just purchased a bright and shiny boat, and while you are a devil on skis and championship material on the tennis court, there is no gainsaying that (where boats are concerned) you don't know the bow from the stern, or the port tack from a starboard channel buoy. You will find there are a hundred hands ready and willing to introduce you into the so-called mysteries of being an accomplished yachtsman. Your yachting friends will, for some reason known only to themselves, spend hours patiently showing you the preliminary "ins and outs." On the other hand, every boating center has a score of young boys who have apparently spent their waking hours in anything that will float and who will, for a mere pittance, act as your coach on your first experimental voyages. Many yacht clubs and yachting associations hire instructors for the express purpose of coming to your aid.

Inquiry will reveal yachting associations which give classes (gratis or for a small fee) in small-boat handling, piloting, seamanship, elementary piloting and navigation. Throughout the United States are the seventy odd "squadrons" of the United States Power Squadron, Inc. (an organization of yachtsmen now totaling 7,000 members) which provides such instruction, along with many social pleasures. In New York City, for example, a group of nautical enthusiasts known as The Corinthians are organized on the theory that there are many boat owners desirous of finding congenial shipmates. They make it possible for the boat-owning member to get a crew, and for the non-boat-owning member to get afloat.

The city of Boston has established a Community Sailing Association, probably the first of its kind in the country. It not only provides a clubhouse and landing facilities for sailing devotees, but furnishes boats for them to sail and instructions for youngsters and novices, all as an adjunct to the city's park system.

There are a score of books and articles which deal with yachting instruction, and their study will set you well ahead in your career as a shellback. But observation and experience are the greatest teachers of all, and sharp eyes

Continued on page 126

Why is the World so down on Michael?

Mike was good-looking. Mike had brains. And when Mike left the halls of old State, the business world looked like easy money. But somehow that world didn't take to Mike.

Mike seldom could clinch a sale. His prospect was always impatient to get away. Socially it was the same story—Mike was just another good man who refused to learn.

HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN—A MAN'S SHOWER BATH IS NO SURE PROTECTION AGAINST UNDERARM ODOR OFFENSE. A BATH ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION—MUM PREVENTS RISK OF ODOR TO COME.

Mike dreams a lot! In his dreams he puts over big deals—sometimes a beautiful girl thinks he's the most "wonderful" man. But even in Mike's dreams, no one mentions *underarm odor.* Even in dreams, people won't tell a man—"you need MUM."

MUM
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YOUR daily shower gives no immunity from underarm odor! A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents risk of *future* odor. A quick dab of Mum under each arm—30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or evening long. And does it *without* stopping perspiration. Mum is a smooth, pleasant cream—easy to use, harmless to skin and clothing. Mum won't put Mike or any man into the big money—but it can remove a heavy handicap. Play safe in your social and business contacts. Join the million alert men who already use Mum. Get Mum today!

MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

ALL DOGS AREN'T ALIKE

Dogs differ just as much as human beings. By breeding and training, this Beagle is a show-winner.

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ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
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4/5 QUART 90 PROOF

ALL GINS AREN'T ALIKE

Gins differ, too. If you haven't been aware of that, try Fleischmann's. There is and can be only one Fleischmann's. It cannot be duplicated.

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks

Distilled from American grain—90 proof

11½"x8" full color print of above dog painting, without advertising, sent for 10¢. Write box JG,
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Make Mine with Water

Continued from pages 58-125

and a remembrance of your first mistakes will rapidly change you from an ignorant landlubber to a competent mariner. And don't be afraid to ask questions!

Little can be said for the man who complains "My wife doesn't like the water." Nine times out of ten the fault is his own, for many men do not realize there is no fun in merely being a passenger. The oft-heard statement that "women have no place on a boat" is sheer rubbish. Let the little woman have her trick at the wheel, do her share of the work aboard ship, and she will take to it like a duck to water. For that matter, some of the finest racing sailors in the country are women (as a good many men regretfully admit).

The idea that a small boat is not safe for children is equally silly. The younger generation is a lot safer on the water than within striking distance of the average motorist. Teach them to swim, give them confidence in the ship and in themselves, and you will never have a moment's fear—except when you fall overboard yourself!

It all boils down to the simple fact that yachting knows neither sex nor age, and it really is the finest family sport ever invented.

* * *

It is a fallacy to say that in the course of a year one can get relatively little use out of a boat. True, many boats spend half the season tugging on their mooring lines, but that is no one's fault but the owner's. On the north Atlantic Coast and in the Middle Western areas the yachting season is of six months' duration; through the South, Southwest and Southern California it can be a year-around sport.

The five-day week provides the luxury of the Friday to Monday holiday, and a two week's vacation on the water, and on your own vessel, is something that must be tried to be appreciated.

Government charts and publications of navigable waters provide endless cruising destinations. A number of the larger gas companies each year distribute thousands of cruising charts and guides. These same companies, through co-operation with their gas dealers at various ports, will hold or forward your mail, dispatch your laundry, order your groceries—and even provide you with a fresh water shower. And it's all absolutely free! Moreover, if you are a member of an established yacht club you are in turn a welcome visitor to other clubs along the way.

* * *

Unless you live on the water's edge probably the local yacht club or municipal yacht basin will be your "marine garage." The dues of such organizations vary from a few dollars a month to a veritable king's ransom. But you can always find the club which fits both your requirements and your pocketbook.

If you live in the Middle West or on the North Atlantic seaboard your boat must be hauled out of the water during the winter months to escape the rigors of wind, ice and snow. Boatyards range from waterfront junk heaps to models of efficient operation. They should be selected after much careful observation and comparison.

* * *

The growth of yachting areas in the United States is but another evidence of the rapidly increasing popularity of the sport. On every hand government, state and municipal agencies are rapidly increasing all manner of yachting facilities. Throughout the nation rivers and lakes have been dredged, channels and harbors improved. Buoys, beacons and lighthouses are now almost as numerous as road signs.

The Eastern Intracoastal Canal (which provides an inside waterway for small craft that extends excluding a short stretch along the New Jersey coast—from Massachusetts to Florida) is being deepened, while the Gulf Intracoastal Canal now extends from Carrabelle, Florida to Houston, Texas and is being pushed on to Corpus Christi. The upper Mississippi is canalized as is the Ohio, and there are additional improvements under way. The Mississippi and Lake Michigan are linked by the Illinois River and the Chicago Drainage Canal. As a result of the TVA program in Tennessee there are 315 miles of connected lakes in that area and additional dams are raising the Tennessee River to provide a nine-foot channel all the way to Knoxville.

Many of the lakes and reservoirs which are springing up all over the country are man-made, and have been built under the supervision of the Bureau of Reclamation. There are more than fifty sizable reservoirs in various stages of construction in the western states, and a like number of smaller ones completed or contemplated. As an example of the success of such projects, Eagle Mountain Lake (near Fort Worth, Texas) opened but four years ago yet even now has some 2,000 boats in use, including a fleet of sizable yachts that would be the pride and joy of any salt water yacht club.

Surprising as it may sound, there are over 2,000 canoeable miles of rivers and inland lakes within a radius of 100 miles of New York City!

* * *

There you have it: a streamlined picture of the popular pastime of "messing about in boats." Few are those who, once they have been introduced to its countless attractions, have escaped its contagious fascination. For fun, for health, for a satisfying antidote for the miseries of a warring world, there is nothing quite like it.

So I'll make mine with water—and don't say I didn't tell you! #

only a few more shopping days until Christmas . . .

(in June)

Like all good things . . . here today and gone before you know it . . . "Christmas in June" ends all too soon. (Midnight, June 30th, to be exact.)

"Christmas in June," you know, is Esquire's way of saying "A very happy Father's Day celebration" to active, modern men everywhere. And a happy celebration it has been . . . because ever since its inaugural on May 15th, men everywhere have been more than eager to subscribe to a full fun-packed year of Esquire at the special low subscription rate of only $3.33. What this means, of course, is that you, too, can receive 12 giant issues, chock-full of robust masculine entertainment, at a saving of 33⅓% . . . $1.67 less than the regular yearly rate of $5.00. All of which proves that it's not only pleasant . . . but also convenient . . . to wish yourself a very merry "Christmas in June" with a subscription to Esquire.

But now it's the eve before Christmas . . . and only a few more days are left for you to take advantage of this great subscription opportunity. So be sure to send in your order before midnight, June 30th. On that date "Christmas in June" . . . like all good things . . . must end.

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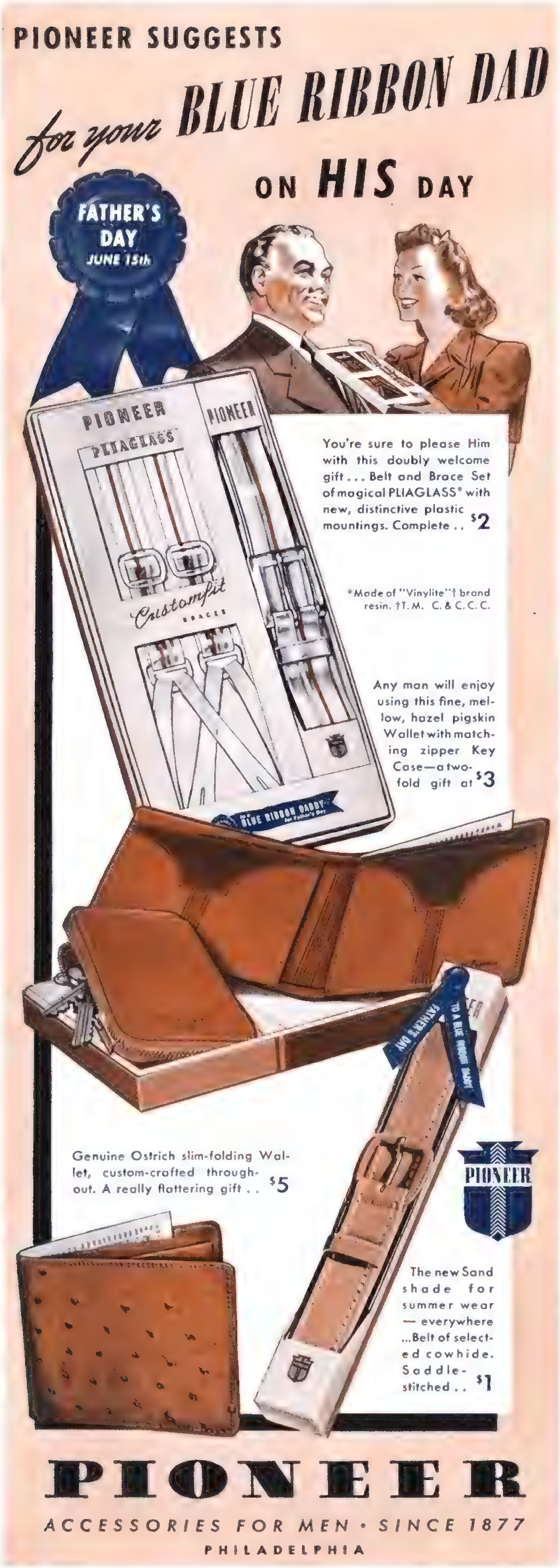

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PHILADELPHIA

How to Improve Your Putting

Continued from page 56

the shot. The best players inform me that they have found this method to be quick and easy of application and practical in obtaining a true direction line to the cup.

The stroke is a combination of arm and hand action. In the long shots, the arms make a smooth, easy swing that is kept in a groove by carefully sliding the right arm from the armpit to the inner side of the elbow, into a comfortable, light contact with the body. The left arm is free. This gives the right arm an opportunity to carry the stroke as it should. In the short shots, the right arm moves very little, generally not at all.

In making the backstroke, the putter must be swung back gently (not lifted upward). The stroke will have a tendency to make a slight inward curve, which is all right, because it is part of an arc. But it should be made in an even, rhythmic manner, so that the center of the putter will be at a right angle with the line at impact.

The length of the backstroke is automatically regulated by the length of the putt to be made. In other words, a long putt requires a longer backstroke than a short one and naturally the amount of follow-through will be in line with it. The player should not force additional follow-through. The length of the back stroke will take care of that correctly.

The putter has now been swung to a completion of the stroke. Keeping it close to the ground at the finish will insure its going to and through the center of the ball at impact. In other words, a low finish stroke avoids topping the ball.

Another costly fault in putting is the habit of jerking the head or looking up just before impact. I have found that any movement of the head before impact is absolutely fatal to the shot.

Matters that seem small and insignificant, but are easily violated and overlooked, are virtually fatal to the finish of the putting stroke. While the performance of extreme exactness of detail may appear a small item to look for in putting, it is a mountainous thing to find in the results desired and to be obtained.

Very often the player becomes careless about religiously seeing that every detail is carried out to the precision necessary to achieve success, particularly if things have not been breaking reasonably well for him. This generally shows up more in the putting than in the long end of the game.

While the average player pays more attention to his stance in the drive than he does in the putt, if he would consider the fact that missing a two- or three-foot putt (as has been done in championships hundreds of times) offsets the credit of a 200-yard drive or more, he would readily understand how much attention his putting should receive. It is putting, not driving distance, that is the major factor in golf today. The long hitter is a winner only when his putting excels.

A case in point is that of Paul Runyan, who is not a long driver. Yet in the finals of Professional Golfers Association Championships he has defeated two of the longest hitters in the game—Craig Wood in 1934 and Sam Snead in 1938. What he did in his putting made him the champion.

I have specialized in the short game for fifteen years, during which I have been in contact with and coached some of the best players, including numbers of the champions. I have given demonstrations and made moving pictures for Paramount. And from my experience and close observation, I know that the variance in the scores of even the champions of today is due to the fact that their putting is not up to the standard of their long game. This is mainly due to their failure to carry out persistently the essential features required in exceptional putting.

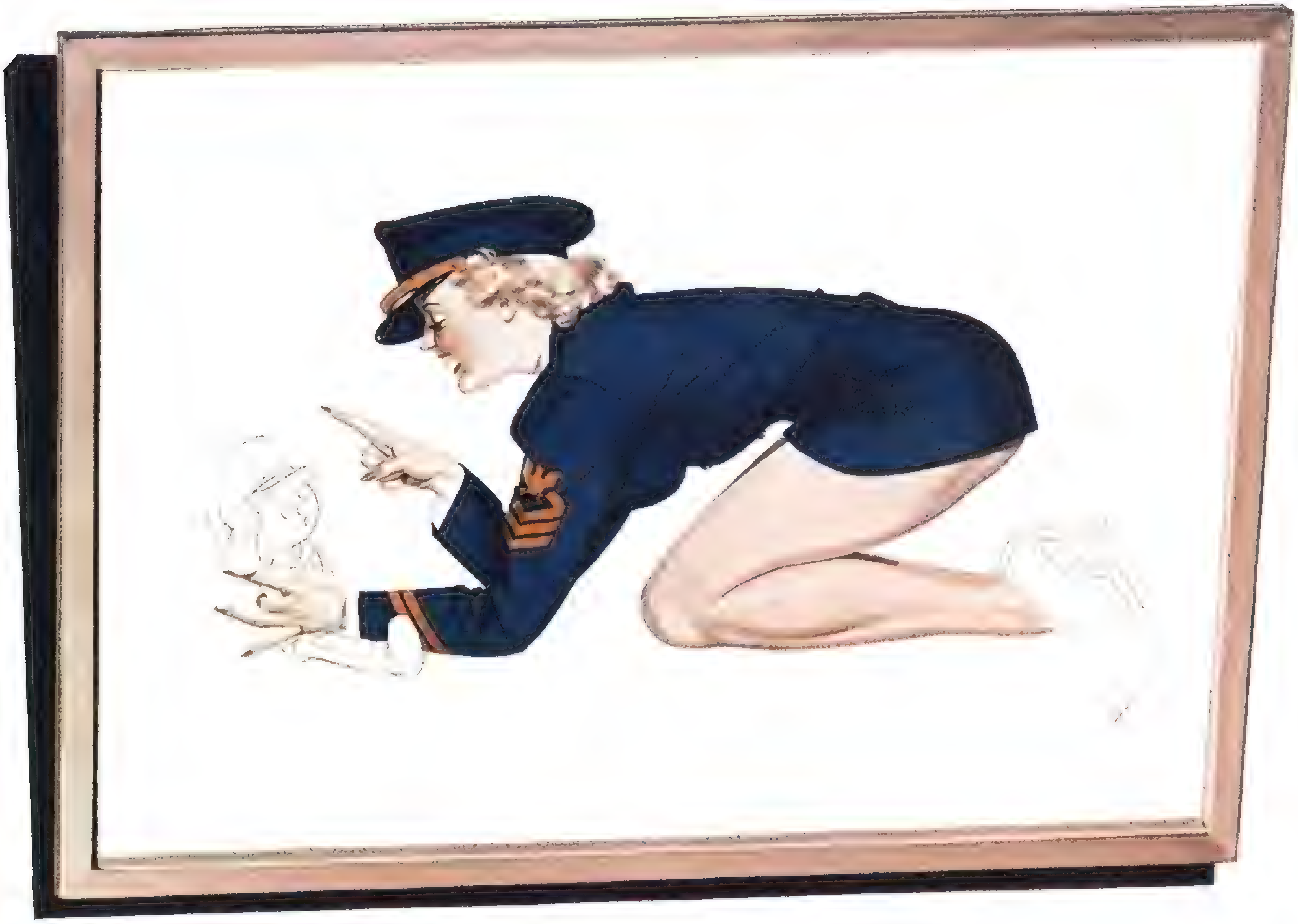
Of course, it does give one a thrill to hit that pill a good wallop and see it sail through the air for 200 yards or more, and naturally players feel more interested in the long game than in the short. But the player must take putting seriously, give it the amount of attention and practice he does the drive, and remember the things of importance and how costly their failure of performance is to the entire game.

It must be remembered that to become a good putter, the player must not only know the requisites to do exceptional putting, but must not vary in the performance of these essentials; i.e., it not only requires the "know-how," but a religious perseverance in carrying out all of the mechanics.

The player must be careful to see that he is using the proper grip, (whether it be the Vardon or the Reverse Vardon), the correct stance, soling his club accurately, taking a low rhythmic backswing and when coming forward seeing that the putter meets the ball at a right angle at impact. Remember, it does not take any longer time to do these vital essentials correctly, when the player once knows how, than it does to do them incorrectly.

The readers will find that the suggestions and instructions in this article are not only easily understood, but practical of application, and if carried out will improve their game considerably.

It must be distinctly understood that there is no system or method of putting that is foolproof against the failure to carry out or perform the essential factors. In other words, phenomenal putting can only be done by an unvarying performance of the mechanics necessary to do the exceptional work expected. And this goes for all golfers, including even the champions. ###



Here is the maximum of two old maxims!

An old Hindu pundit once said "There is no peace anywhere but in the arms of a beautiful woman." On the other hand, an old Afghan saying has it that "It is much easier to slip between a woman's arms than to slip out again."

The general notion of Maxim A contradicts that of Maxim B.

On the surface of things, it would seem that there is no peace anywhere, and that men are doomed to treat women the way porcupines serve one another; they come together for warmth, huddle close, pull apart for comfort, freeze, and come together again, for warmth. Nowhere, it appears, is there any hope.

But somewhere in the history of evolution, the *symbol* came into being, the quintessence of soft-eyed pleasure: the Ultima Thule, where restless yearnings and wayward hope breathe the air of sweetness and a loveliness entirely without guile.

Isis was such a symbol, to the Egyptian bucks, offering in her secret ways those high things not to be found in simple Amortiti, the barley baron's daughter.

Venus Pandemos was such a symbol to the Greek blades, spreading out, in her private pastures, such joys and enchantments as were never to be had in home, hearth, or halter.

And of such dream stuff is the Petty girl, whose ambulant curvings and undulant sweetnesses are deft magics, bringing surcease to the unquiet spirit; whose bosom bares peaked promises of soothing balms for the bruises of the world.

Moreover, she is ready, at the drop of a hat, to ring the changes in the verb "to love"; to conjugate it through every mood and tense—active and passive and back again.

Place her colors on your ramparts, gentlemen; emblazon her figure, *rampant* or *couchant*, on your armorial bearings. And by all means, mail your twelve bits for the "crouchant" tidbit above, a subtle target for your high aims, a super-succulent symbol for the jousts of the gods—for leap frog on Parnassus.

Clip and mail today to Esquire, **Dept. M,** 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

My hat's in the ring, Esquire. The new July Petty girl, illustrated above, is indeed a tidbit. By all means rush me one of those 20" x 15" July Petty reproductions in full color—and the sooner the better. I understand it will be shipped to me carefully packed, framed in beautiful blonde modern and protected by Lamination (a glasslike film—unbreakable and soilproof). Here's $1.50 to cover all charges. (U. S. orders only.)

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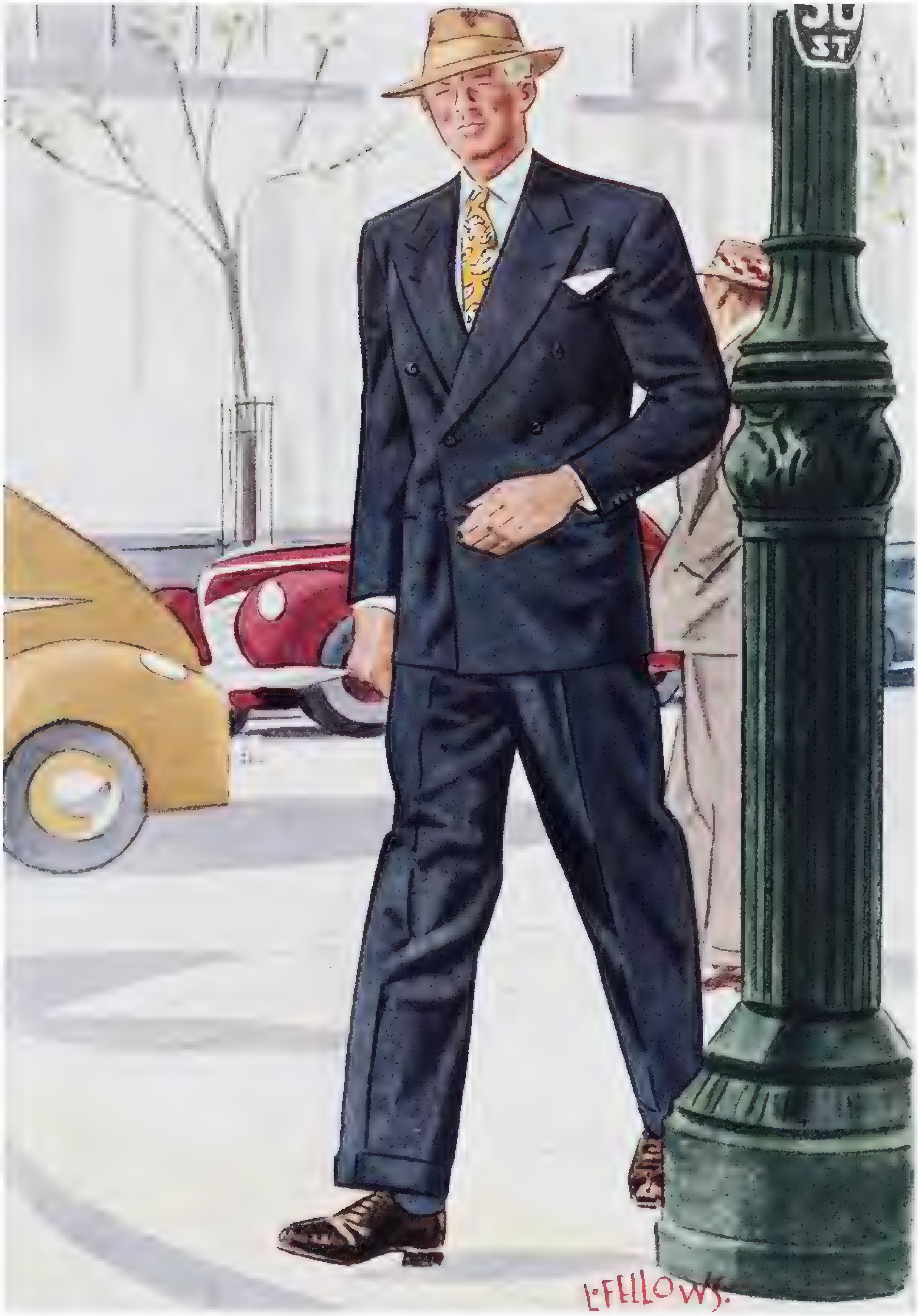

short cut to coolness

If there's such a thing as keeping cool on sweltering days, the fellow above will do it. This trick is done, not with mirrors—but with meshes. His hat is a mesh weave panama and it is very definitely rated in the cool classification. It's the new cocoa shade with tan silk puggree that goes well with almost any suit. In this particular case, the suit is Air Blue tropical worsted. The shade was derived from the color of the British Royal Air Force uniforms. Making its appearance in lightweight clothes is a furtherance of an already established trend. The jacket, incidentally, is of the new easy-fitting double breasted variety. Its roominess produces greater comfort. The yellow, black and white figured foulard tie contrasts with the pale blue-grey thin madras shirt and attached widespread collar. Blue lisle half hose and lightweight brown shoes with perforated toe caps blend in well.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Home Defense Streamlined

Continued from page 32

tration at emergency points.

Hence Britain's Home Guard. Or, perhaps, it is more correct to say: Hence the official recognition of its existence, the encouragement and training of the Home Guard for just such duty.

For the Home Guard idea is centuries old. When Napoleon was loose, the same Sir John Moore who was to be buried "darkly at dead of night" at Corunna recommended the recognition of the "People's Army" to meet the invasion threat. There were Home Guards in World War I, patriotic but decrepit old codgers—grey headed, grey bearded and grey uniformed. Youths in training for the front smiled at their stiff drill and, noticing the "G. R." (Georgius Rex) on their armbands, christened them "George Robey's Army"—after the comedian then convulsing a London barely touched by the war.

Officialdom gave them a minimum of recognition and openly regarded them as nuisances.

In 1939, the survivors of those patronizing youths were in their forties and fifties. Armed with their World War I records they flocked to offer their services again. Those experts at snubbing, the Civil Service officials, gave them what their impertinence deserved. This was a young man's war, Gort's army was waiting in France, reinforcements of the proper ages were plentiful. Invasion? Never heard of such an idea! Pooh-pooh!

So they went back to their homes and turned out with the local Home Guard to find them drilling with half enough of everything from fowling pieces to Crimean War relics. This needed rectifying. Delegations of ex-ambassadors, retired colonels and such impressive figures went to Whitehall.

Now, certain phenomena are anathema to the military mentality and War Office mind. Chief amongst these are all things "irregular." Irregular soldiery, irregular methods, irregular uniforms, communications couched in irregular terms on irregular forms sent through irregular channels on irregular subjects—all such are foredoomed.

"Our men need arms," pleaded the irregular Home Guard representatives. "Most irregular," retorted the War Office. "Arms? Damn it all, we can't hand out guns to every village idiot in the country."

The irregularly minded village idiots could not even stick to their own museum pieces. Civil authority stepped in to remind them about laws against bearing firearms, gun licenses and closed seasons. Their solution was the establishment of parish stores where all weapons could be dumped "pending an emergency justifying their issue to responsible parties,"—a virtual guarantee that they would never be used in a time of vital necessity.

Local constables arrested Home Guards and they were fined for possessing arms and no licenses. Notices were posted in villages informing all and sundry that descending parachutes should be reported to the nearest police station where arrangements would be made for the arrest of invaders.

Then came May, 1940, and all that, with a disheveled Army barely extricating itself from Dunkerque and straggling home minus most of its arms and all its mechanical equipment. With invasion a practical certainty, under the new guidance of Churchill a vast national reorientation was undertaken. Every phase of existence was affected—even, by degrees, the syrupy flow of the military mind was quickened and led into new channels.

Military history shows that, once disclosed, a new weapon is invariably countered by its appropriate defense. Gas produced the gas mask, planes the anti-aircraft gun and balloon barrage, submarines the depth bomb, magnetic mines the field-reversing girdle and so on. The Nazis uncovered their vaunted "secret weapon" in May and June of last year. It proved to be a system of penetration rather than a mechanical device. "Fifth Column," parachutists, rumor-mongering panic spreaders, fast motorcycle detachments and dozens of interrelated tricks.

Through the use of these, war is taken out of the purely military sphere into the totalitarian. Thus is a People's War launched. Thus the Home Guard entered the calculations of the authorities and was gradually granted a part in the national defense scheme. But even then it had to struggle for all it required, still had to oppose or work around the official mind that could veto the issue of submachine guns to regular soldiers with the comment: "We do not intend to introduce the methods of Chicago gangsters to European warfare."

Rejected by the Army, useful men were at a loose end in Britain—tough left-overs from the last war with practical experience in Spain, that kindergarten and laboratory of modern war. In that rough-and-tumble school they had learned how to behave under observation and bombardment from the air, how to sneak up on a bullet-spitting tank, where to fling themselves down beside it, just when and where to roll a bomb under the skids for greatest effect and had taught raw youths to do these things. They had learned to use the most unlikely weapons, how to improvise barricades and bombs—how to improvise first-class fighting men out of street urchins and adventurers out merely for excitement.

A tour of local units showed what was wrong—practically everything. Martinet veterans

Continued on page 132

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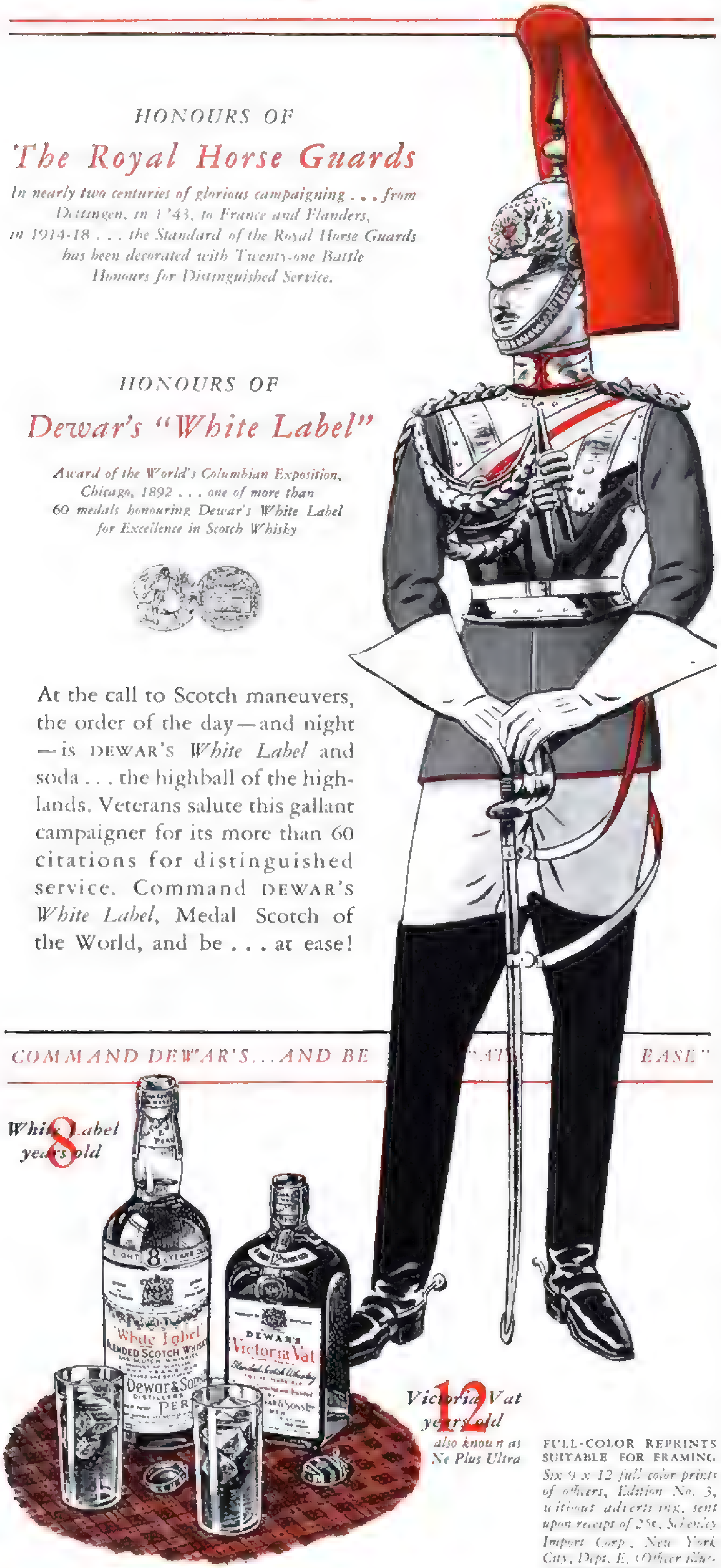

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Home Defense Streamlined

Continued from pages 32-131

were wasting hours drilling groups in the best 1914-18 manner. They formed fours, marched up and down, turned left and right, practiced saluting, rehearsed the formal relief of sentries and observed all peacetime duties. Field work was ludicrous, being based on the old trench routine of the last war. Before 1914, no one believed in digging trenches; after 1918, that was all they believed in.

The ridiculous part was that proper methods could be learned in a fraction of the time, under a system precisely opposite to the old spit-and-polish, iron discipline programme. To prove this, a school was established on one of Lord Jersey's estates. To it Home Guard units were invited to send a representative. After a short course, these returned to put some sort of general system into the irregular defense forces.

The programme is shorn of all fancy trimmings—non-academic and strictly practical. How to stop the enemy and not be stopped by him, how to kill the enemy and not be killed by him—these are the jobs of a Land Defense Volunteer. All "scientific" stunts of the old curriculum, that require hours to master and may never be used, are scrapped. Hitler has declared the old English sense of "sportsmanship" to be dead, Goering derided Neville Henderson with the fact that the British were not brutal enough. Those who fought Axis representatives in Spain would like to prove Hitler nearly right and Goering utterly wrong. It is the only way to meet their methods.

So the irregulars are trained in three phases of fighting and much of what they are taught goes directly against their popular and inherited traditions. What experience has shown to be the most effective use of fighting formations, ground and weapons is passed on to local units through the length and breadth of the island and on these pointers they are developing their local tactics.

Marching is not an end in itself. In peacetime, precision marching draws crowds and boosts recruiting. In the presence of an enemy it draws fire and boosts casualties. Marching in rigid formation is only useful for getting a bunch of men quickly from here to there—when no enemy is about. Once headed for action, men disperse into formations dictated by the ground and the job. Adopting most unconventional attitudes, they act alone, co-operating independently as best they can. No sergeant stands at their elbows ordering so many rounds of rapid fire, giving them the range or telling them when to move.

In the last war the whole countryside turned out to goggle up at a German plane. Now the order is for troops to scatter, lie low and not look at it. Upturned faces can be counted from 10,000 feet. To be dive-bombed is the most terrifying experience in the world, but it kills few men. Stay put and keep watching your front. That's where the danger lies and from that the stukas are trying to divert you. Think, too, of planes when devising tank obstructions. Don't make a block in open country and be surprised when German tanks start skirting it half a mile down the road. That's what reconnaissance planes are for. Conceal barricades as you would your own position.

Moving or lying doggo on the look-out, make certain you cannot be seen and popped off. It's extraordinary how little it takes to hide a man and what concealment is lying about if one only looks for it. Don't be choosy as to what you use—tree stumps, boulders, hummocks, ditches, manure piles or drains—it's better to be wet and dirty than dead. Know where you're going and exactly how before you start. Don't move from one spot till you see where your next stop is to be. Learn to dig yourself into the ground whilst lying flat on your stomach.

But such directions are solely to insure the ultimate use of weapons. They are futile unless they lead to knocking out the enemy at the right time, in the right place. Tips passed to the Home Guard are gloriously unconventional. Revolvers are useless except in expert hands. Twelve-gauge shotguns are effective at very short range but their power can be increased by opening the shells and solidifying the charge with candlegrease. A .22 rifle is a very present help in time of trouble and in average hands better than a revolver. One of the most useful spare-time recreations is estimating distances. If a rifle is complete with bayonet, throw the bayonet away—it affects accuracy and should you get close enough to dig into a German he will probably be dead already.

Dodging about at close quarters, bombs, or grenades, can be the most useful weapons. Two varieties are needed: apple size for men, up to about five pounds for tanks. Grenades are simple to construct, but let no one inexperienced with explosives turn his hand to making them. Very little practice makes an accurate bomb lobber at short distances.

Don't diddle about with an oncoming tank. Know how you are going after it—and go. A few men with rifles can keep its guns occupied and its lid down whilst the bombers close in. With its attention held, a tank is exceedingly vulnerable. The closer you approach it, low down, the safer you are. Roll in alongside, fling your bomb between its tracks and roll outwards. Gasoline bombs have their uses, but explosives are surer—a fire under a tank may make it hot enough for the occupants to unbutton their collars.

Along such commonplace, common sense lines the Land Defense Volunteers prepare to do their bit. In the manner of home fire precautions, the job is to pounce on a local conflagration and extinguish or keep it in hand until the professional fire-laddies drive up with the proper weapons.

In the old British military textbooks there were vague references to "inculcating morale" into the troops, or something like that. The subject was bound to come up, but the compilers could not face squarely an issue not definable in terms of so many paces, ounces, rounds or inches. They had a vague idea of what was needed but realized it could not be taught. Perhaps it might be "inculcated"—anyhow, the average Sandhurst trained officer could not be expected to understand that word.

Hitler has helped to inculcate morale into the nearly 2,000,000 Home Guards who are awaiting the outcome of his orders with a certain grim confidence. Hitler has questioned whether, after all, the Englishman's home is his castle and has threatened the Briton's inalienable right to "go about as I like, attending to my own bloody business in my own bloody way." Inborn is the urge to protect these "rights" and it gives the citizen soldier all the morale he needs.

For he is a free man, wants to remain free and remembers that free Greeks routed many times their numbers of Persian slaves, that Cromwell's free Roundheads trounced the minions of a would-be despotic king, that free colonists under Washington drubbed George III's regimented regulars and mercenaries, that free Frenchmen of the Revolution generation won where they pleased. . .

No, perhaps it could not happen here—at present that is still in the realm of anybody's guess. But if it did, should the threat materialize, America's Home Guard will play its part. Bixby's Corners may become a crucial point on the map of the United States and what happens there may well hang on how much attention is paid to Britain's Home Guard, its training, its success—or its mistakes. ###

A Good Cigar Is a Smoke

Continued from page 46

tobaccos in the cigar or is practically unnoticeable.

Havana again holds top place, but Sumatra tobacco is close behind in popularity as wrappers for quality cigars. Java's a lesser source of wrapper supply. Most prevalent of the good domestic wrappers are those grown under canopies of cheesecloth in Connecticut, known as Connecticut Shade. Connecticut Broadleaf, Florida and Georgia tobaccos are also extensively used for wrappers.

The salesman will usually know what types of tobaccos go into the better cigars he sells. And then the markings on the boxes may also answer questions, provided that they can be interpreted. "Clear Havana" is the manufacturer's way of stating that the cigars contain nary a speck of tobacco that's not Havana. "Manufactured in Bond" means that the government sees to it that the cigars are Clear Havana. "Claro," "Colorado," "Maduro," or combinations of these words are just a high-faluting way of telling you about the color of the wrappers. Claros are light colored. Colorados are ruddier. Maduros are ripe, deeper shades. Maduros and Colorado Maduros are favored by Cuban tobacco experts. We have a current fad on for pale green or light yellow wrappers because some smokers got the idea that they're milder. They're not.

Workmanship:

A well-made cigar is uniform in resiliency, reasonably firm but flexible in body, with a glove-smooth, perfect wrapper. Men who know cigars recognize this sort of workmanship—whether by hand or machine—as the kind that makes smokers happier men. There's really less difference in quality today between the machine and the handmade cigars, although some connoisseurs will always insist on hand craftsmanship. Spanish handmade cigars are of a different type of manufacture; a pad of flattened-out, matched leaves is rolled into cigar shape and enveloped directly in a wrapper, omitting the binder. If one of these cracks, the cigar becomes inferior because smoke escapes from the sides.

Length of filler is a factor about which otherwise jovial cigar smokers can get very, very crabby. The reason is, ashes from short-filler cigars often flake off, like a dripping faucet, during smoking. Irregular filler may interfere with even burn. Leaves or sprigs of tobacco that run almost the full length of the cigar are used for long fillers. Short filler means the cigar's innards are scraps, runty leaves or other tobacco leftovers.

Gentle pressure is a test that eliminates many bad cigars from the purchases of the seasoned smoker. If the cigar yields too easily, it's loosely made, may come apart while it's being smoked and will certainly get soggy after several puffs. Stiff, completely unyielding cigars, on the other hand, indicate equally unfortunate workmanship; they're hard to draw through. Cigars that aren't uniform in their density, that have hard little "bellies" in them, have uneven filler. That's anathema to the smoker who knows his cigars. The stuffin's are improperly in place and the draw will be poor.

The pre-punctured head is an extra little convenience some smokers appreciate. This allows a near-perfect draft without messiness. In biting or cutting off the head, the smoker compresses the tobacco and he also is liable to cut off too much or too little, caus-

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A Good Cigar Is a Smoke

Continued from pages 46-133

ing the cigar either to burn with difficulty or start losing its wrapper. The tubes in which most cigars are packed prevent their drying out through the open end.

Burn, Taste and Workmanship. Once you've found a brand that suits you on all three counts, your private search for the Cigar Supreme is over. And when you'd like to change brands, you know you're reasonably safe so long as the type of tobacco in the new brand is about the same as that in your Favorite. It's unfair to put a brand on a blacklist, though, because one smoke proved disappointing. If a cigar of a brand that once proved satisfactory falls short of expectations, it doesn't mean the brand itself has changed and all cigars bearing it will be equally disappointing. Tobacco is a plant. Absolute uniformity is impossible. Maybe the next box under that label will be up to par.

It doesn't materially affect the quality of the cigar he gets, but every smoker must make decisions about the styles he prefers, if only so the fellow behind him can get waited on. Some rather far-fetched aesthetics involving facial structures and cigar shapes are supposed to influence the selection, but the occasion for the cigar is much more easily understood. Larger types such as Coronas or Queens are most in favor for after-dinner smoking. Unless you're being sold rope these should be higher priced than the smaller cigars because of the larger amount of tobacco they require. Miniature sizes are most practical for "grab" smokes. For course-of-the-day smoking, the middle sizes like, say, Panatellas, Perfectos or Belvideres hold the lead.

Now let's see if the chosen cigars are fresh. We may like the fellow we're giving them to or we may even be particular about what *we* smoke.

Strip the cellophane jacket half or all way off one, then gently squeeze the cigar. Loud, brittle crackling is the cigar's way of saying it's stale. The sound is usually accompanied by the wrapper crumbling in your fingers. The clerk may be unreasonable enough to insist on your buying that one, but at least you were saved from its fellows. A faint crackling sound isn't so bad; it simply means the cigar is dry, but not too dry. Many smokers like them this way.

Cellophane envelopes are detectives which sometimes tell the cigar's age. Perfectly transparent tubes reveal nothing, but yellowed cellophane indicates that the cigar is old and some of the precious oils that carry its flavor and aroma have escaped into or through the envelope. Fogged tubes usually show that the cigars have been permitted to dry out and were re-moistened; wrappers are often loose on these cigars.

But then old stock usually has a shopworn appearance anyway.

All this seems as though it'd take far longer to go through than the patience of the average cigar salesman would allow, but in reality it's not nearly such a long process. In fact, with practice, the selection of a good cigar becomes instinctive. And the selector feels awfully sophisticated.

But the sneers of the experts at the smoker who chooses his cigars haphazardly are benign smiles compared to the supersneers they sneer at the man who doesn't smoke his cigars correctly. And the main reason for these extremely curled upper lips is that common sense is all the smoker needs to manipulate his cigar in the approved manner.

For example, it's plain common sense that makes a man smoke his finest cigars in the comfort of indoors rather than when he's charging down the street with his mind on scads of other matters. Wind and walking carry the aroma and fragrance away from the smoker and interfere with his reception of the delicate flavor that characterizes the finest cigars. He's more inclined to be nervous and chew his cigar down to a pulp when he cannot rest at ease. Excellent advice to the cigar smoker, too, is: "Relax, and enjoy it!"

Less mess comes from cigar smoking if the head is cut rather than bit open. Convenient cigar cutters cost between a quarter and a dollar. It's not cheating to use them. But if you must bite, do it neatly, without tearing the wrapper so that it starts to unravel and without jerking out a hunk of filler. Too large a piece off the head is safer than too small. It lets the cigar draw more freely.

If the cigar won't draw after the head has been opened, gently press the cigar at both ends to loosen the filler. It may have been compressed too much when the head was cut, or possibly it was pushed in when you took the cigar from the box or when you were carrying the baby. A wire or pin stuck in the head and tuck (lighting end) of the cigar doesn't benefit the draw materially.

It's extravagance and masochism to burn up a cigar at cigarette speed. Not only is the cigar, for which you unpocketed good money, going almost completely to waste this way, but the smoker's entire oral tract is caused to rear up and protest. Relish each puff. Deliberately taste it. Smoke as slowly as possible without drawing too hard, and a good cigar will last longer, giving more satisfaction all the while. Retain part of the ash to slow down the rate of combustion.

Now if you're (a) the nervous type who chews cigars into masses of stringy brown slime, (b) the cigar-smoking pipe smoker who clamps teeth down with the drive of a punch press, or (c) a fellow who's fastidious about having tobacco directly in his mouth, a holder's for you. After the head has been opened, moisten the end of the cigar to go into the holder. This softens it and makes it fit better by adhering to the sides of the holder. Be sure the holder is adapted to the size of cigar you smoke. Once the cigar has been inserted, leave it there. The end would be too battered when you extracted it to put in your mouth.

For beginners only: When you are through with that cigar, simply lay it to one side. It'll go out soon. It doesn't go on smoldering like a cigarette. And if the wrapper starts to loosen while you're smoking a cigar, don't unpeel it. Fasten it back in place with a lick of the tongue.

That's about all there is to cigar smoking from the smoker's standpoint except taking good care of cigars, keeping them fresh.

A fresh cigar, by the way, isn't necessarily from a new crop of tobacco or even a newly rolled one. It's simply a cigar that retains the proper amount of moisture. Some Havana tobaccos are many years old before they're made into cigars and some cigars have to season for months before they're in the best condition for smoking.

If ever you leave a cigar lying around a day or so too long and it's 'way over on the dry side by the time you're ready to smoke it, don't throw it away unless the wrapper is falling apart. Simply cut off the tip of the head as you do for other smokes (if it's not pre-punctured) and breathe gently into each end of the cigar a few times. The warm, moist breath should penetrate and restore the cigar's old flexibility and freshness.

The average smoker buys several cigars at a time and smokes them during the day. There's no danger of his cigars drying out before he's ready to smoke them. They're usually fresh for two days in winter and longer in summer when the humidity is high. Manufacturers urge that the smoker carry his cigars in pocket or pouch with the tuck up, because it hurts the cigar's smoking quality less if this end is battered a little than if the head is injured.

Then there are those gift boxes of cigars. Unless they are to be passed out among the boys (at which times they're far from dominant in our minds), these cigars will be kept for quite some time. And improper care can make the finest of cigars distasteful.

But how to take care of them?

A cigar box is only a temporary receptacle. The smoker needs some sort of humidor to keep boxed cigars fresh. Any receptacle that is reasonably air-tight, odorless and non-absorbent will do. Even a Mason jar. Zinc, copper, vitrite or glass linings are all satisfactory. Many a businessman has had a drawer in his desk (or part of one) zinc-lined like a flour bin for use as a handy storage space for cigars. Many more have purchased handsome as well as practical ready-made humidors to match their office or home furniture. They come in all finishes.

Spanish Cedar is the cigar epicure's darling as a humidor lining material. It has an odor and is absorbent, but this material has a natural affinity for cigar tobaccos that improves even the finest grades. The wood and the leaf marry or blend their essential oils back and forth with highly salubrious effects. Cedar cigar boxes show that the manufacturer either packs his cigars with loving care or is a smart salesperson out after the discriminating trade.

Whatever sort of container is used, it should have some sort of highly absorbent material at the top, such as blotting paper or sponge. This should not be in direct contact with the tobacco because excess moisture causes mold. A means of gauging the humidity will curb over-enthusiasm in filling the water compartment. Too much moisture can cause more trouble than the proverbial little pills claim to cure: sogginess, poor burn, mold, misshapenness and the giving off of excess ammonia and nicotine, to mention just a few. A little on the dry side (about 60 to 65 humidity) is safer.

Temperature is a second, comparatively minor factor in the care of cigars. Extremes should be avoided. Tobacco is best preserved at around 65° F. Normal opening and closing of the container to remove or add cigars should allow for occasional changing of air inside. And to use up the older supply of cigars first, always remove those previously in the humidor before adding more. Then return the removed cigars so they'll be on top.

The too-dry box of stogies the office gave you last Christmas or the wife picked up at a bargain doesn't have to be counted as a completely dead loss. Those cigars can be brought back to good-as-new smoking condition. But it takes time. Try to allow as long for the re-moistening as it took for them to dry out. Start with just a little moisture in your blotter, sponge or clay block and keep the humidity low for a day or two; then increase it a little. Build it up to normalcy slowly and the cigars should come back flexible and smokable as ever.

Reason for all this caution is that the wrapper is usually of thinner tobacco leaf than the binder and filler. If it is hastily moistened it will stretch and expand while the inside remains dry. Then the wrapper will leak air and the cigar may be worthless. Allow a week or two to restore the cigars to their normal condition and the wrappers will more probably remain snugly in place.

Thus spake the Experts, their depths of cigar lore thrown open to us so that we, with firm tread and ringing voice (which some day will develop into a rumble), might march up to the cigar counter and order the finest in smoking satisfaction.

No more are their double-barreled sneers aimed at us. For we know how to (1) choose our smokes intelligently, (2) smoke cigars properly and (3) take good care of our reserve supplies—don't we? #

DORYPHORUS
(Famous Greek statue)
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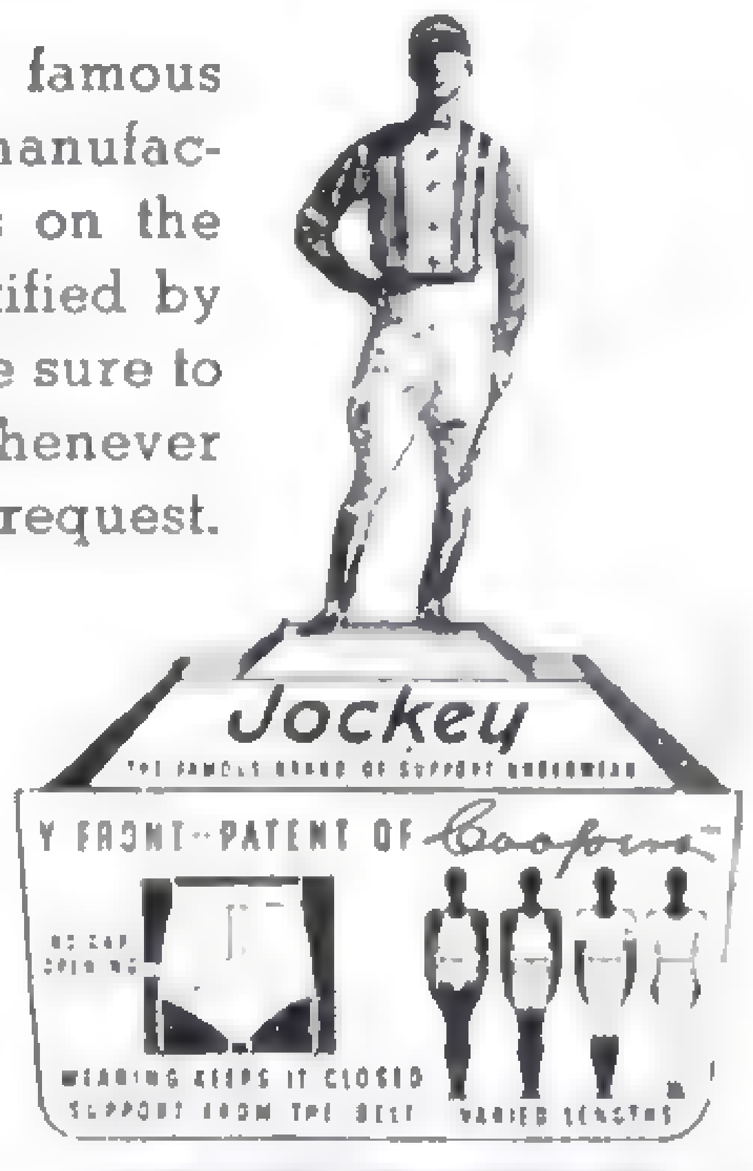

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REGENT..... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

On the Bench

Continued from page 31

pier here, aren't you?"

He jerked his head at Benny and Stevie and Davy. "Father thinks he'd like to go to the city and stay at my place." He spread his hands. "People always dropping in; no regular hours, no real home life. And what would be worse—away from his friends!"

He looked shrewdly at them. Stevie and Davy nodded uncertainly, but Benny was stubborn. James got into the car and waved. Jonathan did not wave back and neither did the others.

Jonathan's head was bowed. His choleric face was gray. His shoulders trembled and one hand twitched at the cloth on his thighs. When he looked up the car was gone.

He glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the others. But they were gazing straight ahead of them. He shuddered. He wanted to explain, to ask their forgiveness, to say something. But nothing would come out. He wanted to cry. His eyes flooded but even his tears were old and gummed on his eyelids. Self-pity welled within him and he wanted to sob but all that would come out was a little pathetic wheeze like a child's sigh.

"Move up, lads!" Blind Davy coughed. "Sun's down and it's going on cold."

They shuffled closer together, the three of them, and the bodies on either side wedged warmly against Jonathan, supporting him, embracing him, protecting him. The shadow of the big granite man moved toward them and the twilight was falling, silently, silently as an infant's breath. ⧺

Don't Eat Your Old Man

Continued from page 29

the Issidones, a tribal people in southeastern Russia, would cut up their fathers, on given occasions, mix the Old Men's meat with that of less expensive animals, and feast away. The cleaned-off skulls were afterwards gilded, and hung up over the fireplace—like elk's heads. This, of course, was before Stalin.

Strabo, in turn, reported that the Irish ate their fathers "with great relish," and considered the act praiseworthy. If you happen to be a gourmet, you might look up the exact recipe, which is to be found in Book IV of Herodotus, sections 5 and 249.

By and large, however, the Old Men were eaten in effigy, or in substitute form, as with the Ainu. Among the Aztecs, for example, the Old Man was first stabbed and then eaten in the form of a dough man. The dough was specially compounded—a mixture of exotic seeds and the blood of children. When Father's Day came, a flint-tipped arrow was rammed into the Old Man's "heart."

This patricidal thrust was called, quaintly, "killing-Father-Huitzilopochtli-so-that-his-body-might-be-eaten." The males then crowded in for a hunk of papa, gorging and regorging themselves until the hall thundered with a mighty regurgitation. For some unexplained reason, the females were expected to go hungry.

We are now treading on dangerous ground; and this type is electric with hidden dangers. Father fixations, cannibalism, taboos, neurosis rituals, and the interrelationships of food and sex, are subjects no sane man would touch in print—at least where parallels might be drawn with things going on in a latter and more benighted day. For this reason, if for no other, we had better develop the rest of our negative in dark rooms of ancient Egypt.

* * *

Sometime around 5000 B. C. the individual Old Man, who was nothing if not a family patriarch, spread himself out. He became everybody's Old Man—a king; and the well being of everybody depended on certain mysteries which sooner or later were to envelop the Old Man. Now it is exceedingly bad taste to look a mystery in the mouth; and we had better half close our eyes for what follows. The tribal Old Man who was promoted, and became the state's Old Man, underwent a strange and miraculous transformation the moment he was bumped off. He became—at least to the First Kingdom Egyptians—one and the same as the god Osiris himself.

The mechanics of this exotic transformation are not for our mortal understanding. It happened, that's all; and as Tertullian put it so wisely, "*Credo quia impossibile.*"

But this is only half the story. The Old Man, on being killed, not only became Osiris, *but he became barley as well.* It is almost too much, really; but so it is written in the Egyptian texts, as boldly as the markings on a freight train. In fact, on one mummy this "Who's Who" note was unblushingly painted: "I am Osiris. I live as the gods: I live as grain: I grow as grain. I am barley." It would not be straining the imagination too much to suppose that on Father's Day, at Elephantine, 2256 B. C., Pepi II's offering Pepi I, a nip of Scotch and saying, "Let's put the Old Man down the hatch."

Now let's look on the ancient Egyptian's contribution to patricide and ceremony with an unjaundiced eye. If you were living in those experimental days, and were taught the natural science of the day (which included the identity of your Old Man with Osiris, and the fact that Osiris lived in the river Nile), and you observed that after the Nile flood each year, barley sprouted on the banks, you would have some ingenious ideas of your own. You would say, no doubt, that Osiris made the barley sprout, and that naturally the barley was by, with, from, and in Osiris. That isn't far-fetched.

Nor would it be any more far-fetched to draw some of the other conclusions the Egyptians drew, and applied to father-worship. To-wit: the Nile deposited green scum on the river banks, and consequently the green scum was the blood and flesh of Osiris; and since barley sprouted within the scum, the blood and flesh of Osiris was mightily magical. You would probably even smear a little on your chest—to make the hair grow.

Well, this is exactly the way the early Egyptians reasoned. The Nile's scum was a giver of life. Consequently, every devoted son smeared a little of it on the body of his Old Man, to give the Old Man the necessary quantity of Osiris-vitamin. This was a Father's Day "must."

Time passed; and it was argued that it was not the scum itself that did the magic work, but the green color of the scum. Anything green, then, was the stuff and nonsense of Osiris. Wasn't the living grass green? Wasn't the sprouted barley green?

Then what? A regular St. Patrick's Day wearing of the green. Green powder, obtained by grinding up malachite (copper ore) was used as a dusting powder—both on the living and the dead. And this, we can safely say, was the first cosmetic, used not to beautify, but to guarantee abounding life. Death was by no means as inevitable as taxes if enough greenery was handy. One proto-Egyptian wise guy even thought up the brilliant idea of wearing as a charm the green *scarabeus* beetle common to that neck of the woods—and thus gave history and legend the delightful scarab—pivot of 28 per cent of the modern murder mysteries.

Be these asides as they may, Father's Day in Ancient Egypt was a big day; and a good son had plenty to take care of. After all, he had to keep his Old Man at one with Osiris—and well supplied with high octane magics.

* * *

When history had meandered sufficiently down its idiotic way, and the idea of the patriarchal tribal Old Man had been supplanted by the idea of a Divine King, the original implications of a Father's Day altered apace.

The Old-Man-as-a-Divine-King was an Old Man who had to be bumped off by the community, at the finis of an ordained rule; and Father's Day was the communal bumping-off day. In fact, as times became more civilized, the Old Man was even so obliging as to bump himself off.

Several examples will make this historical development clear. Up until the sixteenth century, the "Divine" king of Quilcare (no pun is intended), in Southern India, was expected to do away with himself in the most melodramatic way on that Father's Day which recurred once in every twelve years. In *The Golden Bough*, Sir James gives an account of the ceremony more or less as follows:

Come Father's Day, the king had a wooden scaffolding made, and spread over with silken hangings. After bathing suitably, he ordered soft music played, and slowly mounted to the platform. He cut off his nose, and threw it to the attending Café Society. Next his ears, his lips, his toes, and his fingers. He lopped off as much, in fact, as he could, without losing his poise or his balance. After that he nicked his throat.

A seventeenth century traveler who visited the kingdom of "Calicut" on the Malibar coast wrote that the Old Man, here, who was called the Samorin, on his designated day, made a feast "saluted his guests, and went to the scaffold, and very decently cut his own throat in full view of all the assembly."

Without being unduly rash, it may be suggested that as soon as the classic Old Men found that they could squirm out of a preordained violent end by having "Father's Day" celebrated in some devious way: such as stabbing doughboys or strangling bears—they jumped at the idea. And at this moment, for at least one time in history, the Old Men were on the side of "progress."

* * *

Well, times have changed—for better or worse; although not overmuch. For as William of Ocean, in his celebrated "Razor," put it so well, everything is nothing but something else—and probably not as good. Today's customs may not be symbolically so far removed from those of the Nile Valley, but they are our own; and we might as well stick to them.

That's why, this Father's Day, you might as well give your Old Man pretty much the same thing you gave him last year—and not "the works."

Give him a necktie, or a case of Scotch, or a gun, or whatever you want; and let's pretend we never brought up this whole bloody anthropophagical business. A little learning is of no consequence, except perhaps, in the hands of Mr. Westbrook Pegler. And many things, like hatchets, are better off buried.

If you are an Old Man, yourself, make charitable allowances—don't stick your neck out. *Dum spiro spero*, and *dum vivamus, vivamus*.

If someone gives you a necktie, draw it tight around your neck and wink. No matter which side of the noose you're on, prolong the common illusions of faith, hope, and charity, and keep this whole thing *sub rosa*. For as Mr. Shaw once said so well, this world is governed for the most part by the ideas that occur to stockbrokers "during the first five minutes." And these, it is needless to say, never touch on the fine points, nor the archaic joys of patrophagy. ###

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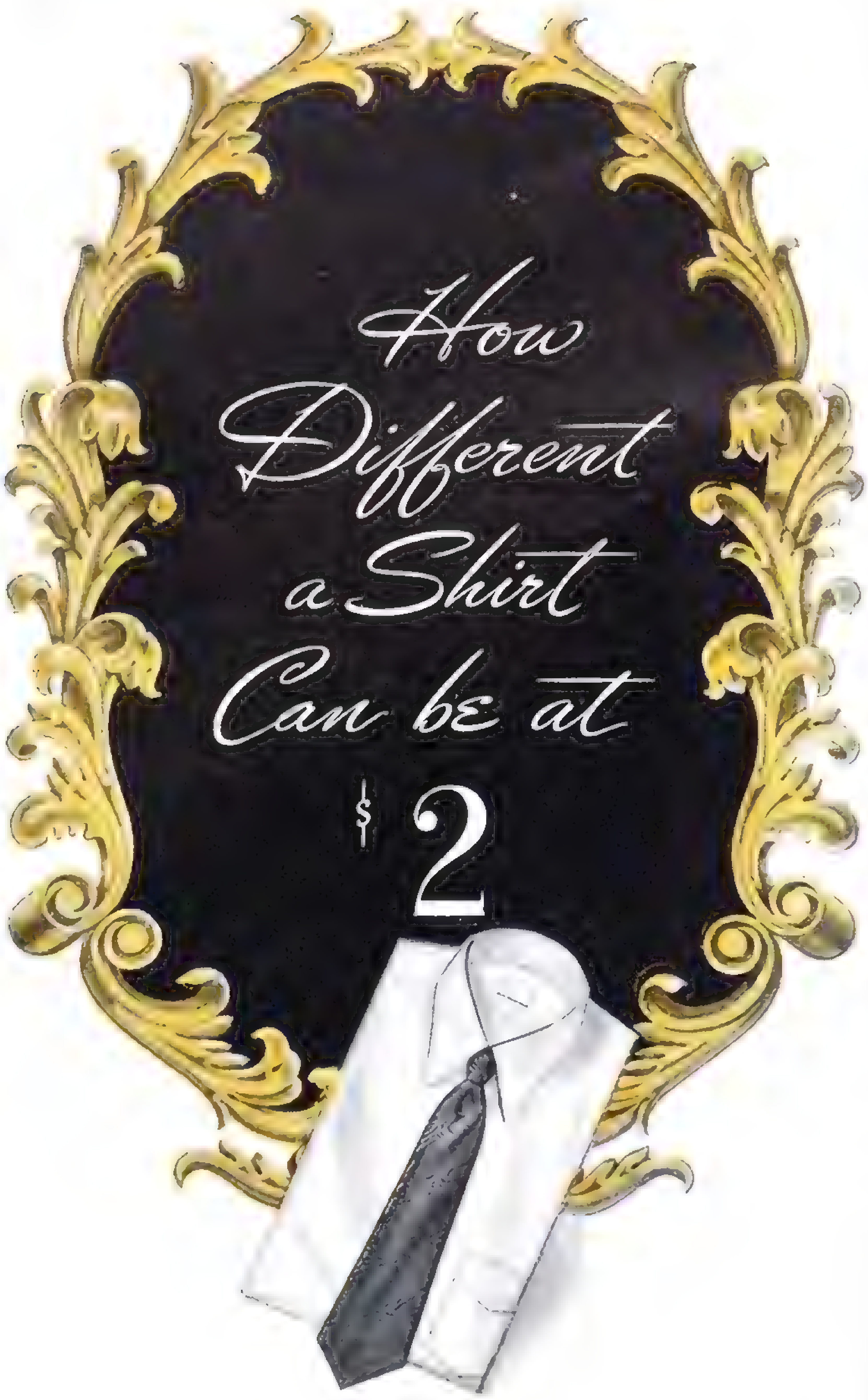
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Three Hours Between Planes

Continued from page 41

"What the hell! We *did* have fun. Like in the song."

"On the sleigh ride."

"Yes—and somebody's picnic—Trudy James'. And at Frontenac that—those summers."

It was the sleigh ride he remembered most and kissing her cool cheeks in the straw in one corner while she laughed up at the cold white stars. The couple next to them had their backs turned and he kissed her little neck and her ears and never her lips.

"And the Macks' party where they played post office and I couldn't go because I had the mumps," he said.

"I don't remember that."

"Oh, you were there. And you were kissed and I was crazy with jealousy like I never have been since."

"Funny I don't remember. Maybe I wanted to forget."

"But why?" he asked in amusement. "We were two perfectly innocent kids. Nancy, whenever I talked to my wife about the past, I told her you were the girl I loved *al*most as much as I loved her. But I think I really loved you just as much. When we moved out of town I carried you like a cannon ball in my insides."

"Were you *that* much—stirred up?"

"My God, yes! I—" He suddenly realized that they were standing just two feet from each other, that he was talking as if he loved her in the present, that she was looking up at him with her lips half-parted a clouded look in her eyes.

"Go on," she said. "I'm ashamed to say—I like it. I didn't know you were so upset *then*. I thought it was *me* who was upset."

"You!" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember throwing me over at the drugstore." He laughed. "You stuck out your tongue at me."

"I don't remember at all. It seemed to me *you* did the throwing over." Her hand fell lightly, almost consolingly on his arm, "I've got a photograph book upstairs I haven't looked at for years. I'll dig it out."

Donald sat for five minutes with two thoughts—first the hopeless impossibility of reconciling what different people remembered about the same event—and secondly that in a frightening way, Nancy moved him as a woman as she had moved him as a child. Half an hour had developed an emotion that he had not known since the death of his wife—as he had never hoped to know again.

Side by side on a couch they opened the book between them. Nancy looked at him, smiling and very happy.

"Oh, this is *such* fun," she said. "Such fun that you're so nice, that you remember me so—beautifully. Let me tell you—I wish I'd known it then! After you'd gone I hated you."

"What a pity," he said gently.

"But not now," she reassured him, and then impulsively, "Kiss and make up—"

". . . that isn't being a good wife," she said after a minute. "I really don't think I've kissed two men since I was married."

He was excited—but most of all confused. Had he kissed Nancy? or a memory? or this lovely trembly stranger who looked away from him quickly and turned a page of the book?

"Wait!" he said. "I don't think I could *see* a picture for a few seconds."

"We won't do it again. I don't feel so very calm myself."

Donald said one of those trivial things that cover so much ground.

"Wouldn't it be awful if we fell in love again."

"Stop it!" She laughed, but very breathlessly. "It's all over. It was a moment. A moment I'll have to forget."

"Don't tell your husband."

"Why not? Usually I tell him everything."

"It'll hurt him. Don't ever tell a man such things."

"All right I won't."

"Kiss me once more," he said inconsistently, but Nancy had turned a page and was pointing eagerly at a picture.

"Here's you," she cried. "Right away!"

He looked. It was a little boy in shorts standing on a pier with a sailboat in the background.

"I remember—" she laughed triumphantly, "—the very day it was taken. Kitty took it and I stole it from her."

For a moment Donald failed to recognize himself in the photo—then, bending closer—he failed *utterly* to recognize himself.

"That's not me," he said.

"Oh yes. It was at Frontenac—the summer we—we used to go to the cave."

"What cave? I was only three days in Frontenac." Again he strained his eyes at the slightly yellowed picture. "And that isn't me. That's Donald *Bowers*. We did look rather alike."

Now she was staring at him—leaning back, seeming to lift away from him.

"But you're Donald Bowers!" she exclaimed; her voice rose a little, "No, you're not. You're Donald *Plant*."

"I told you on the phone."

She was on her feet—her face faintly horrified.

"Plant! Bowers! I must be crazy. Or it was that drink? I was mixed up a little when I first saw you. Look here! What have I told you?"

He tried for a monkish calm as he turned a page of the book.

"Nothing at all," he said. Pictures that did not include him formed and reformed before his eyes—Frontenac—a cave—Donald Bowers—'You threw *me* over!'

Nancy spoke from the other side of the room.

"You'll never tell this story,"

she said. "Stories have a way of getting around."

"There isn't any story," he insisted. But he thought: So she *was* a bad little girl.

And now suddenly he was filled with wild raging jealousy of little Donald Bowers—he who had banished jealousy from his life forever. In the five steps he took across the room he crushed out twenty years and the existence of Walter Gifford with his stride.

"Kiss me again, Nancy," he said, sinking to one knee beside her chair, putting his hand upon her shoulder. But Nancy strained away.

"You said you had to catch a plane."

"It's nothing. I can miss it. It's of no importance."

"Please go," she said in a cool voice "And please try to imagine how I feel."

"But you act as if you don't remember me," he cried, "—as if you don't remember Donald *Plant!*"

"I do. I remember you too . . . But it was all so long ago." Her voice grew hard again. "The taxi number is Crestwood 8484."

. . . On his way to the airport Donald shook his head from side to side. He was completely himself now but he could not digest the experience. Only as the plane roared up into the dark sky and its passengers became a different entity from the corporate world below did he draw a parallel from the fact of its flight. For five blinding minutes he had lived like a mad-man in two worlds at once. He had been a boy of twelve and a man of thirty-two, indissolubly and helplessly commingled.

Donald had lost a good deal too in those hours between the planes but since the second half of life is a long process of getting rid of things, that part of the experience probably didn't matter. #

A Shower for Father

Continued from page 90

ments. Insisting upon established reputation and proper credentials, he automatically pushes back the false-front merchandise that slicksters shove at him. Any food or drink accorded admission to his table had been elected in, not foisted. Must be worthy of association with gentlemen.

As for the scion sitting at the table whose notions need licking into shape in order that he may be fit to uphold the name he bears, Sir Sire sees to it that the young whelp is duly indoctrinated with the facts of social life, especially the punctilios of polite drinking.

An instance of such tutelage which has always appealed to me was that of my old friend Reginald Birch, the veteran artist and illustrator, who as a tacker of eight (he's now upwards of eighty, but not in spirit) was parked with his venerable granddad on the Island of Jersey in the English Channel, Reggie's father being then in Queen Victoria's service in India. Each evening at the conclusion of dinner, the butler would pour a glass of choice, twinkling Port for the white-locked old gentleman, and then a tiny glass for one small boy.

"To Her Majesty!" Grandsire would announce and the picturesquely dissimilar pair opposite each other would rise, hold glasses aloft, and drink the toast. Followed by: "To your Father!"

And again the rite was enacted. Need I add that delightful Reggie Birch has been noted all his life for the charm of his social manners, particularly in regard to beverages? Both as a host and as a guest, he's an education.

The basis of all drink etiquette is non-hoggishness. Among the Ancients any sumptuous feast began with libations to the gods—a pouring out of wine for these unseen guests who always appreciated being in on the party; stinginess and selfish gluttony were sure to miff them, with dire results. No matter how perishing with thirst you might be, you had to keep up with your social obligations to Father Jupiter, Mercury, Bacchus, Diana, Venus, et al, before your own hatch's needs were attended to. As a special extra, at bedtime it was customary to pour a final cup to the god of sweet shut-eye, not forgetting a night-cap of your own.

Cordiality to friends during the Dark Ages was especially notable among the Norsemen, primitive though we would now consider it. "Skoal!" they roared fraternally, hoisting drinking vessels improvised out of the skulls of people they hadn't liked. As time went on the skull idea went out and the good wish for your health lingered lustily, echoed today in the concerted assertion that "He's a jolly good fellow," even if he hasn't a broadsword in hand and a beard full of sea spray and barnacles.

Unquenchable fealty to Bonnie Prince Charlie was averred around countless bowls of Scots whisky punch. The Cavaliers, pooh-poohing the Puritans with the aid of lifted bumpers pledged to the health of King Charles, finally packed up their ancestral flagons and came over to Virginia, to found America's fox-hunting industry. And what hearty breakfasts the equine pursuit of sly reynard seems to require!—repasts at which the local hunt would feel compromised unless duly toasted. After all, the poor four-legged beasts toil so eagerly, only a churl would begrudge them a drink by proxy.

It is calamitous, though, the way "toastmaster" has become a misnomer. Instead of engineering a gallant toast, he is reminded of a moss-covered story about a couple of Irishmen, and after a few more apt remarks—apt to be dull and wind-filled—gets round to introducing Dr. Tedius K. Blether, the fifth and fearfulest honored guest of the evening, who launches

Continued on page 140

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A Shower for Father

Continued from pages 90-139

into an address on "Economic Aspects of the Alaskan Snail Fisheries," after forty minutes of which the speaker and the snails are in a dead heat. (Oratory like this is a great break for the boys in the washroom.)

You might not believe it, but the original role of toastmaster was actually constructive. He ruled the "healths," which were offered by appropriate spokesmen rising glass in hand to voice their sentiments. "To Our Gracious King!" "To the Honor of the Regiment!" "To the Immortal Genius of Bobbie Burns!" "To that Peerless Champion, the Belfast Spider!" "To the Ladies!" "To the Confusion of Our Enemies!"

Each speaker, in proposing the toast, spoke briefly and to the point. And you washed down his remarks with gusto. He didn't need to be silver-tongued to have his audience with him, especially at the finish. It was eloquence which really got somewhere.

Today full-fledged ceremonial bottoms-upping rarely occurs except in tribute to a team or a bride. True, there is the casual practice of waving to your friend Jim Jones on the other side of the room, or that comely damsel over there, with a gesture of "I'm drinking this to you." But such are mere incidentals. We shallow lappers seem to have lost the true fervor of concerted homage which the lifted glass calls for—the drinker's heartfelt salute, no less.

It's high time we refound it. There is simply no excuse for large scale feasting apropos of this and that with no acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Uncle Sam and his defenders. The men bugled out of bed in the cantonments or swabbing decks in the by no means frigid Caribbean aren't being served truffled guinea hen en casserole nor brandy in their cups of Brazilian; and the least we can do to show our appreciation of what they are doing for us is to make them ex-officio honorary patrons of our parties. If good eats and drinks were scarce in our land, we'd gladly pull in our belts. But any such policy would smack the farmer, the cattle raiser, the vintner, the brewer, the distiller, and the whole hotel and restaurant industry squarely on the nose, not to mention the federal, state and city treasuries, which prosper as we luxuriate. Our cheer, far from nicking anybody else's chow, actually helps pay for it. Every box of cigars, every pack of cigarettes, every bar check, and every bottle of liquor, up to the cork in taxes, is a chip in on National Defense. When we wine and dine expensively, the men in the service are really our guests. So when, as we should, we lift our glasses to a ringing call, "The United States Army," "The United States Navy," "The Marines," "The Air Force," we are cementing bona fide brotherhood under the Stars and Stripes, besides voicing our loyal gratitude.

Naturally this "deplorable use of alcohol" will call for hysterical outcacklings on the part of the Prohibitionists. "Can't you," they ask, "enact your *beau geste* equally fittingly with a bellyachy glass of ice water and the good old Chautauqua Salute?" As for the Government's accepting revenue from industries catering to enjoyment, how reprehensible! It would be better that the nation go bankrupt than that one citizen be permitted to be a *bon vivant.*

"You said it, Sisters," the bootlegger chimes in with a wink. "I don't pay no taxes to nobody, and every little one-horse township or county that grows dry is my free field. Them dames carry the banners and picket for me. All I've got to do is to rake in the jack."

Father, whose code of sociable partaking wasn't picked up in the murk and muckerism of the Volstead Era, feels that the way to elevate man's use of liquor (a habit these thousands of years) is to *elevate* it—miles above the gutter, in accordance with gentlemanly tradition. While some speak of "moderation" (and rightly so), his personal platform, which others may follow if they will—and his sons had jolly well better—is "rational, intelligent drinking." To enjoy the good things of this imperfect world, not muff their benefits by idiotically misusing them.

After all, tradition isn't merely something that one inherits on a silver platter; it is something one must exemplify in one's own performance as the always welcome guest and the always gracious host. And one's success in so doing is largely thanks to the best and most understanding of all teachers, the amiable gentleman who did him the favor of begetting him.

Wherefore this popular occasion known as Father's Day seems in itself no more than a smallish recognition of what is due him. But it *is* an annual "something on account."

Though I'm now out of pernting range, let me again bring up the matter of those baskets. Can you picture the "cold indifference" with which tributes like those would be unwrapped and beamingly inspected by the Pater? The gift slippers, the robe or smoking jacket, the ties, handkerchiefs, shirts and socks, will seem all the more gladsome for this moist addition to the shower.

If Dad's cellar or hobby bar is already well stocked, the attractive novelties and accessories are mighty handy. The smart rattan-encased ice bucket is just the thing for this time of year. The pigskin bar set is in ye latest mood. The cocktail and Zombie glasses, the shaker and soda mixing gadget, are distinctive additions to a sire's homework outfit.

So now, gentlemen, let's rise, glass in hand, responding to the toast: "To Father!" ⧻

Since Father Was a Pup

Continued from page 39

man who bathes and has never been in jail."

Miss Olga Nethersole, an English actress, caused a great distress, among better bred people, by kissing actors on the mouth in *Carmen*. Later she appeared in Clyde Fitch's toned-down stage version of Daudet's *Sappho;* and because she allowed her leading man to carry her "upstairs," a minor actor in the company was asked to remove his daughter from a young ladies' academy in the Hudson valley. "Several mothers," wrote the headmistress, "have seen the play in which you are appearing and they cannot consider Margaret a fit companion for their daughter . . ."

Robert Ingersoll was roaming the country, announcing to shocked countryfolk that two and two make four. The forerunners of fascism appeared in the South, Wade Hampton's "Redshirts," and were called "good"; the prototype of the Gestapo, Ku Klux Klan, rode about in nightgowns, and was called "necessary."

Karl Marx was writing brilliantly in Europe; but no one here paid him any more heed than is paid, today, to the soporific Walter Lippmann. Mark Twain gained immortality by saying the average man would rather see a pretty girl naked than General Ulysses S. Grant in full dress uniform.

The South, announced itself as the sole-repository for culture—though it had never produced one outstanding painting, symphony, orchestra, philosopher, inventor; and, with the exception of the expatriated Poe and the cosmopolitan Mark Twain, only the most mediocre of literary hacks. What pleasantness there was in architecture was imported.

Every few years, there was a crusade against something, generally against vice. Other times it was against labor, liquor, the Latter-Day Saints, or the so-called "Romish" Church. One November night, in 1894, the witty Cardinal Gibbons, pouring coffee for a guest, found it appropriate to say: "On my honor, there's not a drop of poison in the house."

Irving Bachellor was assailed for mentioning in a story a man's navel (which statistics show, incidentally, was located a centimeter and a half lower then, than now—at least among Harvard men). Mark Twain, rising to the defense, had to ask the critic: "What's wrong? Haven't you got one?"

Somebody wrote a poem called *The Barefoot Boy*, Ambrose Bierce observed that "applause is the echo of a platitude," and Henry James, tired of it all, abandoned William, Frank, and Jesse, and settled abroad. Leland Stanford, whose name was later tacked on to a university, was denounced by Henry George as "an able thief," and died. Flags flew in San Francisco at half mast; and he was buried with marble male sphinxes fore, and marble female sphinxes wearing Florentine necklaces, aft—although a certain Mrs. Ada Channing Walker denounced him as "winebibber, atheist and horseracer." Thomas Beer maintained that the right hand female sphinx was "obviously insane."

A man named John Ford Bemis wrote a novel about a young preacher who turned agnostic and took to reading Kant in a pleasant little hut, next to a swamp. His wife leaves him in disgust, but returns, just as a mob, fresh from a nearby camp meeting, forms a line for a lynching. Rejoining her skeptical spouse, she runs with him out into the swamp, where they die. Bemis sent the Ms. to his mama's friend, Frank R. Stockton. Stockton said, "your conclusions are logical, but you'd better get the couple out alive."

The Pinkerton Detective force, in the pay of John D. Rockefeller's Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., opened fire on strikers' wives and children, on the occasion of the so-called "Ludlow Massacre," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote a little poem, beginning: "We asked no social questions—we pumped no hidden shame—we never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came: we left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell. . . . We weren't exactly Yussufs, but Zuleika didn't tell."

William Jennings Bryan, ran around the country crying, "You shall not crucify Mankind on a Cross of Gold," and attempting to expurgate Darwin from the textbooks of the country; yet he was made Secretary of State by Mr. Woodrow Wilson. It is said that Bernard Shaw killed him, during the Scopes "Monkey" Trial, by coining for him the phrase: "adult infant."

Oscar Wilde toured the Middle West and coined money telling the local culture clubs, "I am not exactly pleased with the Atlantic . . ." and "Most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest if not the keenest disappointments in American married life."

When Alfred Stieglitz, the guiding spirit of the famous little gallery called "291," arranged to have "291" present in this country such people as Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Braque, Picabia, and Henri Matisse—then known as the leader of "the wild animals," *les fauves*—brother took up arms against brother. Sir Purdon Clark, then curator of the Metropolitan, issued a bill: "There is a state of unrest all over the world," he said, "in art as in other things. It is the same in literature, as in music, in painting and sculpture. And I dislike unrest."

It seems to me that somebody, in these times, was always leading a mighty movement to suppress something. It was an era amazingly wasteful of ideas and en-

Continued at top of page 142

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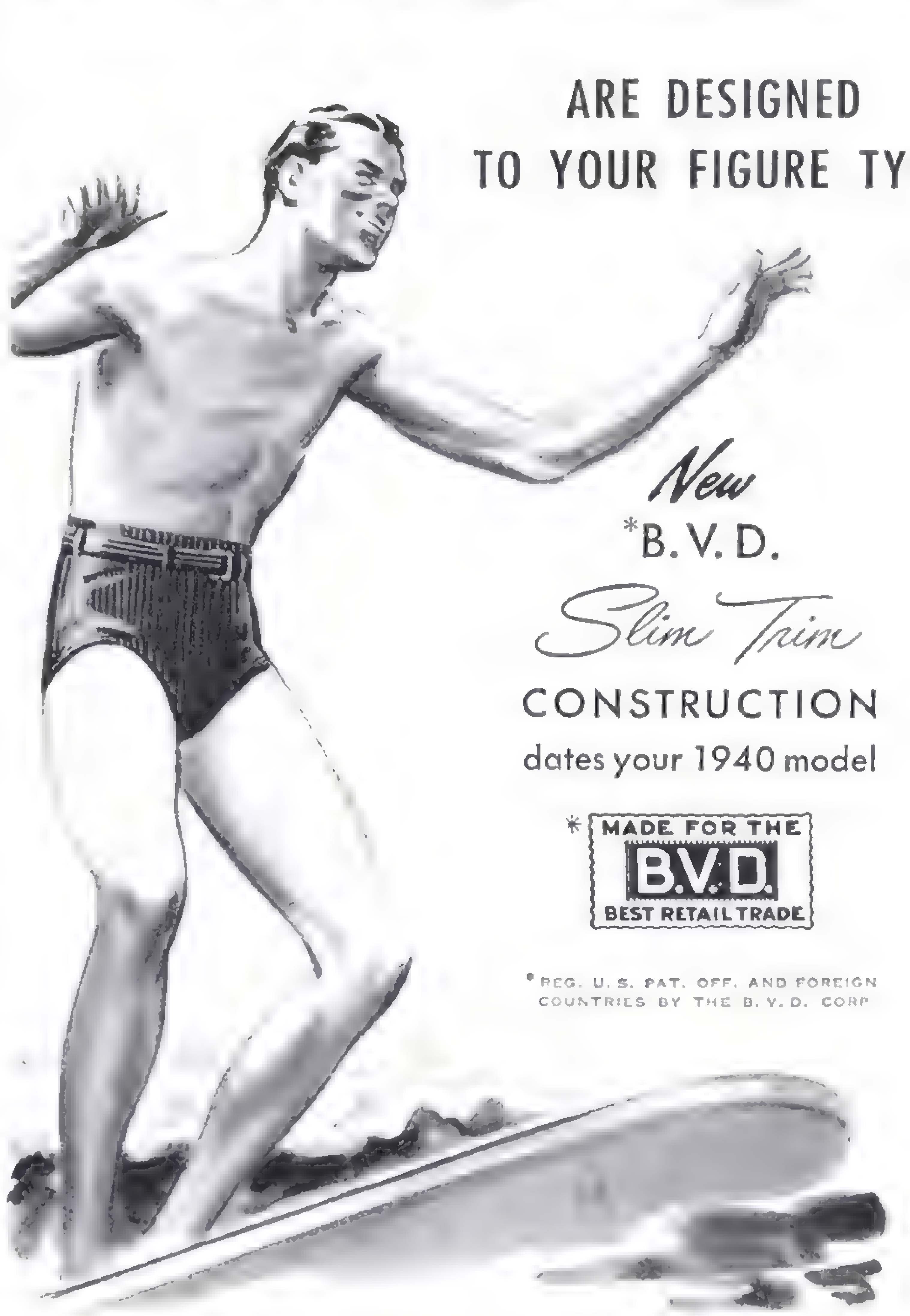

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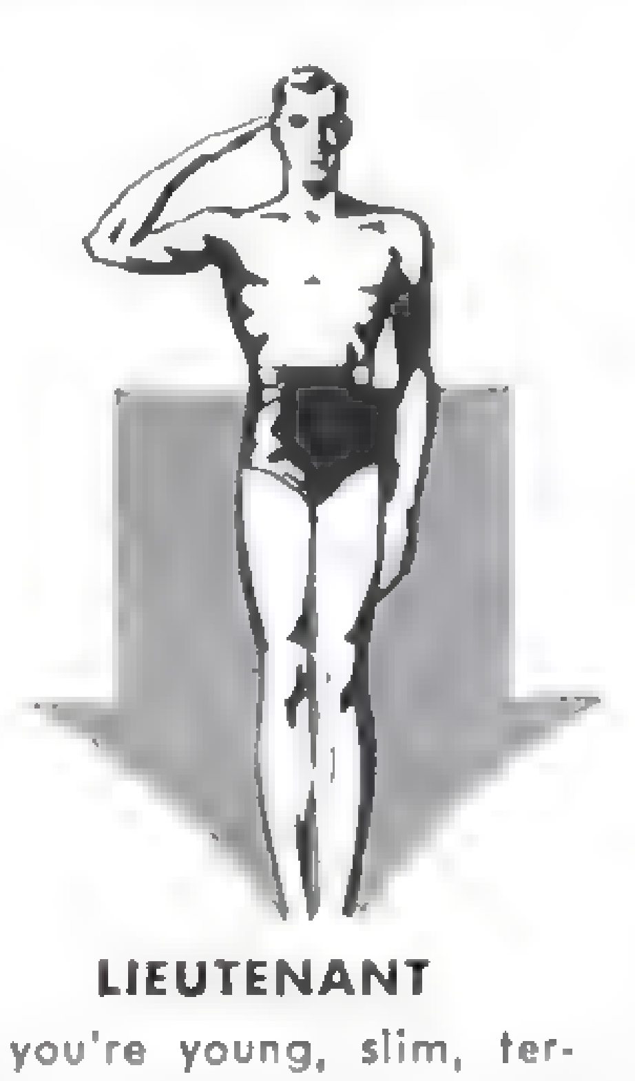

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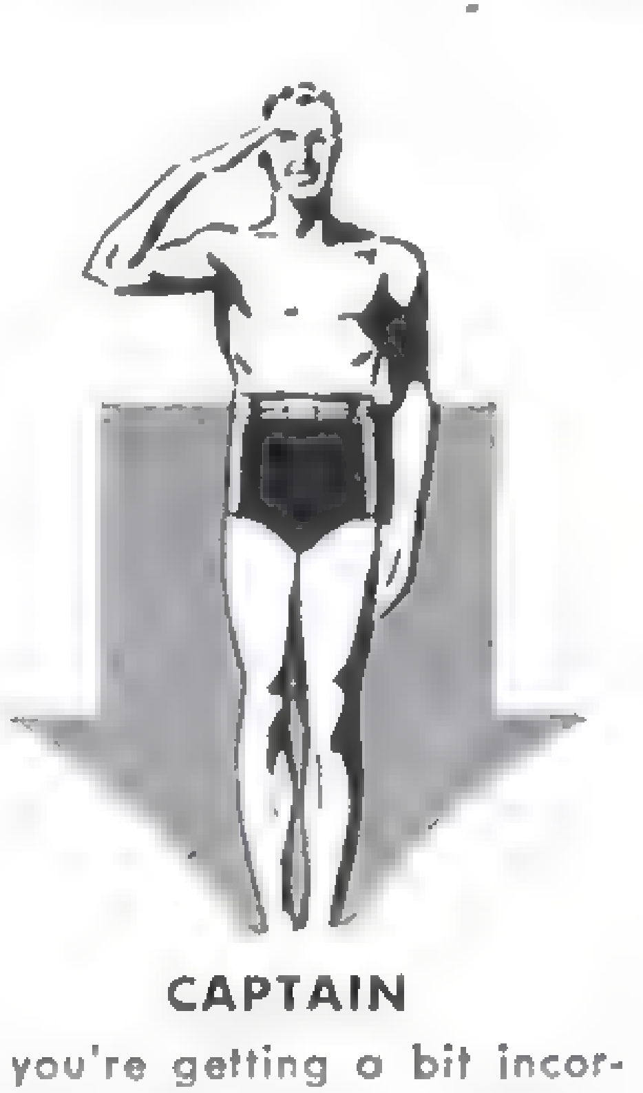

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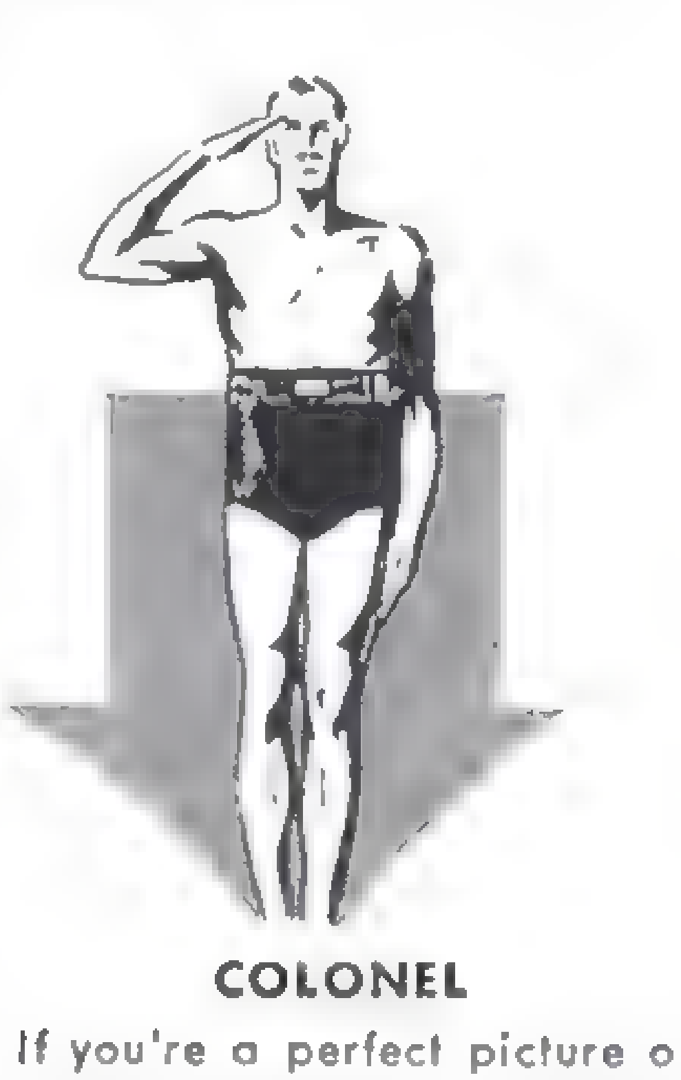
If you're getting a bit incorporated in front, new Slim-Trim construction gives you control in this type by *B.V.D.



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This year you can be as cool as you care to. For the new spun rayon Rivercool suit beats anything you've ever worn for coolness — at a cost so low it makes all other suits look expensive.

You'll find Rivercool lighter, cooler, far better looking than ordinary summer suits. You'll find Rivercool does not wrinkle easily, seldom needs pressing, costs less to keep clean. You'll find Rivercool comes in hundreds of rich-looking business patterns as well as dozens of lighter shades.

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Since Father Was a Pup

Continued from pages 39-141

ergy; and almost entirely deficient in its sense of pleasure.

This, I realize, is not exactly true. For emotional energy, like physical energy, cannot either be created or destroyed; and many data produced by my age reveal the psychological force of transference, wherein greater pleasure is often to be found through sneaking, secretly, in back doors and dark alleys, than in going somewhere openly and naturally through the front.

Yet somehow, it all strikes me as being a kind of children's game, of no lasting value. For sooner or later you see through them, and then they seem vastly empty. Hop Scotch, Blindman's Buff, and Tit-Tat-Toe may be enormously absorbing for five or ten minutes; but it has always seemed to me that other pleasures exist which are more lasting—although I may be quite wrong about this.

In short, Old Man, yours seems to me to have been a perversely dull age, like those "lapses of the night . . . when dead things live and live things die." And while it is hard, and not quite fair, I know, to be over-specific about anything that takes in so much territory over such a spread of time, I feel about it, somehow, the way the fellow in the nursery rhyme felt about Dr. Fell: "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell; the reason why I cannot tell—but this I know and know full well, I do not like thee Dr. Fell."

Mr. Trotter, you remember, in that excellent little book, *The Instincts of the Herd*, defines the "resistive," or *stable* type of mind, pompous and empty; and the "adaptive" or *unstable* type, imaginative, creative, motile. Now it seems to me that these markings apply to eras as well as to individuals; and if I wanted to locate any one statement that distinguished your age from mine, I would say that yours was "resistive," and mine was "adaptive."

But since the world is always in a state of change, as even our friend Democritus pointed out, the formula of my time is realistic, and in keeping with biological evolution; and the formula of your time is just another form of the Inquisitors who were hell bent on persuading Galileo to forget what he saw in his telescope.

That's why your age was foredoomed to go with the wind; while mine, born without illusion and nurtured without hope, fought a clear-eyed war to end all war, made the world safe for democracy, and then, in the light of superior and scientific truth, quietly opened its veins. ⌗

Hearts and Flowers

Continued from page 43

modations so essential to them.

The principal victim of official interference is the big free street parade, so long the flamboyant prologue to the tent show. Exorbitant fees and other red tape have virtually killed off the one-time delight of the smalltown boy who bare-footed it along Main Street in time with the band. Occasionally, however, an ingenious owner was able to evade the restrictions.

One of the livelier stories is that of the showman who depended heavily on his parade for ballyhoo. In one town, however, cajolery, blustering and threats failed to move the village fathers to reduce the impossible fee asked for a parade permit. Returning to his lot in desperation, the showman happened to pass a hearse and several funeral carriages waiting in front of a Negro shack. It was inspiration.

In a moment he was inside, expressing sympathy to the bereaved and making the necessary arrangements with the widow. And it was only a few minutes more until the town was regaled with the most astonishing cortege it had ever seen. Down Main Street on the red and gilt bandwagon rode the coffin and the widow in state, while on the show wagons behind, the colored mourners wept in self-conscious magnificence. It was a Negro-heaven version of a funeral. The corpse was borne to his final rest to the foot-stomping rhythm of a brass band, and the show had its nearly missed parade—free.

Gone the way of the parades are the Tom shows. The last big company specializing in that white-wool classic, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, left the road in 1929 and since then the ascension drama has almost vanished. There is no longer even a showboat making an exclusive bill of it. One of the current tent rep organizations recently tried a revival of the old bloodhound item after their regular season. But while they reported fair business they abandoned the experiment after two weeks, which indicates that Uncle Tom, like Eliza, should be put on the ice. However, the aged darkey, even as Old Uncle Ned, is a hardy soul and may yet achieve a burnt cork immortality.

Taking a lesson from some of the progressive tent showmen, more and more of the owners are turning to musicals, are paying royalties for tabbed versions of old Broadway hits. Perhaps the most successful leader in this field is Billy Wehle of Billroy's Comedians, who specializes in miniature musical comedies including a girl chorus. The show usually carries enough specialties for several complete variety shows and a separate band, as most of the large shows do now. The days of those famous old advertisements: "Wanted—Tent Rep Actors. Must Double in Brass and Cook," are almost gone.

Unfortunately, however, too

many canvas showmen are still relying on the old heavy melodrama or hick comedy or moral lesson play that was bearded when the character woman was playing Little Eva. Some of them even offer pirated versions of old New York successes, lifted, trimmed, retitled and fortunately unrecognizable. Many of the smaller companies get by on hearts-of-oak drama and Toby comedy of the type which has entertained several tent show generations. The better of these scripts come from a couple of play companies in Kansas City specializing in blue-shirt drama on a season royalty basis.

Some of the older touring organizations still feature a repertoire of "original" plays. These are usually pretty dreadful specimens of dramaturgy whose questionable virtue is that they enable the show-owners to feature themselves in comedy and their rump-heavy wives as leading women.

More gifted Noel Cowards of the canvas, however, have won lasting fame in the gypsy theater world with plays written for themselves. Chief of these was the late Charles Harrison whose *Saintly Hypocrites and Honest Sinners* and the like have been performed thousands of times. They are still being presented by many of the straight dramatic companies, particularly in the West where (in Denver) Harrison's widow established a play company.

Some of the pioneer actor-playwrights were rough and ready dramatists of rare gifts. One of the prize stories is of Lem Parker whose tent company became waterbound in a small Oklahoma town. Business was good but while the attendance stayed high so did the water, and the troupe, unable to move, exhausted its repertoire. In the emergency Parker turned again to writing. Each day for six days he wrote and his company memorized and acted a new play, probably an all-time record in impromptu dramaturgy. Parker's *Elder Brother* is still being presented by some of the dramatic outfits.

Many of the smaller shows are not much more modern in their equipment than in their repertoire. Others (such as Brunk's Comedians which inaugurated a double-wall tent with heating plant for cold weather dates) surpass the drafty provincial "opry house" in comfort. A few even carry cooling systems for July in Dixie. And some of the semi-permanent companies have put in floors. Old-timers recall that Charles Harrison once featured a wooden floor in his tent with the top boards elevated ten feet off the ground. Erecting the floor sometimes kept him from a Monday opening and walking down the aisle sounded like a storm in a lumber yard.

A number of companies have found permanent lodging in southern cities where weather permits comfortable year-round operation under canvas. Jimmie Hull and Harley Sadler have frequently played stock dates of several weeks or several months. The late Monroe Hopkins stayed in Houston nearly four years with several other tent shows also attracted there during the period of his success. Hearn & Gunn's Madcap Players have played Dallas for ten years under canvas, drawing on the debutante and Little Theater crowds in addition to the customary shirt-sleeved patronage for their audiences.

For some reason the novelty angle used to attract these sophisticated audiences has been virtually unexploited by the average tent showman. This is even more surprising in view of the popularity of such fragrant museum-pieces as *The Drunkard*, *The Black Crook*, *After Dark*, *Murder in the Red Barn* and Billy Bryant's Showboat versions of the old heart-throbbers. A generation of city-dwellers which missed the tent show is eager to discover for itself the thrills of the "Well, gal, I'm a moonshiner" or "Out in the snow on a night like this" school of drama. And the small-towners who grew up on kerosene histrionics retain a nostalgic fondness.

Unfortunately, very few canvas companies have taken advantage of this interest by "hoking" up the blood-and-thunderers of the gruesome eighteen hundreds. Virtually all of those cashing in on it by raising hicks for profit are found outside the ranks of tent showmen.

For a while there were eighty companies presenting gagged versions of *The Drunkard* in beer halls and hotels over the country but most of them were stock actors at liberty who banded together on a commonwealth arrangement. There are still about twenty or twenty-five such resident groups, mostly in beer gardens or bars, featuring the old "meller" of alcohol and agony. Galt Bell's Los Angeles company has artfully hammed the classic for more than eight years of prosperous hilarity, the longest run in theatrical history.

Is the tent show doomed? Is it going the way of stock and the road?

I was talking that over the other day with Bill Sachs who edits the tent rep page of that bible of outdoor showmen, *Billboard*.

"Not on your banjo-lights," said Bill. "Tent rep is coming back strong. Look at the tops out this season. And the others that have settled down near Uncle Sam's new training camps.

"Of course, the talkies and the radio hurt the tent show for a while. But people must have entertainment and if they have the money they'll buy it. Whether it is in cans or in tents makes no difference. And if they can't look at the flesh shows in their hometown theaters they'll wait for the tent show to come to town."

Wonder when Harley Sadler will be coming back this way. ##

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WITHOUT COST TO YOU, we would like to prove to you that Arrid is just the thing you have been looking for to keep your under-arms odorless and dry. For a free, trial jar, write to Carter Products, Inc. 400 Park Place, New York City. *This offer good until July 31, 1941*

The Prodigal Marquis

Continued from page 27

his great gift was a legacy from his ancestors. "Money has the faculty of flowing in the similitude of a swift and shining torrent through my welcoming hands," he said. "The sudden possession of great wealth awoke in me the prodigality inseparable from most of the old nobility." And he had the real instinct for prodigality—for he had less conscience than an apache. He felt himself entirely justified every time he threw away a million dollars. "If American women endow us with their wealth, we, for our part, give them in exchange, besides a name, something which their money is powerless to purchase—a tradition and a taste which their superficial education does not give them the power of obtaining for themselves."

Boni had so little appreciation of the way to spend money because he had always had so little money to practice with. He was the typical insignificant nobleman on an allowance until—suddenly—he came into forty millions of solid American cash. He went berserk. Boni, whose blood was royal blue, was the great drunken sailor of his time. What makes it funny—or pathetic, or monstrous, depending on your station in life—was the fact that he did it all in the name of "Art" and "Beauty."

He was brought up at Rochecotte, which was the Castellane ancestral château. It was (and still may be, if it has not been commandeered by the mechanized troops) a charming provincial villa with elaborate gardens. When Boni was a boy Rochecotte was presided over by a sly and bittersweet old grandmother who was a niece of Tallyrand. She sat in a winged chair in the salon at Rochecotte, tucked her toes into an astrakhan muff, and peeked out of a frilled cap at an exclusive world, a world populated by Comtes, Viscomtes, Abbés, an occasional Prince, and ladies of gentle birth whose time was devoted to knitting or playing Chopin's waltzes on the pianoforte. Proust knew the family, and knew it well. His readers know it, too.

Boni's aunt, the Duchesse de Talleyrand, was one of the first women to smoke a cigar in public.

His father, who wrote songs and liked to make little jokes, named all his dogs after the Ministers of France.

His maternal grandfather never recognized the French Revolution. The only national anthem he would ever sing was *God Save Henry IV*. This grandfather, whenever he had guests to dinner during the summer, conducted an experiment in air-conditioning. He would drop bits of white paper from the upper windows of his château. This was supposed to represent snow.

One of Boni's ancestors was Gilles de Retz, a champion in arms of Joan of Arc and a celebrated art collector. He also collected wives. He was known as "The Medieval Bluebeard."

In this atmosphere of creaking nobility barricading itself against the Republic, among these corsetted, pomaded, decaying diplomats who braced themselves with snuff pinched out of boxes decorated by Blarenberg, Boni grew up. He always considered his boyhood the happiest time of his life. From Rochecotte, and his grandmother, and her friends, he learned conversation, elegance, and snobbery.

He had a series of tutors. At various universities he had a series of courses under teachers whom he could not stand and who could not stand him. As a young man on leave from military service he learned to frequent the great salons of Paris, for those days were the last days of the French salon. The big men-about-town of that day were General Boulanger (the Minister of War), Prince de Sagan (Boni's uncle), and General de Gallifet, who was one of the first men to have a silver-plated stomach. Boni, whose gifts for repartee were great, almost outshone them all. He had to talk fast, for though he had a handsome face he was a little man. He never in his life weighed more than one hundred pounds.

In 1894 he was idling in Paris, strutting through the salons and living as high as he could off his friends. He had had three duels and a respectable number of affairs. This was the year that Anna Gould came to Paris.

Anna Gould was the big attraction of the Paris season, this upstart, impertinent American heiress who dared to invade Parisian High Society. As it turned out, Parisian Society really invaded Anna Gould. She proved to be too rich to snub. Her family had placed her in the care of one Fanny Read, a fading concert singer who was one of the first to see new horizons in the business of guiding young American heiresses around the continental pitfalls. All Paris came to look at Anna, and Boni was but one of the many young men who came to pay their respects. Boni and Fanny Read took one look at each other and hated each other forever after. Fanny undoubtedly knew what Boni was after. Boni knew that Fanny knew. "This Fanny Read," said Boni, "had a face that was only redeemed from mediocrity by a prominent nose."

Of his first meeting with Anna he said, "Destiny, Chance, or what you will threw me across the path of Anna Gould, the greatest heiress of the day, the woman who was to become my wife, the mother of my children, and my Light that Failed."

Boni knew that he had to pay a new kind of court to Anna. Boni, at twenty-seven, was an accomplished rake. Anna was a new kind of girl in his life—young, innocent, American. Boni's experiences had been widespread and interesting, so interesting that he never hesitated to talk about them. (One experience he particularly relished was an evening he spent with an aging countess who would cover her face with raw veal when she went to bed.) To woo Anna, Boni knew he had to be gentle—and different. "I paid assiduous court to her," he wrote later. "I passed under her windows on horseback, I wrote to her several times, I sent her Persian lilacs."

Anna's heart melted.

And Boni was the tactician all the way through. While Anna was touring Europe with Fanny Read, Boni took the last few francs out of his last pair of pressed pants and came to America. His strategy was to meet the Gould family before Anna arrived and to be on hand when she came back to this country. He himself arrived here so broke that he had to borrow cab fare to his hotel. The first thing about this country he did not like was "the horrible Statue of Liberty."

George Gould, Anna's brother, took Boni on a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains, but Boni didn't like the great outdoors. He met some Indians. "The red man and I have nothing in common," he said.

When Anna came back from Europe she sent a note to Boni asking him to meet her at the horse show. This was practically an open confession of the fact that she was partial to his suit. Boni was on hand, and he has described this momentous meeting with his future wife in a very tender phrase. "My first impression of her was one of total eclipse," he said. "She wore a large unfashionable black velvet hat."

They were married in March, 1895, by the Archbishop of New York. Before the ceremony Boni asked the nineteen-year-old Anna to become a convert to Catholicism but she refused. This is one of the two things about his wedding day he remembered most vividly forever after. The second was the matter of the food served at the wedding. Boni, with his pampered French nose and palate, was more shocked than chagrined. "The menu was French," he said, "but everything was camouflaged. Thus baked potatoes contained cutlets and apparent chickens turned out to be mere sausage meats. No dish," he cried out in anguish, "was what it was supposed to be!"

Anna's wedding veil cost $6,000. It was later used as a bedspread.

Just as soon as he could, Boni took his wife away from this detestable America and back to the Paris that was his Athens. Since he was the first of his family to marry a commoner there was considerable dispute as to whether he would be able to move back into his class.

Boni settled the question with one exquisite stroke. He inveigled the Duc d'Orleans, the pretender to the throne, to a party—and Anna was made. Parisian society flocked to the Castellane parties to see her—which is what Parisian society was dying to do anyway.

Boni built his castle on the Bois de Boulogne. Then he bought the château of Grignan, which had once been his ancestral home. He bought the château of Marais (for 1,500,000 francs) because he was bored and because he had some special ideas for it. "I wanted to install a collection of exotic animals there," he said. "I visualized glowing flower-beds gilded by the setting sun, amongst which wandered gigantic Nubians wearing plumed red turbans, holding jaguars or sinuous black panthers in leash." Anna wouldn't let him do anything of the sort.

Boni pouted. "The world *would* not or *could* not understand," he said, "that the decorative in every métier of life was my absorbing passion."

Twice he entertained the King of Portugal. At one of the parties in the Bois, five hundred valets filled the vestibules. The line of carriages stretched from the Castellane gates all the way back to the Arc de Triomphe. During every day of his reign Boni provided sensational newspaper copy. An editor named Turot accused him of having had illicit relations with one of his servants. Boni challenged Turot to a duel. Turot, who weighed close to three hundred pounds, had the choice of weapons and picked sabers. Boni, all ninety-six pounds of him, wounded his adversary so badly that the bout was terminated. Turot apologized in print.

His own class probably detested him for his display of finery, but, strangely enough, the masses adored him. Tout Paris called him "Boni" and he was proud of it. They wrote songs about him and mimicked him at the Moulin Rouge. A whole school of adolescent dandies attempted to imitate his moustache, his corsets, his high heels. Paris became full of half-baked Bonis. The original grew to look more and more like a pigmy pouter pigeon—with his padded chest, and his spindly legs in the tight pants that were the fashion.

He continued to buy objets d'art by the carload. He never haggled over price—that would not be the act of a gentleman—and he became the delight of the dealers, the sucker of the age. But it is a fact that in later years the Goulds sold at a profit much of the bric-a-brac he had purchased. It was a fact that caused him to cry out twenty years later that "I was *the best investment the Goulds ever made!*"

He and Anna had three sons, Georges, Boni, and Jay. But Boni called them by his own carefully considered nicknames. They were, in the order of their appearance, Pittipat, Tippytow, and Tittymouse. He called his wife "ma petite Coco." But Anna's American friends called Boni "Powder Puff."

He got bored again so he bought a newspaper, during the Dreyfus days. True to his class he was one

Continued on page 116

Life with father's-father had its moments . . .

i. e.—OLD FORESTER

There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN FORMAN DISTILLERY CO INC
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
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OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED
At Louisville in Kentucky

Sea★Dogs
®REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

newest rubber sports shoe for MEN!

YOU come mighty close to "walking on air" the moment you step into a pair of Sea★Dogs. It's a feeling that can't be described. But once you try them on, you'll know why Sea★Dogs are your "dogs'" best friend.

Sea★Dogs are a *man's* beach shoe. They're made of the finest *tear-proof* rubber that water and sand can't hurt. They're easy to clean with a simple soap and water polish . . . easy to slip on or off . . . no buttons, snaps or strings. They come in six smartly styled colors: Brown, White, Blue, Green, Yellow, and Sun Tan (*illustrated above*).

Men who demand comfortable, but practical, knockabout footwear are wearing Sea★Dogs for sailing, strolling, swimming, even watering the lawn or washing the car. There are plenty of other reasons why, too, for besides their light, cool construction, Sea★Dogs are built to protect your feet from dangerous cuts or infections such as "athlete's foot."

Sea★Dogs are sold wherever you see the sign of the Man Under the Beach-Umbrella. Try on a pair and you'll know why Sea★Dogs are your "dogs'" best friend.

CONLIN & SMITH, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y.

The Prodigal Marquis

Continued from pages 27-145

of the most stubborn of the anti-Semites and anti-Dreyfusites. He stood for the Chamber of Deputies from his Rochecotte district and was elected. He astonished the Chamber not so much by his eloquence as by his elegance. Even some of the Deputies asked him where he bought his hats. It was a time, as he phrased it, "of duels, elections, racing, palaces, pretty women." And then, suddenly, after many warnings which he had been too busy to heed, his wife got sick and tired of him. She packed her jewels, her clothes, her children, and left Boni alone in the Bois de Boulogne. That was in 1906.

The Gould lawyers got an easy divorce but not a quiet one. It was easily the *cause célèbre* of its time.

It is possible that no divorce case before or since received so much attention from the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. Some of the strangest accusations ever made can be found in the old newspaper files. One of them said that when Boni was a youngster his mother used to sleep with her feet on the pillow and her head at the foot of the bed, for fear that her son might decide to come into his inheritance before her time was up. Once, the story said, she actually awoke to find her son choking her ankles.

Two years after the divorce Anna showed she held no grudge against either the Castellane family or the French aristocracy. She married the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord et Sagan, who was Boni's cousin. Just before Sagan and Anna were married Boni met his cousin going to church. He pummeled Sagan with his cane, knocked him into the gutter, jumped on him, and was still whacking away when the gendarmes arrived.

Anna left Boni with a few antiques which he quickly sold, at a profit. When he lost this money he decided to go into the antique business himself. In the next twenty-five years he kept the steamship lines busy transporting boatloads of beds to America—beds in which he guaranteed Marie Antoinette had slept. He wrote a set of books he called *Grandeur and Decadence*. The first was entitled *How I Discovered America*. It was simply a wash day for his dirty linen. The second was *The Art of Being Poor*. Both were brilliantly written.

For twenty years Boni tried to have his marriage annulled so that he might marry again. "What have I to offer a wife?" he asked. "An ancient name and a great experience of life, not to mention the ancestral cemetery which I have religiously preserved." The Goulds fought him back because annulment would have made the children illegitimate. They eventually won out, but not before the Pope had appointed five different cardinal commissions to review the case. Boni was embittered. The final refusal from the Sacrarota, the supreme tribunal at Rome, was probably the reason he wrote *How I Discovered America*.

In the last days, during the twenties and early thirties he made a fair living from the antique business and came into some money when his father died. He lived in an apartment on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. After that pink castle on the Bois de Boulogne, and after the legions of liveried footmen, it was a great comedown for Boni. But the vestibule of the apartment was littered with sculpture and bas-reliefs and the interior was fitted out as of old. Though Boni had always worshipped Louis XIV he made a concession to progress by furnishing this last apartment in the style of Louis XV. The most prominent painting in the place was a picture of a fête, showing fireworks and gondolas filled with revellers in gaudy costumes. This was a picture of Anna's birthday party at the Tir aux Pigeons.

He had learned how to conduct a salon from the great mistresses of the nineties, became a salon keeper himself. His apartment was a rendezvous for artists and diplomats and aristocrats. Boni held court with all the savoir faire of old. In a way, in those last days, he must have been very much like the grandmother at Rochecotte.

Every morning he would appear on the Champs-Élysées with his pet poodle, Bomboule, and take his constitutional. He was still a great attraction—especially to the American tourists who were filling Paris in those days—but he held himself aloof from the populace. On these morning walks he always wore a pearl grey felt hat, an incredibly high collar, a white vest, cream gloves, pointed shoes, white spats. He was the Empire come back to mock the Republic.

In August 1930 Bomboule fell downstairs and broke his neck. Boni felt this was an omen of the end for him. He was tired anyway. He suffered a paralytic stroke and called a few close friends to his bedside. "I have summoned you my dear friends," he whispered, "to witness what at least means my official withdrawal from Parisian society." The chosen friends stood around drenched in tears they could not hide. Here was their Boni of old. The same wit! The same gay blade—jocular to the end! The priest gave him final unction. Boni gave each of his friends a final handshake, a final word, leaned back on his pillow, and lived on for two more years.

In 1932, with his third paralytic stroke, he died. Paderewski came to the funeral, and Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia, and Boni's own mother.

"No one has replaced me," he wrote before he died. "The truth is that men of today possess less temperament, less desire and less taste for beauty."

Muscle-Man in Memoriam

Continued from page 23

about the streets wondering what the answer would be, Carson sat in his office craftily planning his next step. His paper shared the pressroom with the Hearst evening paper, the *American*. Though both were Hearst papers, there was a friendly rivalry, sometimes not so friendly, over news stories of this magnitude. Carson knew the *American* editorial strategy board had also been trying to wangle a tip on the verdict. But he devised a list of the proper key men in the press room to bribe so that he might secretly have the use of the presses after his own regular edition was off.

This, he mused, would be his own hour of glory, not to be shared even by the companion Hearst paper. His own hour—like the one in which he had arranged, through his reporter Charles MacArthur, to have Carl Wanderer, "ragged stranger" killer, sing *Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?* from the gallows; like the hour that he, posing as State's Attorney Crowe of Chicago, drove to upper Wisconsin and kidnaped a double murderer; like the hour he took William Desmond Taylor's colored houseman to Taylor's grave in Los Angeles and there confronted the servant with a real ghost to obtain a confession in the Taylor murder—just another hour of his own, was Carson's idea.

So Carson's paper wrote the story of the verdict, with huge headlines shouting the news all Chicago awaited—"Loeb, Leopold Get Life"—and he printed three hundred thousand copies of it after his regular edition was off the press. These he loaded on the truck fleet and dispatched to every strategic location in the city. Then, with a corps of aides, he waited with telephone receivers glued to well-timed ears until 9:30, when Justice Caverly ascended the bench.

When the court intoned the sentences, the command "Let 'er go!" was shouted to the waiting truckmen and in exactly ten minutes Carson's three hundred thousand papers were sold—a full forty minutes ahead of the nearest rival, in most localities.

Crusading editors have written their names in the nation's hall of fame. Campaigning editors for this or that principle have attained the stature of the mighty. Carson was none of these things. He devoted a third of a century to a working schedule that amounted, most of the time, to an eighteen-hour day nearly seven days a week, getting and printing the news. Just that, and nothing more. Unknown to the millions who worship the famous by-lines, Carson was content always to be the man behind the by-lines—the man who steered the by-line writers and mapped the paths that led the by-line men and women to their own fame and glory.

That intense working schedule finally insisted on the inevitable payoff. And so, Carson, perhaps the most high-geared news engine of the past three decades, finally bogged down. His heart was impaired by the strain of his utter restlessness; and at last he had to retire from the New York *Daily News* last October and go to Arizona in an unsuccessful attempt to recuperate.

The man whose name is a legend wherever newspaper people congregate expressed his creed several years ago to a younger man whom he was employing—a creed that well might be his epitaph.

"News," Carson said to this man, "is human beings and what they do. That's all there is to it. Whatever *any* human being does is news, to someone. Our job as newspaper men is to obtain that news, and to present it to the public. Simple enough—and that's all there is to being a newspaper man.

"The worst thing in this world is 'yellow journalism.' It stinks. Yellow journalism is the system of substituting color and innuendo and exaggeration and unfair implication for the truth. There is and can be no substitute for truth itself. Get your story, get it fully and completely, and you won't need any fake embroidery to sell it."

That was Carson's professional credo. The man who produced more sensations, perhaps, than any other editor in America disclaimed thus any yellow tinge to his accomplishments. He went on, in his admonition to this young man he was hiring:

"Why, man, in my day I've tapped wires, kidnaped important criminals and held 'em for a few hours to gather my facts, burglarized places for diaries and pictures—all these things, but always with one purpose: to get the full truth, the complete story, of something in which the public was interested and which the public had a right to know about. My methods might have been a bit unorthodox—sometimes competitors said they were—but the object was to get the story, the real story, and give it to the world. The end, being worthy, justified the means, particularly since the means employed never worked an injustice on anybody."

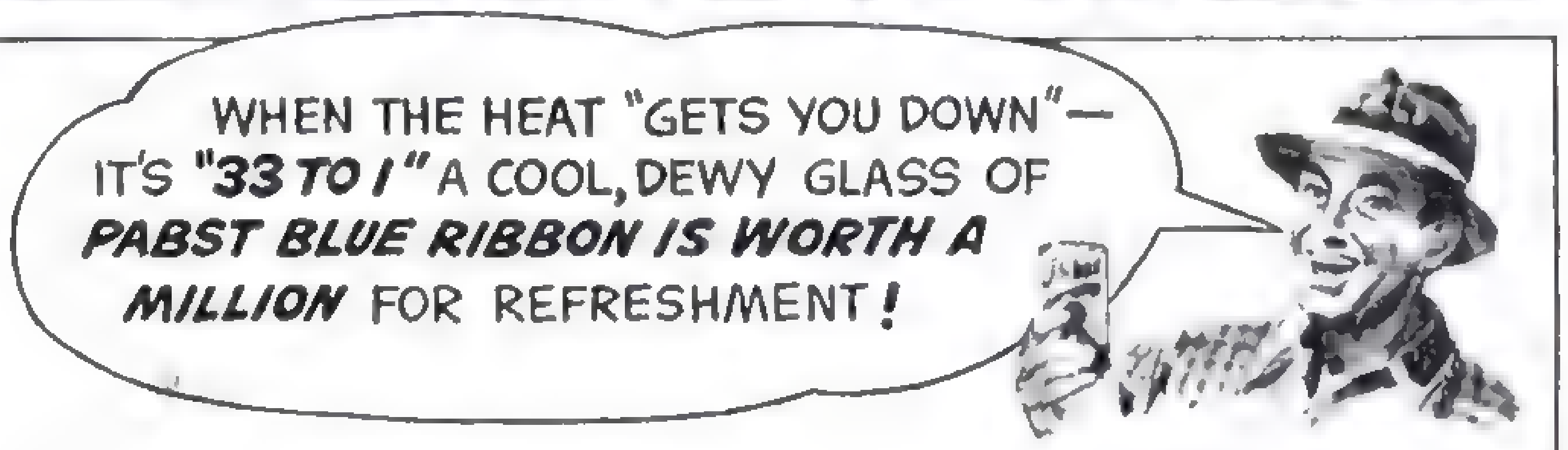
Let it be said here that for years book and magazine publishers importuned Carson for the privilege of relating some of the incidents herein told. As long as he was active in the profession, he rejected such pleas with the remark: "Hell, I'm in the business of creating, making news—not giving it out about myself." But with his retirement in October, he yielded at last and allowed some of the most famous of his exploits to be revealed.

Perhaps the one most often discussed when writers gather is the story of Carson's own kidnaping an event that, appropriately

Continued on page 118

It's "33 to 1"-I owe Joe A MILLION DOLLARS!

GOSH... I'M MELTING! ...I'D GIVE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR A COOL GLASS OF BEER!
I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT! I'VE GOT 33 FINE BREWS RIGHT HERE IN MY PACK!
I KNOW YOU'RE A MIRACLE MAN... BUT EVEN YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY CARRY 33 BREWS.
HERE IT IS...33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER...PABST BLUE RIBBON! I'LL JUST COOL IT-AND OH, BOY!
I SURE OWE YOU THAT MILLION, JOE! FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN NOW... WE'LL BE IN CAMP IN NO TIME!
...AND I'VE GOT A WHOLE CASE OF PABST BLUE RIBBON THERE...COOLING IN THE SPRING!
IT'S "33 TO 1" THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BLUE RIBBON BEER TO MAKE FRIED FISH EVEN MORE DELICIOUS!
...BECAUSE BLUE RIBBON IS BLENDED FOR SMOOTHNESS AND FLAVOR ...LIKE FINE COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE—IT SURE BLENDS WITH GOOD FOOD.


WHEN THE HEAT "GETS YOU DOWN"— IT'S "33 TO 1" A COOL, DEWY GLASS OF PABST BLUE RIBBON IS WORTH A MILLION FOR REFRESHMENT!

"PABST BLUE RIBBON has something you're bound to enjoy: a BLEND of 33 fine brews to make *one* single glass! Like the finest coffee and champagne, it's *expertly blended* to make it SMOOTHER . . . TASTIER . . . ALWAYS THE SAME! Enjoy a refreshing glass of BLUE RIBBON soon . . . and *prove* that Blending 33 Fine Brews Sure Makes ONE Delicious Beer!"

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer!

. . . with a Blue Ribbon on it

. . . IT'S SMOOTHER
. . . IT'S TASTIER
. . . IT NEVER VARIES

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Muscle-Man in Memoriam

Continued from pages 23-147

enough, came soon after he had perpetrated a similar action against an underworld character long hunted in vain by the police.

This was late in 1919. Carson was day city editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. He had started his newspaper career in Chicago in 1903, on the night of the Iroquois Theater fire, in the reporting of which he had worked for the City Press Association. From there he had been, alternately, on the *Tribune*, Hearst's *Examiner*, the *Chicago Herald*, then back to the *Tribune*.

Walter Howey, now a Hearst executive in Boston, was managing editor of the *Herald and Examiner*. He previously had been a *Tribune* executive, and there had been an associate of Carson. He knew all about Carson's cleverness and capability and resolved to hire him as city editor of the *Herald and Examiner*. Offer after offer failed to lure Carson from the *Trib.* J. M. Patterson, now publisher of the *New York News*, was editor, and Carson liked his connection. He rejected even the most alluring offers Howey made.

Finally, on the day that Carson's contract with the *Tribune* expired (Howey knew the date, having been a *Tribune* executive at the time the contract was drawn) Howey decided that was the time. The *Tribune*, at the beginning of the working day, had proffered a new contract to Carson, who placed it in a desk drawer, expecting to sign it when the day's work was done. But Howey had other ideas.

Howey contacted a theater manager, an intimate of his own and a bosom pal of Carson's. He told him his desire. The theatre man at first rebelled. But Howey insisted.

"Nothing that'll hurt him at all!" Howey urged. "Just a simple drug that will make him sleep . . . You call him, make a date for a drink at his lunch time, and go to the **——————bar. In the rear there's a room with a couch in it. Get a few slugs down him and leave him there. I'll handle it from there on."

Finally the theater man agreed. He met Carson as per the Howey arrangement. They went to the Howey-indicated bar. The conspirator slipped the harmless, but sleep-producing, drug into the very first drink that Carson had. And the next, and the next. Carson went out like a light, and was left on the rear-room couch. The theater man, not at all happy over his part in the drama, fled. Howey and his crew arrived.

The slumbering Carson was loaded into a circulation truck and hauled to the Howey homestead. There the adroit Walter propped his victim in a chair and guided his hand into signing two documents—one, his resignation from the *Chicago Tribune*, effective immediately; the other, a contract to be city editor of the *Herald and Examiner*. Having done that, Howey removed Carson's clothing, tucked him to bed in a spare room and locked him in. Cheerio, another good day's work.

Awakening at mid-morning, Carson's first reaction was that he had been held up by thugs. But no; there was his wallet on a chair, money intact. He tried the door. Locked. There was the bath. Towels initialed "W. H." gave him no clue, at the moment. Finally, wrapping himself in a blanket, unable to find his clothing, he emerged through a window to the street. He recognized the house.

"Aha!" he reflected. "Good old Walter! I must have had too many and Walter rescued me, some place. Still, I can't remember having had too many . . . Strange, very strange . . ."

Carson grabbed a cab and went home, to find that the *Tribune* had been calling him incessantly for hours. He rushed to the office to be confronted with his own resignation posted on the bulletin board, across the face of which was written the one word: "Accepted." Remonstrance with the management failed. Capt. Patterson, Managing Editor Beck and the others declined to believe Carson's true story that it was all a mystery to him.

Several hours later he encountered his kidnaper and Howey gleefully told him of having steered his hand to make the signatures; of how he had written a letter to Capt. Patterson, accompanying the resignation, saying that he wanted to give the *Tribune* the first news of the resignation before he, Howey, revealed it in the *Examiner* office; and of how beautifully the Carson pen traced the signature to the H & E contract.

"Now we're going places together, Frank—we're going to do things!" Howey exulted.

This perhaps is the only instance in American newspaper history of the kidnaping of a major newspaper executive. It seemed so unbelievable that Capt. Patterson declined for years to accept it as genuine. Finally, he was confronted with indisputable proof of the authenticity of the kidnaping; and in 1928, in a New York subway, he met Carson, then with the Hearst organization on a nation-wide roving assignment.

"Are you happy, Frank?" Patterson wanted to know. Carson said he wasn't.

"Then come back home," Patterson invited. "I know all about that kidnaping now, and know it was bona fide. Let's get back in harness together."

It was then that Carson returned to the *Tribune*-New York *News* organization. He served two years in Detroit as managing editor of the *Mirror*, owned by the same outfit. When that paper was discontinued, he returned to New York, and wound up his working days with the *News* as assistant managing editor.

It was Carson himself who unconsciously gave a name to his school of newspapering. Talking with a colleague, he remarked:

"My idea of a useless city editor or managing editor is the fellow who sits at a desk with a pipe in his mouth and dreams. It's all right to use the old brain, and quite necessary; but a lot of chaps in this business use their wits and let it end there. You've got to use a little muscle, too, sometimes, to get the story." That remark gave an agile-thinking listener a name for the type of performance that plagued competitors for years and which became legendary throughout the industry: "muscle journalism," with Carson its creator and until his retirement its outstanding practitioner.

In a career studded with the spectacular and unbelievable, Carson's exploits are a bit difficult to classify. Old-timers like to recall the Harvey Church episode of the early twenties as symbolic of the Carson style.

Harvey Church was a railroad section worker who lived on the far West Side in Chicago. Oddly, he wanted a new car—a good car, and he dreamed up a way to get one. He went to a Cadillac agency, inspected the most expensive model, and bought it, telling the firm to deliver it to his home where, he said, he would pay for it in cash. He told the salesman he had the money buried in his basement for safekeeping, that his neighbors didn't know of his prosperity, hence the concealment.

Two salesmen delivered the car. Church entered the basement with the first man and finished him off with a baseball bat. When the second man, waiting in the machine in the street, became alarmed at his companion's failure to return, he entered the basement to investigate. Church finished him off, too. One body Church buried in a garage back of the house; the other he sewed in a burlap bag and threw into the Des Plaines River.

Later in the day, Church, possessor of the expensive auto, lolled around his home and remarked to a neighbor that he was going to take his mother to visit their old home in northern Wisconsin. News of the new car was talked about the neighborhood and reached the ears of a *Herald and Examiner* reporter in the region. The supposition was growing among the neighbors that Church must have stolen the car, for the state of his finances was common knowledge. This information and supposition was relayed by the reporter to Carson. Half an hour later, a small item in the City Press Association report noted the sudden disappearance of two automobile salesmen.

Like a flash, hours before another Chicago newspaperman noticed the item or gave it the slightest heed, Carson twinned the two facts—the Church plan to drive to Wisconsin and the two vanished salesmen. Quickly he ran down the neighborhood gossip of Church's planned journey to Wisconsin, finding the name of the town. A telephone call to the local constable assured Church's arrest if and when he arrived.

"This is State's Attorney Crowe of Chicago," Carson spoke into the telephone. "So you know Church, eh? Well, this is a little matter of stealing a car, and when he gets there, arrest him. I will personally come there to return him."

Playing his hunch, Carson prepared his "warrant" for Church, for the theft of an automobile. He took with him two of his ace reporters and a couple of Chicago policemen—he always kept from two to a half dozen police and detectives on his private payroll for just such emergencies as this. Reaching the upper Wisconsin town at midnight, he found Church in his new Cadillac had preceded him by a few hours and was already lodged in the local calaboose. Church, however, had taken an unexpected precaution—he had engaged a young lawyer, and the counsel was present at the jail with his client.

But this was a familiar act to Carson—he produced the warrant, induced the lawyer and Church to waive extradition and early next morning started back toward Chicago with Church, Church's mother, the lawyer, and his regular retinue. Carson even permitted Church to drive, and the party started the journey in Church's purloined machine. Carson chose the backroads, figuring that if his hunch was correct, news of the escapade would be broadcast and the *real* State's Attorney Crowe would be on the job shortly.

At nightfall, Carson stopped his cavalcade at a rural inn on the pretext of eating, but chiefly to kill time. The cops, Carson, his reporters et al., were gathered around one big table. Church and his mother sat alone at another. At length, Carson and his reporters went to a washroom in the rear, where they were followed by the police.

"What the devil?" Carson rebuked the cops. "What the devil do you get out of his sight for? Want him to give us the slip?"

They peered into the dining room. Church had vanished! Then, hearing a slight noise in an adjoining washroom, Carson peered through a knothole and beheld Church, trembling, holding a newspaper in his hand with the flaming heading: "Second Body Found."

The quick glance confirmed Carson's hunch—the man was a double murderer, just as he had first believed, and now here was the killer learning for himself that he was suspected and hunted. The cops sprang into alert immediately and, when Church returned to his mother's table, surrounded him.

At that moment, another car stopped in front of the lonely little inn and one of Carson's reporters sighted the familiar setup.

"Gee, looks like a photog," he

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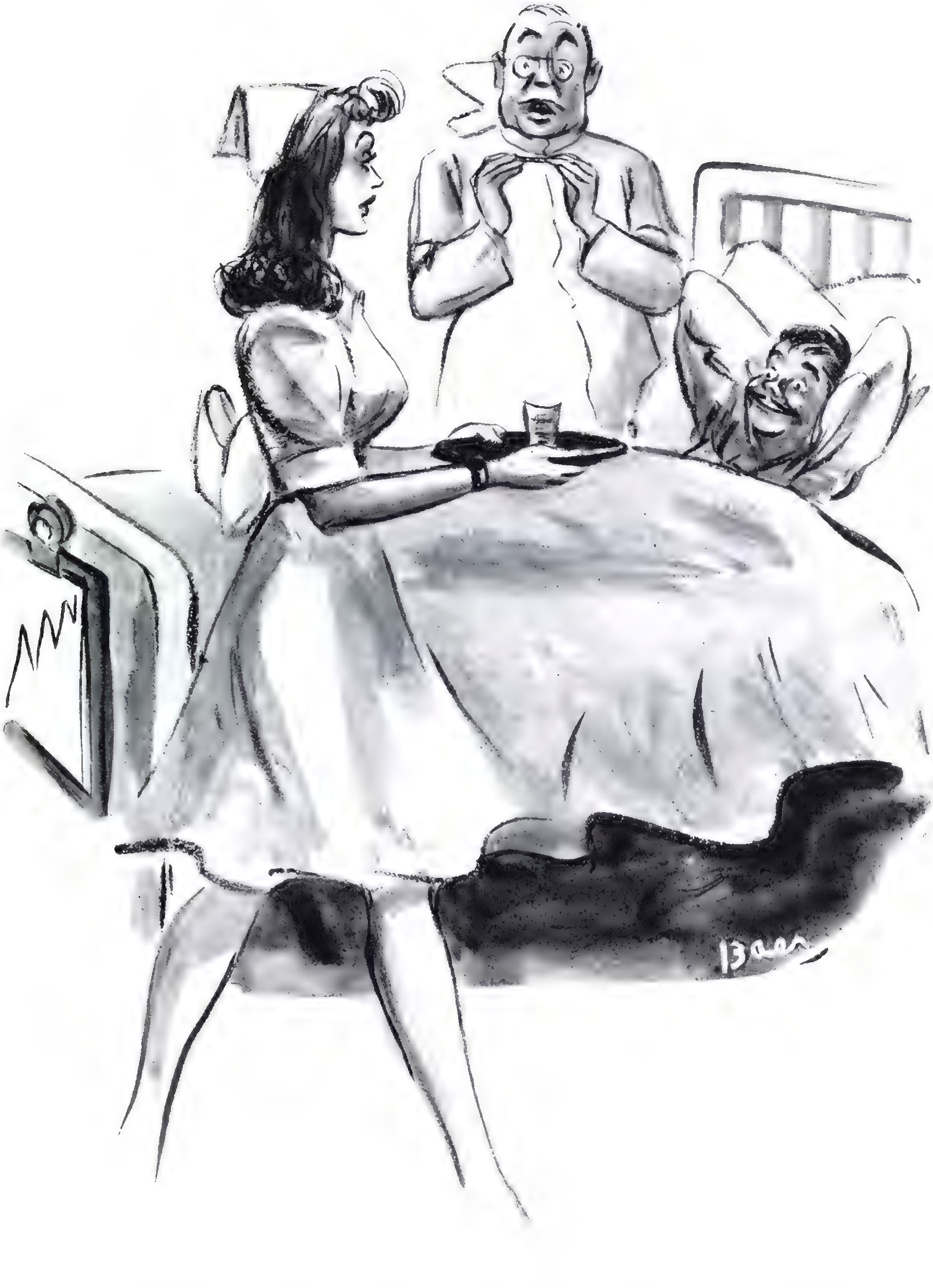
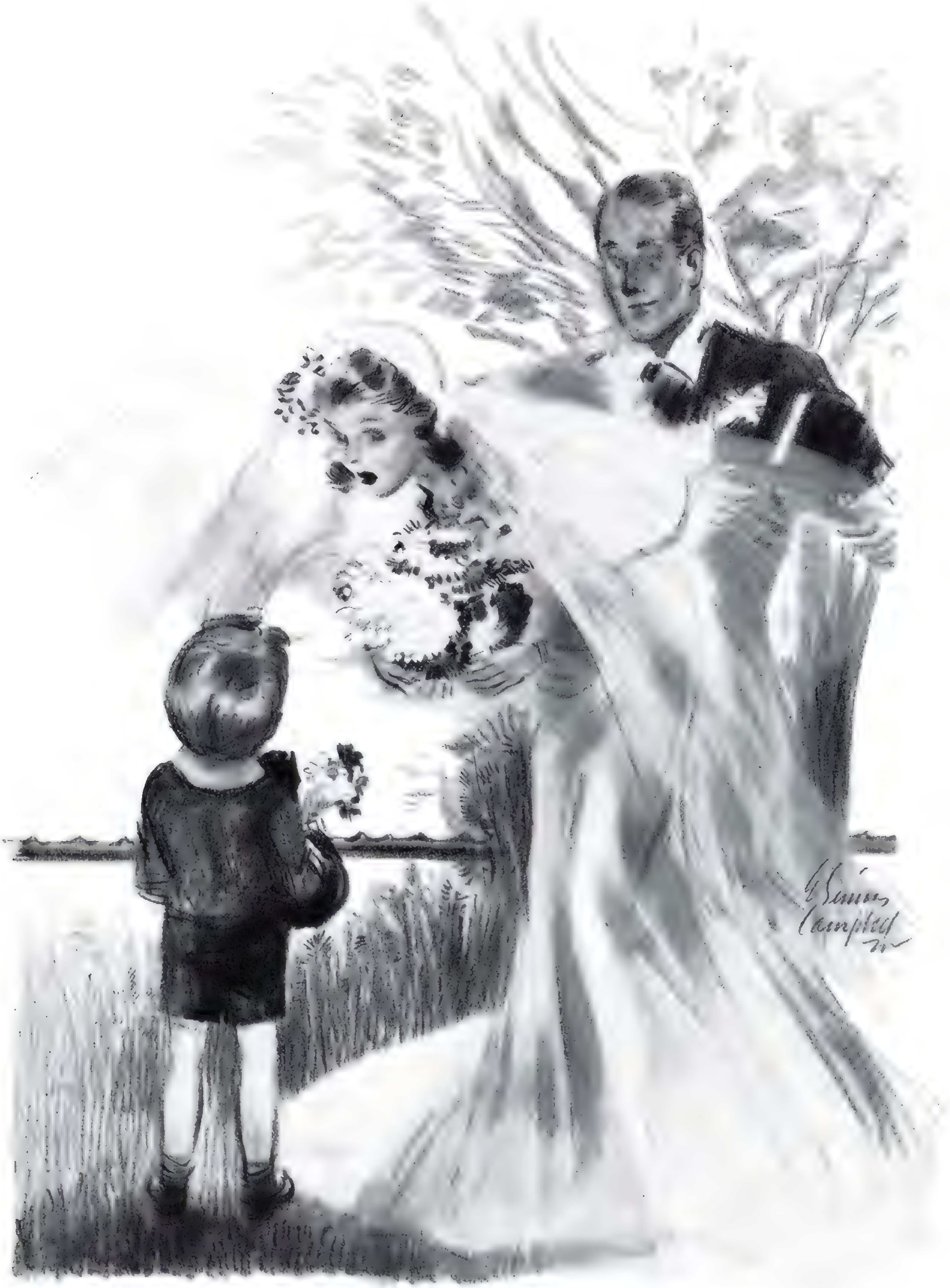


"I'm afraid I'm going to have to transfer you away from these high blood pressure cases, Miss Todd"



"You may not realize it, Miss Goodrich, but you've broken the hearts of the entire fourth grade!"

Muscle-Man in Memoriam

Continued from pages 23-147-148

groaned. "Now what'll we do?"

Carson marched boldly outside. Yes, it was a pair of young newspapermen, a reporter and a photographer from the Milwaukee *Journal*. They also represented, in this instance, the Chicago *Tribune*.

"Are you State's Attorney Crowe?" asked the youngest and most innocent of the pair.

"I am," snapped Carson. "What the devil do you want?"

"We want a picture of you and your prisoner, and if possible an interview with him," the young reporter pleaded.

"Well," Carson hesitated, fixing a glare on his ace reporter, standing beside him. "What d'ya say, Church? It's all right, boys, to make a picture, but I don't believe my prisoner ought to talk for the press. Do you have anything to say, Harvey?"

The pseudo Church shook his head angrily.

So the young reporters, armed with a gigantic "scoop," raced toward Milwaukee with their negatives. One of the pictures ran in the first edition of the Milwaukee *Journal* that day, the caption reading "State's Attorney Crowe and his prisoner, Harvey Church, now held in the double slaying of automobile salesmen." But when the fleet messenger reached the Chicago *Tribune* office, with the picture he had hoped would get him a handsome bonus, he waited while the plate was developed and an excited *Tribune* editorial crew awaited the result.

"Crowe, hell!" screamed Managing Editor Beck. "That's Frank Carson and Austin O'Malley! Get the hell out of here!"

Carson phoned the complete story, edition after edition, to his office through the night, timing his progress along the back roads slowly so as not to reach Chicago until after the *Tribune* was through for the day. Then he turned Church over to the *real* state's attorney. In the following days, he remained ahead of the field in reporting the subsequent confession of Church, who was hanged for the double murder.

The Carl Wanderer singing act on the gallows was the same Carson resourcefulness in a different vein. Having played the story of Wanderer's arrest and conviction with typical energy, Carson wanted a colorful climax, as he put it, to such a colorful killer.

"What's Wanderer's hobby?" he asked Charles MacArthur, who was his reporter covering the Wanderer assignment.

"Damned if I know—all he does is sing occasionally," said MacArthur.

"Swell," said Carson. "When I was out to eat I heard a song plugger trying out a new one—called *Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?*, I believe. It would be a knockout for Wanderer to sing from the gallows. Get it and try the idea out on Wanderer."

Which MacArthur did, and which Wanderer did. The startling picture of the "ragged stranger" slayer singing from the scaffold was of course the feature of the hanging story in every newspaper, but in Carson's it was a super-super, all dressed up in fantastic art layouts and grisly photographs of the killer against a background of bars of the song.

This MacArthur episode recalls another in which the now-famous playwright figured. Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick was returning to her Chicago mansion from Europe, whither she had been to commune with the great psychologist, Dr. Freud. She was returning an ardent disciple of the scientist and Carson recognized the situation as one of immense public interest. He met the Century half-way between New York and Chicago, with his own plan to "sew up" the story of the grande dame's new psychology.

He ran into a snag right off the reel. Mrs. McCormick was virtually under a state of siege. A corps of New York reporters were aboard the train and, while they hadn't been able to get their story, they had built a wall around Mrs. McCormick that was all but impossible to hurdle. Seeing Carson, they managed to get a tip through to Mrs. McCormick that the Chicago newspaper whirlwind was snooping around and that if she wished to avoid sensationalism and bunk she'd better steer clear of him.

A little tip to a trainman settled *that*. Carson, wearing the trainman's uniform coat and cap, heavy goggles and swinging a lantern, made his way to the McCormick suite without detection by the sharpest reporters in America. Instead of seeking sensational copy, he told Mrs. McCormick, he was there on a mission just the reverse—he was there, he told her, at the urgent request of Dr. Walter Dill Scott, President of Northwestern University and himself a famed psychologist. Dr. Scott, he related, was eager for an immediate interview with her concerning her impressions of Dr. Freud and his psychology. Would she, before receiving the press, receive Dr. Scott? And would she give the reportorial horde aboard the train the heave-ho upon arrival, and go to her home for the Dr. Scott conference? She would.

Carson wired his reporters, Charles MacArthur and Carol Frink (then Mrs. MacArthur) all about the setup and they were ready. His only problem then was: Could he contact Dr. Scott and induce him to appear at the McCormick mansion? Arriving in Chicago, he had good luck. Dr. Scott agreed to come forthwith, conditioned only on the promise that he wouldn't be mentioned in the current newspaper story.

One of Carson's biggest scoops resulted. The whole thing was staged so successfully that even the *Tribune*, with all its prestige and, in this instance, family ties, was unable to get an interview that first day. The daughter of John D. Rockefeller talked only to Dr. Scott, Carson and, of course, Carson's two fellow-scientists, MacArthur and Frink. So entranced did she become in her explanation of her new-found hobby that she went into the shadows and came up with this remarkable statement:

"The trend of human thought is like the development of parallels in other spheres . . . Flowers, for example. Now you, Mr. MacArthur, are a begonia . . . And you, Miss Frink, are a nasturtium."

When Mrs. McCormick saw the two and a half pages in the next morning's *Herald and Examiner*, all screaming with fantastic headlines, relating an amazing interview she didn't know she had given, she undoubtedly added to herself: "And you, Mr. Carson, are a bunch of Grade A garlic."

When the still-unsolved William Desmond Taylor murder occurred on the Coast and local authorities were stumped, William Randolph Hearst conceived the idea of having Carson, who had been so successful in unraveling and exploiting mystery murders, come out and solve that one, too. So Carson and a couple of his "cleanup squad" men went out and looked the situation over.

Soon Carson became convinced that the slain film celebrity's colored houseman, Henry Peay, knew more about the killing than he had told. After much conversation with the Negro, a congenial Southern chap, Carson became positive that he could furnish the tipoff—if he could be jolted into telling all. So he and one of his staff rehearsed the scene calculated to do the trick.

On the stroke of midnight, Carson and the servant drove up to the lonely grave. They stepped from the car and stood for a moment in silence beside the fresh mound. Suddenly, from behind a hedge bordering an adjoining grave, the ghost arose and with sepulchral gestures pointed at the black man and droned in a bass monotone:

"Henry, I command you to tell the man with you all you know about how I was sent into eternity!"

Instead of collapsing, the Negro yelled:

"I's fightin' mad, I is! An' man, whut I's goin' t' do t' you, ghos' or no ghos' is goin' t' be turrible!"

Whereupon he leaped across the grave at the flesh-and-blood ghost, Chicago variety, and the ghost took it on the lam.

Carson failed to solve the Taylor murder; but the record shows it wasn't because of any lack of initiative or resourcefulness.

One characteristic of Carson as an editor was to size up a story and, when it could be done, make it a better one. That is to say, *create* more news when it could be achieved without artificiality. Take the Scopes evolution trial in Tennessee, for example.

When Professor Scopes first faced charges under the state law, Carson sniffed a whale of a yarn in the making. Then with the announcement that William Jennings Bryan would be chief state counsel, he saw the real magnitude of the story increasing. So why not, he said, make it the story of the year?

Accordingly, he went out to the South Side home of Clarence Darrow, his good friend, and obtained the great lawyer's consent to be chief defense counsel. After the trial, which made world newspaper history, Carson went to Darrow's home to arrange settlement. Darrow halted him, when he started to talk fees, with:

"You can save your breath, Frank, for I have a bill already prepared and ready for you."

Solemnly he handed Carson a bill made out in lead pencil on a piece of Dayton, Tennessee drug store stationery. It listed "room and board, travel on the trains, etc." and totaled $83.22.

Carson thought it was a joke. "I'm serious," he said. "I engaged you, and because of you this became the biggest story of the year. Now, let's talk terms."

"Well, if you had a good legal mind," Darrow said, "you would remember that I told you in the first place I would do this for you without pay, just my expenses. But, come to think of it, that bill is wrong, at that. There's more that belongs on there. I bought William Jennings Bryan a bottle of pop that I forgot to put down. Now; that makes it $83.27."

And that, if anyone is interested, is how Darrow happened to defend Professor Scopes; and that is precisely the fee he received.

On a basis of circulation records, and wrath of rival editors, Carson's biggest Chicago triumph perhaps was the publishing of the love diary of a former University of Chicago co-ed who slew a rich married suitor and herself. The coup that sewed up the story for his paper drew for Carson from his boss the commendation: "The most brilliant piece of editorial strategy of the generation." The diary itself was hailed by psychologists of renown as "the greatest human document published in years."

The story fell in Carson's lap one night as he returned to his office after an hour's absence. His assistant answered his usual query, "anything doing?" with the report that there *might* be a story breaking, out on the South Side. A gal had bumped off a guy and then killed herself, leaving a note, it seems, telling about it. Yes, the story was being properly covered; police were investigating, etc. Oh, sure, Carson was told—men had been assigned to all the angles of the thing. While he made a hurried survey of what was doing and

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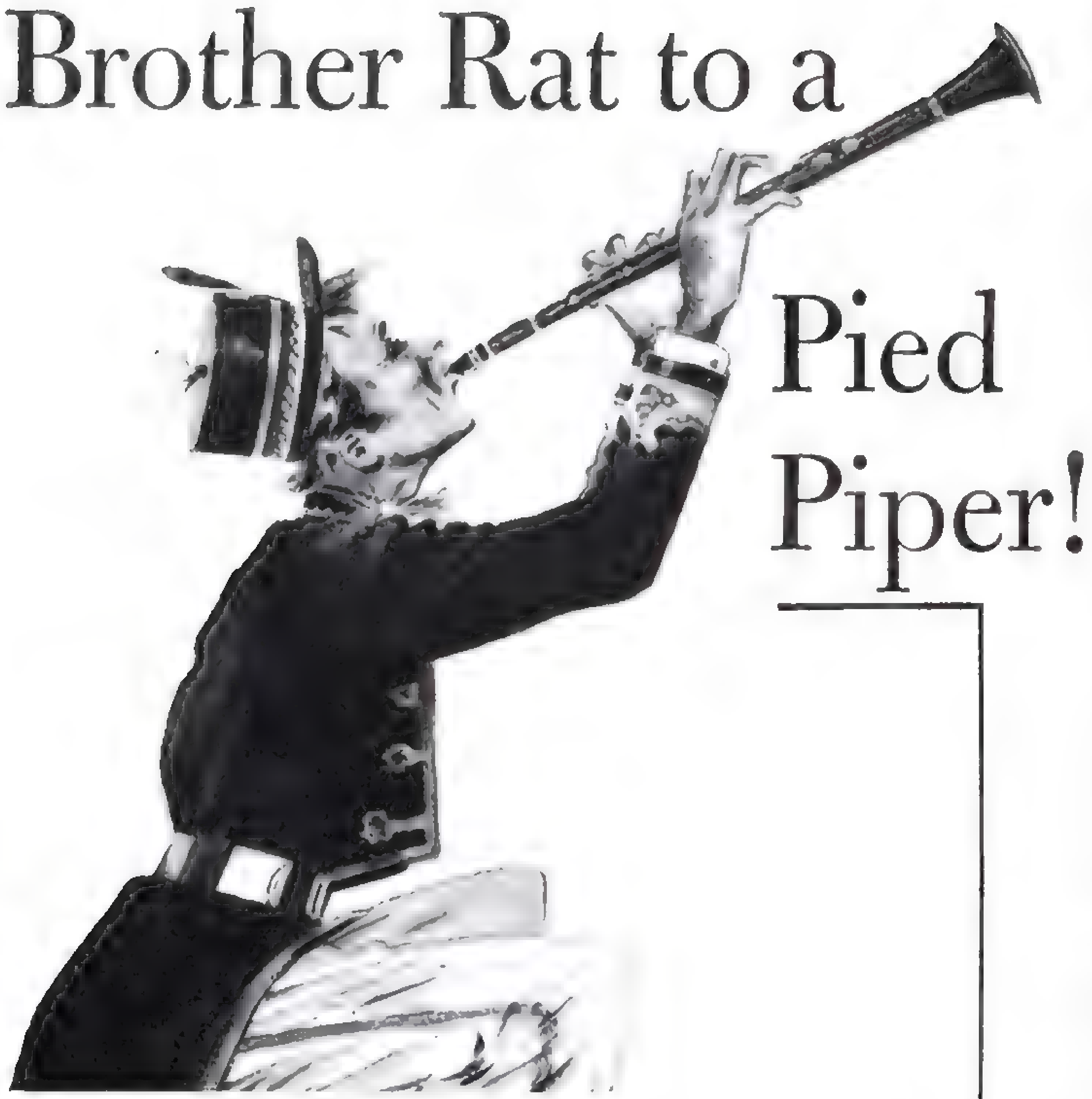
Brother Rat to a Pied Piper!



Compared to my early days as apprentice to a snake charmer this job on the Crown* Tested Bandwagon is a cinch!

In half a cadenza, every male in town's on the run . . . following me to the better Men's Shops to see the latest, *quality* rayon togs featuring the Crown Tested Tag!

And before I can reach "high C," these Beau Brummels have joined the chorus in praise of that Tag. They know it has the quick, reliable answer to "Will it *wear?*". . ."Will it *clean?*". . ."Will its colors *resist fading?*"

But blow me down, Brother, if *you* can resist that white dinner jacket on the facing page! It comes complete with Crown Tested Tag . . . at no extra charge. And it gives you another example of the *better* fabrics made possible by the use of Crown Rayon!

To find a thousand more examples . . . *just look for that Crown Tested Tag!* And that's easy . . . because so many of your favorite makers are *confining* their rayon purchases to Crown Tested fabrics and identifying them as such. They *know* that Crown Tested fabrics make *good* clothes . . . *better!*

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Muscle-Man in Memoriam

Continued from pages 23-147-148-151

what remained to be done his phone rang. His police reporter at a South Side station told him that this gal who had bumped herself off—Ruth Randall, her name was—had left a diary, the cops had it, and at that very moment a *Tribune* guy was starting to look it over.

Carson got the Chief of Police on the phone. "Here," he protested, "I hear this poor girl's diary, down at the station, is being passed around to the reporters before there has been a move by the coroner. Do you think that's right? Why, nobody knows anything about justice in this case, and are you going to allow that sort of thing to be done, exposing her like that?"

"I certainly am *not!*" said the chief, who knew a tip when he got one.

"Well, can I hang on the phone here while you use the department phone to stop it?" Carson persisted.

The chief barked a command to the desk sergeant at the offending station. "Lock that diary up and keep it locked till the coroner asks for it!" he commanded, and Carson had made his first move stick.

His next call was to the coroner and that official assured him that a jury would be convened at nine o'clock in the morning to sift the double killing. Carson said:

"Listen, I'm getting together some stuff that is vital to the investigation, do you hear? But it will take about a week to have it ready for your use, see? Now, here's what you do: When you open this inquiry tomorrow morning, adjourn it for just one week, get it? I'll be ready then to give you all the dope. And meantime, do this: have this girl's diary—I understand she left one and the cops have it at the station—have it impounded, will you? It'll ruin my plan for solving the whole mess if the diary is made known. Will you remember to do this?"

"It'll be just as you say, Frank," said the coroner, who also knew a good tip when he got one. And it was so ordered next morning.

But the rest of the night was a busy spell for the creator of "muscle journalism." With his star reporter beside him, he drove to the police station where the diary reposed. He sent the reporter inside to get the lay of the land. The place was full of ranking cops, at the moment. A captain, two sergeants and the regular desk sergeant. Already tucked away in Carson's memory was the recollection that the desk sergeant at this particular station was a chap whom he, Carson, had personally been instrumental in having transferred recently from a remote spot in the "sticks." Good spot to have a pal, Carson reflected.

The station house is in the center of a large precinct. Carson had his reporter call in with a report of a gun battle raging on the far side of the precinct. One man dead, another dying, shooting still going on, the call said. Then, Carson watched from his taxi opposite the station as the captain and one of the sergeants leaped into a squad car and whizzed off to the battle. He knew that was good for a fifteen-minute absence. Then he had another call made—this one reporting a mother and baby trapped in a top-floor tenement that was ablaze on the other extreme end of the precinct. He watched the other sergeant mount a motorcycle and go screeching to the rescue. That left only the desk sergeant, his pal, inside the station.

Then, he sauntered inside and greeted his sergeant pal.

"Let me have a glimpse of that slain gal's diary, will you, Ed?" he purred. The sergeant hesitated. "We were just told by Mr. Big to keep that locked up, but if you'll take a real quick look I guess . . ." He handed over the diary, enclosed in a big police property envelope. Just then the telephone rang. Carson had ordered the call to be made three minutes after he entered the stationhouse door. The reporter made it on time. The telephone was behind a big post, out of sight of the spot where Carson stood toying with the diary. Quickly he slipped the precious record under his coat, and placed in the envelope that had contained it a tightly-folded newspaper that was about the same size and weight.

Carson's reporter kept the sergeant on the phone long enough for the mission to be easily completed. When the sergeant returned, Carson nonchalantly handed back the big envelope, remarked casually that "it doesn't look so hot," inquired of Ed how he liked the new assignment and said good night.

Carson sped to a Loop hotel where he had assembled thirty reporters and stenographers and photographers. Within two hours every precious word of the most revealing love diary ever written was transcribed; particularly fervent passages were photographed for use to illustrate the sensational text in type. Carson returned to the stationhouse and to his satisfaction discovered that only his sergeant pal was on hand.

"Say, lemme take one more little look at that Ruth Randall diary, will you, Ed?" he pleaded. "I went out of here and got to thinking maybe I'd overlooked something . . ."

The sergeant opened the safe, handed him the envelope and turned his back for a moment—but the moment was long enough for Carson to replace the original document.

"Oh, t' hell with it," he yawned to Ed. "I'll just wait till the coroner releases it, and then read it all. G'night."

In the morning, the coroner had a court order impounding the diary, which remained safe from all eyes for the next six days—six of the most stirring days in Chicago newspaper history. They're still talking, in Chicago, of the Ruth Randall diary which Carson ran in six juicy, thrilling installments.

The girl, a University of Chicago graduate, had met a wealthy married man and became his mistress. At last her love became overpowering; she begged him to desert his wife and marry her. When he had given her his final no, she pleaded for a last tryst; on this tryst, in the palatial apartment that he had provided for her, she slew him, and then herself.

The diary was written in marvelous and compelling style; so revealing as to leave nothing unsaid, yet the tempo of it attracted and held the largest group of readers Carson's paper had ever had.

As a matter of circulation history, the diary added more than 200,000 a day to the paper's sales. Throughout the week, with the diary impounded and other papers denied a sight of it, competitors cried "fake!" and decried Carson's series as non-genuine. Court actions begun by rival papers were drawn out over the week. Carson published the entire diary before the coroner held his hearing in the slaying—a hearing that was almost unnecessary, by that time, because in her diary—especially in the final chapter written by the Randall girl after she slew her suitor and prepared to end her own life—every detail was told, every impulse, every passionate yearning, was written in vivid, eloquent prose—and printed with expert direction by the maestro of news!

Recently a group of newspapermen were gathered in New York, discussing the legend of Carson. One recalled the time King Albert of the Belgians was touring the country and at the last minute Chicago papers were notified by the railroad he would not visit Chicago. Every editor—except Carson—promptly dropped plans that had been made to interview His Majesty. Carson studied railroad tie-ups, and realized that in order to reach his destination the King would *have* to go through the yards at the edge of Chicago. So, at dawn, a Carson photographer and cameraman—the only newspapermen in Chicago who accomplished it—scooped the town with a royal interview.

Another man recalled how Carson personally kidnaped the wife of Martin Durkin, the first Dillinger of the Midwest, when the badman and killer was arrested in St. Louis and brought, with his pretty wife, to Chicago. Carson with his "cleanup squad" managed to board the train. Durkin was in irons. Hundreds of police and federal men swarmed about their prize catch. While they were thus occupied, Carson shoved Durkin's wife through a rear door, got off the off-side of the train, and pursued by government agents he landed her in a taxicab and made the *Herald and Examiner* building with her, where he kept her all through the night while stories "By Mrs. Martin Durkin" were published in one edition after another.

One by one the boys recalled the multitude of achievements that come to mind when the late "muscle man's" name is mentioned. Along came J. M. Patterson, Carson's last employer and one of his first.

"Yes, Carson was a news dynamo, and knew all the tricks, except one," Patterson commented. "All but one—he didn't know that even an overworked human dynamo will run down, sometime, if it isn't properly cared for."

Capt. Patterson was an honorary pall bearer at the funeral. #

She's Wet All Over

Continued from page 73

—and the party in question still must be young enough and handsome enough to make the basic situation seem like a good buy to most of the male section of the audience.

A lot of cinema cuties have tried these parts, but none have been able to convince the customers that they mean it until they reach an age when it is manifest that all they are doing is trying to put a son through college.

It is interesting, by the way, to be able to report that the often-bitchy Lupino of the screen is calm almost to the point of doldrums in the living flesh. She is small, slender, frail, with a head one size too large for her frame, and eyes a half-size too large for her head. She is exceptionally beautiful without benefit of studio tricks.

The fact is that when she reports to the makeup department they usually have to reverse the usual process: instead of building her up, they tear her down. Scramble her hair, maul her around. So when she's not working she's twice as pretty as when she is—a situation, take it from me, not exactly run-of-the-mine around the templed hills of Hollywood-on-the-Pacific.

So I finished my tea.

"What are you doing next?" I asked her.

"Four pictures for Warner Brothers," she said. "The first will be *They Drive By Night.*"

"It sounds like some more of the same."

"It's about trucks. I go nuts in it. They also have mentioned *The Sea Wolf.* I want to do that one. I think I could get wet all over in that one."

* * *

That was several months ago. I went to see *The Light That Failed*, and she was good in it. I saw *They Drive By Night*, and

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"After Six"...
a knight under the stars!

WHITE CROWN* SPUN RAYON STAYS WHITE!

That's the beauty of *this* jacket ... its cloth contains 75% Crown Spun Rayon (25% long staple cotton) which retains its sparkling whiteness, trip after trip to the cleaner's. It won't "yellow". How do we know? We *Crown Tested* the finished fabric! So from now until the last Summer Dance at the Country Club ... this jacket will keep you as faultlessly turned out as the proverbial Englishman who wears his boiled-shirt in the jungle. Fully lined; precisely tailored ... even to a buttonhole in the shawl collar for your cornflowers. At better Men's Shops everywhere.

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON ... THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

Crown* Spun Rayon Doubles *this* Double!

. . . JACKET OR SHIRT, IT KEEPS YOU COOL AND TAILORED, TOO!

The designer of this slack suit used to tear his hair out at the sight of men looking like so many potato sacks in an effort to appear casual and cool. Then he discovered this fabric: 60% Crown Spun Rayon and 40% wool. Cool, *yes!* . . . but with enough body to it to hold a designer's lines!

And from here on you take over with the smartest of sports shirts. Presto! . . . your shirt's a casual jacket! In or out . . . you're cool; crisp; correct. And you have just as much freedom in your choice of colors . . . match 'em or mix 'em! Green, Blue, Sandune, Camel. Jacket-Shirt and Slacks, $13.50 . . . at better Men's Shops.

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON . . . THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

She's Wet All Over

Continued from pages 73-153

she stole that one; she went to town in that one. She was marvelous and I liked her in it.

Cameron Shipp called me up from Warners one day and said, "You know Ida Lupino, don't you?"

"The name's familiar," I said. "I had tea with her."

"Listen," he said, "why don't you come over and see her get dunked? Those apes have been throwing her around for a week, and today they kick her into the ocean."

"What is it?" I said.

"*The Sea Wolf.* You better hurry. I don't know how long she's going to last. She's springing a few seams."

I said all right and went over. They were shooting in the big tank, which is covered by a sound-stage shell big enough to accommodate a couple of apartment buildings. There were two ships in the tank, each one full size. We stood on the after-deck of a museum piece which had been used in *The Sea Hawk*, climbing stairs down which had rolled many a pirate head sliced off by the keen edge of Errol Flynn's tinfoil-plated sword, and looked across to a more modern sailing vessel, on the decks of which an episode in the current play was being enacted.

The water was rough, with the wavemakers turned on full, and sails spanked by the wind machines whipped the masts, and the boat was low by the stern, sinking. A small boat had been launched and it bobbed by the side of the vessel, and there was sudden violent action on the deck of the big one, and somebody threw a girl into the little boat, then leaped in after her. I could hear her land in the boat, and I didn't like the sound of it, she hit hard, and she was not the sturdy type.

And at this moment, just when I was feeling sorry for her, they opened a water tower.

A water tower is a large wooden tank, maybe twenty feet above the scene, from which a chute comes down, and when they open the tank a great deal of water all at one time hits whatever the chute is aimed at. In this case, the small boat. The idea is that this is a big wave, and it has about the same effect.

The water hit them hard. I figured they had stunt people in there.

"Who are they using for Lupino in that?" I asked.

"Lupino," Shipp said. He looked at me. "They always use Lupino for Lupino."

"They'll crack her up," I said.

"She has some crazy idea about getting the feel of the picture. She's all in. Let's go over and have lunch and watch them do the close-ups afterwards."

The set broke for lunch and we got down off the boat just as a couple of fellows in swimming trunks brought the drenched cockleshell over to our side of the tank, with Miss Lupino and John Garfield in it. She had a blanket over her shoulders.

"How's the water?" I said, laughing at my sally.

"Oh, hello," she said. "It's warm."

Garfield got out, and helped her get out. "How's your back, Ida?" he said.

"It hurts a little. Not much though."

"I slipped," he said. "I meant to lean over more when I let you go. It was the water on the deck."

"He tries too hard," she said, winking at Shipp. "One of these days he's going to get a dramatic charley horse."

"I'm sorry," Garfield said.

She laughed. "I'm all right," she said.

She pulled the blanket closer around her, and walked toward her dressing room. She walked slowly.

* * *

After lunch we went to a small tank in which the boat had been placed. The camera was on a boom, out over the water. The tank was perhaps forty feet across, and there were two chutes from the water tanks, one at each side. Garfield was there. After while Miss Lupino came along, in dry clothes. Garfield got into the boat, and she got in and sat near him, reached over the gunwale and scooped double handfuls of water from the tank and threw them over herself. She doused her face and hair.

While they were fixing the lights she sat there with her eyes closed, and a fellow in the water was rocking the boat, gently, and her head nodded, swaying with its motion. She looked little, and asleep.

"All right," somebody said. Michael Curtiz, the director.

She opened her eyes and the bell rang, and everybody was quiet, and the buzzer sounded and she turned to Garfield and went into her lines. She came quickly to life and went into them, fiery lines: tense, quick, poured-out, typical Lupino lines. It was a long take.

She sure can act, I thought. I stood at the edge of the tank, fifteen feet from them, and watched. I hoped she wouldn't miss. You don't want them to miss when they do it like that. It seems improbable that they can get it that way twice. Well, I thought, she certainly can—

Crash!

Right beside me, down one of the chutes, came the water. It struck the side of the boat and went over them in a sheet.

Curtiz cut the shot, and he and the cameraman talked it over and decided to do it again. "All right, Ida," Curtiz said. "Get some dry clothes." They called for the stand-ins, and gave Miss Lupino a blanket, and she went to her dressing room.

Later they did it four times.

When the fifth one was done and Curtiz said it was all right and Miss Lupino had gone to her dressing room she sent a girl out to ask me to have some tea with her. I went to the dressing room, back of the set, and she had the tea all ready, on a card table just in front of the little hut, a portable dressing room that can be knocked down and set up wherever they want it, and a colored boy brought some crackers. She poured my tea, and it was strong enough this time, and hot.

"Take a cracker," she said.

I took a cracker.

"You got wet all over," I said.

She had changed her clothes, and had a kind of a shawl over her shoulders, like a little old woman, and she sat hunched over, sipping her tea. She still had her rubber boots on. "It's a swell picture," she said. "I told you that time, up at the house."

"You're tired," I said.

"A little. I'm through with that, though, for today. More tomorrow."

She looked over at the set, and I looked over. In the same little boat there were four sailors. The bell rang, and they got ready for the shot. "I think they're going to use two chutes on them," she said. "Let's go over. I want to watch."

We got up and walked over there quickly. The action started, and when it was time for the water they used the two chutes, plunging water in from both sides and all but knocking the men out of the boat.

"That was better than one chute," she said. "I wanted two chutes, too, but they wouldn't let me."

"You're not very big," I said.

"Big enough," she said.

Cameron Shipp came along and we went back to the dressing room and finished the tea, and Shipp and I said good-bye and went outdoors.

"She thinks she's big enough for two chutes," I told him.

"She's a gallant lady," he said. ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 78

heel, you know blamed well that this isn't what it should be," but my other self would give my critical self an annoyed look and go on enjoying itself quite a lot.

This traitorous impulse was induced in me largely by extra-critical circumstances. I happen to know Saroyan rather well and the stage lampooning of him had so much accurate, if burlesque-veneered, reporting in it that I couldn't help getting some fun out of it. More, Elia Kazan, who played the Saroyan role, caught the Saroyan look, manner and speech so humorously that I was doubly diverted. If I had not known Saroyan I should doubtless often have been bored, as many of my colleagues were but, knowing him, I had much the kind of sport that people in the know get out of the intimate portraitures in the annual Illustrators', Dutch Treat Club, and other such shows. It is ever that way, and it is one of the personal weaknesses of the august art of criticism. In much the same manner I recall that a similar private recognition of character entertained me in the case of Louis Bromfield's bad play of some years ago, *De Luxe*, which the critics to a man loudly and not improperly condemned. I once even had an amused time at a poor *Grand Street Follies* simply because I knew very intimately one of the persons satirized in it, a bizarre Armenian named George Jean Nathan.

What added to my stubborn pleasure at the Prumbs exhibit was undoubtedly Saroyan's antecedent indignant public protest that the central character in it was no more like himself than Elia Kazan was like Errol Flynn. I hate to tell you, Bill honey, but the character was a lot like you. The only important departure that I could see was that it wore blue underdrawers, whereas you, you tell me, wear no underdrawers at all.

III

As exotic a dose of the histrionic art as I have enjoyed in my day was that contributed to the leading role of Max Catto's parcel of melodramatic psychopathic rubbish, *They Walk Alone*. Miss Elsa Lanchester—in private life the wife of Mr. Charles Laughton, who is himself no slouch when it comes to that sort of thing—was its entrepreneuse. The role invested by the lady was that of a household servant of homicidal tendencies, the aforesaid homicidal tendencies being generated by the revulsion induced in her after giving outlet to her irrepressible sexual impulses, with both the murderous and sexual excursions peculiarly motivated by the sound of church organ music.

It is to be granted that any such role, particularly if written as badly as Catto wrote it, is enough to make even the best of actresses jump off the stage after the first eight minutes and rush out of the theatre laughing her head off. But Miss Lanchester, being hardly the best of actresses and very evidently also deficient in humor, did nothing of the kind. She stayed right there, went at the job with enthusiasm and, boy, did she act! She acted more in one short evening than all the ladies in the Actors' Equity Association in combination have acted in the last five years. Well, let's say four.

I present herewith a picture of the projection methods indulged in by Miss Lanchester (who isn't a bad-looking girl) in the purveyance of various aspects of the role:

1. *Coquetry*. Sly gargling of an imaginary quart of Listerine ac-

Continued on page 156

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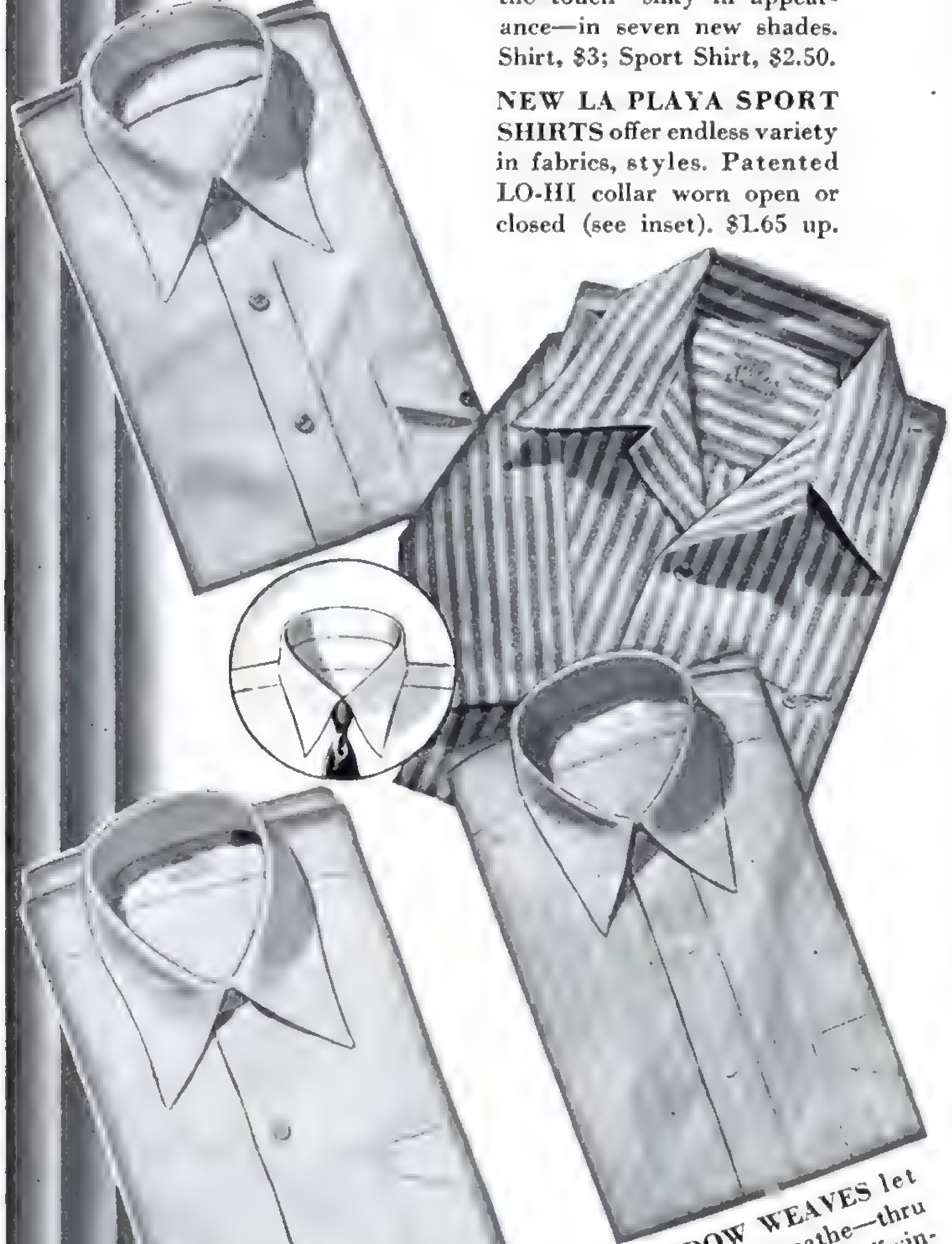

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 78-155

companied by eye blinking of sufficient velocity to dislodge 318 cinders, along with a shoulder shimmy dance and gestures more usually reserved for washing the back of the neck and behind the ears.

2. *Terror.* Eyes popped out of the sockets like copious soap bubbles, features wrinkled and unwrinkled into a pattern resembling an accordion, little throat noises suggestive of half-swallowed fish bones, and staccato dashes hither and yon about the room further suggestive of the first lesson in an Arthur Murray dancing class.

3. *Insanity.* A rigid pose with gaze fixed straight ahead and abruptly resolved into a mild form of epilepsy (interpreted by swallowing a pint of imaginary vinegar and giving evidence that it was not too appetizing), by issuing a hollow laugh after the manner of Gaspard in *The Chimes of Normandy*, by vibrating the torso as if to ease a severe itching of the back, and by then suddenly turning sidewise and giggling.

4. *Ferocity.* Standing grimly immobile for a moment and then rushing frantically to the window and ravenously gazing out of it as if she beheld ten acres of hamburgers with onions, the meanwhile allowing her body to jiggle back and forth as if to the tune of *Yes, We Have No Bananas*.

5. *Amorous Impulse.* A cat-like approach to the object of desire with waist bent in as if from a severe abdominal pain, with posterior projected rearwards like a football center in the act of snapping back the pigskin, and with a series of gurglings suggestive of water running out of a tin bathtub.

6. *Unconcern.* Head thrown back and hair tossed after the manner of a Katharine Hepburn loftily saying no to an invitation to take a ride in a second-hand Ford and have a Coca-Cola.

7. *Contrition.* Dejection of head and intense scrutiny of the floor as if looking for a four-leaf clover, shoulders huddled like Quasimodo, and with sniffles and gulps indicative of an imminent seizure of the flu.

8. *Panic.* Rapid looks to left and right, nervous paddling of thighs, wild brushing of hair up from ears, more rapid looks from right to left, execution of a few steps of the rhumba, and rapid inhalations and exhalations as if uncomfortably anticipating the near approach of a glue factory.

9. *Gaiety.* Wide dental display accompanied by chuckles siphoned through the nose, sudden revolutions and skirt swishings, gestures suggestive of playing an extra-large harp, and a culminating laugh of the species usually described by critics with a mash on an actress as "musical."

10. *Split personality. Vide* Nos. 3 and 7 and stir slowly together with a shovel.

If to any appreciable degree Mr. Berthold Viertel, the director, was responsible, I extend my deep apologies to Miss Lanchester and am prepared to supplement them with a magnum of vintage champagne, to say nothing of with a jeroboam of vintage hydrobromic acid for Mr. Viertel.

IV

In his review of the play, *Native Son*, made from Richard Wright's meritorious novel by the author in collaboration with Paul Green, my colleague Dr. Watts of the *Herald Tribune* observed: "It all goes to indicate that, when a story was intended for one medium of expression and was entirely successful in employing that medium, it is dangerous to use some other narrative form for which it was not essentially planned."

Although Dr. Watts' reflection on the dramatization of this particular novel is well taken, his argument in support of it is hardly so. Surely there are many instances that confound his contention, and they range all the way from satisfactory plays made from the old *Pride and Prejudice* and the later *Dodsworth* to equally satisfactory ones fashioned from the old *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the later *Rain*. (In the latter case, Maugham had been steadfast in his conviction that it would be impossible for anyone to make a play out of the tale, originally called *Miss Thompson*.)

The fact about the play *Native Son* is simply that it is the dramatization which is at fault. But there is no sound critical reason why more expert hands might not have evolved one that would have captured and projected the spirit and essence of the novel with complete effect. All this talk about the limitations of the stage is too frequently arbitrary. The stage, to be sure, has certain obvious limitations but a first-rate dramatist finds a way to triumph over most of the theoretical others. The history of the progress of dramaturgy is a long record of such triumphs. Imagination, daring fancy and poetic inventiveness have successively lessened the limitations, until today the only ones still left are for the most part those which have been willingly and even happily given over to the cinema for the cinema's childishly proud exploitation.

Even so, the play made from the Wright novel is here and there not without some superficial dramatic power. This is due partly to the ready-made melodramatic kick in certain of the materials, partly to the vigorous quality of Orson Welles' direction and production, and partly to the high excellence of Canada Lee's performance of the role of Bigger Thomas. The debility of the whole lies, first, in the surrender of the subjective elements of the novel to purely objective action; secondly, in the gradual diminuendo of the dramaturgy; and, thirdly, in the final impression that out of the whole thing little more emerges than a blackface version of Patrick Kearney's dramatization of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*—the theatrical impression being heightened by certain similarities in the staging of the two exhibits, as, for example, the pleader stationed in the orchestra pit, etc.

But the play's greatest weakness rests in its attempt to evoke compassion and sympathy for the Negro simply on the score that he is a Negro. With the novel's penetration into the depths of Bigger's mind, character, environment and the like scarcely flicked, what we get is not much more than a straight-out melodrama about a white law-breaker made black to purely sentimental ends. The environment that wraps its rebellion around Bigger becomes on the stage merely the stereotyped overcrowded and sordid tenement room. We have had that pretty regularly in the case of dramatic white Biggers. The hostility aroused in Bigger by superiority and condescension has been often similarly aroused in dramatic white Biggers. And so on throughout most of the play. Yet where in the case of a white character guilty of various crimes from blackmail and theft to murder we would rationally be willing to let the law take its course, we are here invited to break our hearts simply because the character is black. That is not the novel, to be sure, but it *is* the play.

While I do not for a moment wish to detract from the general proficiency of Orson Welles' production—that young man has many virtues—I think it again permissible to regret his tendency to indulge in idiosyncrasy for what seems to be mere bravado's sake. Playing *Native Son* for two solid hours without an intermission was not only poor dramatic judgment—the play breaks naturally and easily into two parts—but a gratuitous imputation of importance to the play that it does not possess. If Shakespeare and Ibsen can stand intermissions one has difficulty in seeing why Richard Wright and Paul Green can't. Again, the withholding of programs until a play is finished, which has been done several times in the past, is fake showmanship. Audiences, to lessen the strain of often inarticulate speech, identification of a multiplicity of characters and the like, appreciate the advantage of the mild preliminary information vouchsafed by a playbill. And they also, in the case of a play like *Native Son* which begins disastrously to tail off in interest around half past ten, like to know how many more scenes they will have to sit through. Still again, loud movie studio sound machines employed to make theoretically interpretive dramatic noises to drown out the more realistic noises made by stagehands in shifting scenes are none too comfortably impressive. Mr. Welles is, as I have said, an undeniably talented youth, but there is a point where talent stops and monkeyshine begins.

V

The dignity of mind and emotion usually found in the plays of Lillian Hellman is again in evidence in her *Watch On The Rhine*. The tendency to extend a tensional scene considerably beyond its effective limits, sometimes found in her plays, is also again in evidence. It is, in fact, in such evidence that the last half of her third act, given over to the sad farewells of her protagonist, induces the impression that the curtain got badly stuck at 10:40 and that the actors are sparring for time until it is fixed and may be lowered. Here Miss Hellman piles on the blues in a succession suggestive of a juke box into which someone has put ten dollars in nickels. The lugubrious goodbyes of her hero, visited seriatim upon his old mother-in-law, his brother-in-law, his wife, his three children and others, take on a perverse resemblance to the old Willie Collier Weber and Fields Music Hall act with the dialogue "I am going away from here"—"What, you are going away from here?"—"Yes, I am going away from here"—extended to some fifty times its old length.

Miss Hellman's induction to her play about an anti-fascist who returns to his native Germany to further the underground movement against Hitler, with death a certainty, is similarly unduly prolonged and dilatory. She indulges in so much preparation that when her drama eventually gets going it has to meet and triumph over her audience's tedium and restlessness. But when that drama does get under way the author's genuine talents come plainly and forcibly into view. Her dialogue flashes; her characters, hitherto more actors than human beings, take on sharp life; her action achieves beat and vitality. For when she is at her best this Miss Hellman is about the most gifted woman writing for our theatre, as the better parts of her *The Children's Hour* and *The Little Foxes* have attested. Even when she is at her worst, indeed, she at least indicates a mentality and feel for the innards of character that not many of her playwriting sisters indicate at the top of their form.

The basic fabric of Miss Hellman's plays remains melodrama, and sometimes pretty obvious melodrama at that, but her resources in embroidering melodrama out of its sheer self and into the higher estate of character drama are never to be mistaken. *Watch On The Rhine* is an overwritten and periodically defaulted job, a disappointment to those of us who look hopefully to its author's steady climb up the ladder. But it is none the less the best anti-Nazi play thus far seen hereabout, and it is considerably superior to the general run of our American stage fare. Paul Lukas' performance was one of the finest of the season. #

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They Do or Die for Dykes

Continued from page 68

fore they face a DiMaggio or a Foxx. Under the spell of this glib Irishman the opposition becomes a collection of lugs who should have paid to get in the ball park! And, conversely, that misfit patrolling one of the gardens for the Sox fancies himself a Speaker or a Cobb. That pitcher whom Dykes has sent to the mound fancies himself a throwback to Christy Mathewson or Walter Johnson!

"Give yourself an even break," is one of the manager man's pet exhortations to his pitchers.

This means, in short, to use every ounce of physical and mental ability. There are three things a White Sox pitcher must always remember: theory, model, and practice. When he learns how to pitch he selects a model from among one of the league's standout pitchers. Then, thus equipped, he must continually practice, striving for perfection.

When a play goes wrong, and the player palpably is at fault, Dykes does not explode and heap imprecations upon the head of the crestfallen offender.

"Maybe I was wrong on that play," muses Dykes, half-aloud, half to himself. "Let's have a debate on it. If I can prove you're wrong, we'll use the Dykes system after this."

Dykes, of course, knows he's right. And the player, instead of brooding over a call down, determines to try all the harder. Incidents which could lead to dissension are eliminated as soon as they happen. All this helps promote the spirit that makes the White Sox one big happy family.

Dykes gives his players no chance to become imbued with the idea they are stars. If one of his hitters suddenly finds himself leading the league, or one of his pitchers builds up a long winning streak they long since have learned not to expect words of praise.

A player who is hot, under the Dykes system, must be promptly deflated. So Dykes begins his belittling campaign.

"Don't get the idea you are a star," he barks. "You're just getting a lot of breaks. Now you take Joe here—"

And Dykes begins sympathizing with one of his athletes who happens to be in a slump at the moment, thereby raising his spirits. Again Kid Psychology rides with the White Sox! The slumping player gets a mental lift, which usually is all that he needs. The young man who is going good, Dykes properly reasons, can well afford to take the ribbing.

Luke Appling has been one of baseball's most consistent players in the past decade. The bronzed Georgian is the picture of health, a muscular fellow who annually plays almost the full schedule of 154 games at shortstop, and winds up among the batting leaders.

Yet Appling is Dykes' most virulent mental case. Luke has more imaginary physical ailments than your Aunt Ella, who has been bedridden since Dewey captured Manila.

Each afternoon, from opening day until the final P.M. in October, there is a ritual in the Sox clubhouse which never changes.

"All right, Appling, what's wrong with you today?" is Dykes' greeting as his star shortstop mopes into the dressing room.

Thereupon, in his quaint Southern drawl, Appling unburdens himself. The list of ailments runs the scale from water on the knee to oil on the hair. Dykes expresses mock sympathy. Other members of the team interject comments while the clinical report progresses. Then, having confessed his infirmities, the pore Mr. Appling goes out on the field and gets two or three hits and saves the game with a hair-raising stop or two.

Appling is called Libby by his teammates, in honor of that blues singer, Miss Holman.

This spring, Bill (Bullfrog) Dietrich, one of the Sox pitchers, expressed indignation at the figures notched on his 1941 contract. This might have been a headache to the business office, but Dykes accepted it as a personal triumph.

A sensitive nature and an inferiority complex have denied Dietrich the rightful niche he deserves in baseball. He has almost as much stuff as Bob Feller. But one little incident, one slight annoyance, throws him off keel and what has been a well-pitched game turns into a shambles.

Dykes has been working on Bill for years. Jimmie claimed him on waivers from his old boss, Connie Mack. Dietrich responded by pitching a no-hit game. He showed streaks of greatness, but never could shake his fatal mental weakness. That's why Dykes exulted when the Bullfrog held out for more money. Maybe the guy, finally, believes in himself!

Not since McGraw has any manager had such terrific traffic with the men who call the balls and strikes. Dykes' personal campaign against all umpires came to a climax in 1939 in one of baseball's most hilarious situations.

It is part of the strategy of Dykes and his able leather-lunged associates to single out key players on enemy clubs for blistery verbal attention. One of the most vulnerable of the Detroit players is Hank Greenberg. (Incidentally, Greenberg was one of the first big leaguers caught in the draft. Can't you just imagine Dykes shouting at others this season: "I don't know what the army would want with you if you can't do any more with a gun than you can with that bat!")

One day back in 1939, the Sox were playing in Detroit and Hank, at his first base station, was very close to the Chicago dugout. Inning after inning catcalls fell on his sensitive ears. Then, in a tense moment in the game, Joe Kuhel slid back into first base so hurriedly he spiked big Hank. The Tiger star responded by punching Joe on the nose. Dykes responded by getting right in the middle of the fuss, contributing a few thousand words, after which he heard the old familiar words: "Off the field, you're through for today."

The next day the Sox skipper received a long telegram from Will Harridge, American League President. He blamed the tirade against Greenberg for causing bad blood between the clubs. Dykes was ordered to caution his players against yelling naughty words at Hank.

Dykes took Mr. Harridge at his word. That afternoon, when the Sox took the field, only Dykes and Coaches Webb and Monty Stratton were on the bench. The Sox manager had ordered all his other extras to watch the game from the bull pen, where they would need a public address system to convey any personal messages to Hank.

This was little less than lese majesty on Dykes' part. He braved the wrath of the league by this ingenious maneuver. Why? Psychology again. His players enjoyed being a part of this tableau and the team bonds of unity were strengthened.

It is Dykes' custom, after being invited by the umpire to leave the grounds, to park himself in the grandstand and direct his athletes by remote control.

He did this on one occasion last season. The next day he received another memorandum from Mr. Harridge (they're great pals—in the off season), advising that he had been assessed fifty dollars for profane language and for directing his team from the seats.

"If the umpires could only see the balls and strikes as well as they can spot a fellow in the grandstand they'd be pretty good," sighed Dykes as he autographed the requested check.

This is the only time that he has conceded that an umpire, under any conditions, might be acceptable.

"Mr. Mack," he still addresses his old boss thus, "always contended it intrigued ball players to figure out a way of breaking rules if given too many. I won't make one that I, myself, won't keep."

One of his rules has to do with deportment on the bench. No one, excepting himself and his coaches, is allowed to criticize a physical or mental mistake of a player. This, naturally, helps curb dissension.

Big league players live with each other throughout the season. Here, indeed, is a breeding place for petty jealousies and differences of feeling that could disturb the harmony of a club.

Sitting alongside each other in the clubhouse, rooming together on road trips, teammates learn the most intimate facts about each other. What sort of clothes they wear. How much they tip for service. Their philosophy of life.

On some teams, this familiarity breeds contempt, resulting in the formation of cliques. But this isn't true with the Sox. Dykes has insisted that the players be given ample spending money on the road ($4 daily for meals), and that they tip generously. This is one of the main reasons why they are remarkably free of inner jealousies.

Less spectacular perhaps than his copyrighted system of meeting the enemy or his jousts with the umpires, is the chain of player deals through which he has chased mediocrity.

Dykes came to the White Sox after the close of the 1932 season. He was the third man in Owner J. Louis Comiskey's $125,000 deal with the Athletics. The other two were Al Simmons and Mule Haas.

It was a desperate move by Comiskey to start the rusty turnstiles clicking again. The Sox had never recovered from the 1919 Black Sox scandal. They hadn't crashed the first division since 1920.

Comiskey figured that Simmons, a citizen of nearby Milwaukee, would lead the Sox upward with his big bat. Haas was still a good outfielder. This fellow Dykes, although thirty-five, might be of some help at third base.

Simmons was a disappointment. Haas was only so-so. But Dykes' personality made such an impression on Comiskey that he was made manager in May of 1934. He quickly restored order to the House of Comiskey, one of baseball's first families.

How Dykes took a motley group of baseball failures and welded them into a spirited, skilful club has amazed his rivals.

Dykes persuaded the Tigers that Simmons was just the man they needed to insure a third straight pennant in 1936. This oration brought $75,000 back into the Comiskey coffers. South Side fans groaned when he traded their hero, Zeke (Bananas) Bonura, the muscular Italian, to Washington for Kuhel. Who did this Dykes think he was, anyway?

Since then, Bonura has beaten a path from Washington to the Giants, back to Washington, and thence to the Cubs. Dykes called Kuhel his most valuable player last year. He says it's the best deal of all he's made.

Appling, who was bought from Atlanta for $20,000, is the most expensive Sox player. Ted Lyons, who at forty still is one of the game's best pitchers, came direct from Baylor University. Ed Smith, a southpaw, was a $7,500 steal from the Athletics. Thornton Lee, another lefty, was traded for a minor league pitcher who never made good. Dietrich is another $7,500 waiver beauty. John Rigney, the strong man of the staff, reached major league stature after grazing on Sox farm pastures for a few seasons.

There wasn't a better pitching staff in the league last year!

Mike Kreevich, the centerfielder, reckoned right along with the DiMaggio brothers as a de-

Continued at top of page 160

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THE Kirsten (PATS. & PATS. PENDING) "RADIATOR" PIPE

They Do or Die for Dykes

Continued from pages 68-159

fensive genius, had been turned adrift by the Cubs. Other 1940 regulars, like Outfielders Taft Wright and Julius Solters and Second Baseman Skeeter Webb, were culled in Dykes' cycle of deals.

Well, this is the team and the manager which enabled Mrs. J. Louis Comiskey to keep in custody after her husband died in 1939. The bank installed as trustee wanted to sell. Baseball, it argued, was too hazardous as an investment. Not with Shamus Dykes in command, insisted Mrs. Comiskey. So the bank didn't sell the White Sox to the highest bidder. The club made a $200,000 profit in 1940, insuring Widow Comiskey and her three children its control.

The ubiquitous Dykes spent many days and nights lurking in the hotel lobbies during the winter baseball meetings in Atlanta and Chicago. Jimmie was spoiling to make a few deals, but rivals studiously avoided him.

Came spring, though, and it soon dawned upon everyone that Dykes had half a new infield! His old boss, Mack, gave up a young infielder named Dario Lodigiani for Pitcher Knott. From the Yankees came Bill Knickerbocker, a big league knockabout. To get him, Dykes gave up Ken Silvestri, a catcher, and might not have known that Ken, unmarried, had come up with a low number in the draft.

Lodigiani ousted young Bob Kennedy from third base and Knickerbocker took over the middle station.

These newcomers, plus the old standbys drilled in the do-or-die-for-Dykes system, soon had the whole league buzzing.

As mid-season approached, the team was in the thick of the race and that old, old question started popping up: "What's keeping up the White Sox?"

But Mr. Dykes knows, doesn't he! #

Unhappy Promotion Day

Continued from page 51

movies of that year, 1911. First came poppa's angry bellow:

"Char-les! Where is that boy?"

My heart looped-the-loop as I heard his determined steps in the hall. But my mother, smaller and more nimble, reached my room ahead of him and took her stand in the doorway, arms crossed defiantly. From under the bed, I had a mouse's eye view of them.

"So he got left back, did he?" stormed poppa. "No wonder he was so quiet at supper. Just wait until I get my hands on him! I'll teach him to get left back!"

Invariably when poppa's temper got the best of him, my mother frightened him by throwing a convincing faint. But this, she knew only too well, was too grave a domestic crisis for mere swooning.

"I have but one thing to say to you," she told him with melodramatic earnestness. "If you touch a single hair of my boy's head, I swear I will kill you."

This declaration remains the most heart-warming thing I have ever heard. Poppa, I was enchanted to observe from my lowly and dusty refuge, was not only bewildered by her threat but still was in possession of the bag of marbles.

"So you stick up for him?"

"Would any true mother do less?"

"You'll kill that boy with kindness before you're through."

"Would you respect me if I allowed my only son to be beaten unconscious?"

"Beaten unconscious? I've never so much as spanked him. That's all your highfalutin' doing. And now look what happens—he gets *left back!* I'm responsible for that too, I suppose."

Having gained the upper hand, my mother pressed on relentlessly. "Perhaps if you spent less time in Barney Maguire's saloon on the corner and helped Charles more with his studies, this would not have happened."

Poppa whacked the bag of marbles against his knee indignantly. "So now I'm a drunkard, I suppose. Do you deny me even the right of an occasional glass of beer? Be reasonable, Birdie. After all, it wasn't I who was left back. It was him, your pet. Don't you think he should be punished *at all?*"

By this time I was counting the marbles already mine. But just as I was shaking hands with myself for having so loyal and resourceful a mother, I heard her say softly:

"Yes, I suppose he will *have* to be punished. But that does not mean corporal punishment. Do you promise not to give him a licking?"

I choked on the lump that swelled in my throat. My own mother was betraying me!

"I'll promise," my father said reluctantly, "if you agree not to interfere."

"Remember, Charles is a sensitive and nervous child."

This had long been one of mother's principal obsessions. I think the idea made me seem more refined, but I'd always humored this odd notion of hers.

"I'll wait for him in the parlor," announced my father gravely.

It took ten minutes of wheedling on my mother's part to get me out from under the bed. As I started toward my doom, she murmured brokenly, "Always remember, son, I did what I could for you."

I regarded her coldly as the household Delilah who had delivered me to the enemy after our victory had been won. Poppa was deep in meditation as I walked into the parlor. The grey sack of

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marbles lay across his knee.

"Oh, there you are, my little man!" he exclaimed with counterfeit élan. "It's nice seeing you again. For a moment or two I thought you'd run away. But you wouldn't run away, would you, son?"

"Answer me!"

"No."

"Of course not," he agreed with malicious satisfaction. "You might not be any too bright at school, but you're not stupid enough to run away from home while you have a mother who waits on you hand and foot, and a fool of a father who slaves his life away to buy you food and shelter and clothing. We won't say anything about your education."

He drew in his breath sharply, then continued, "Now, my son, you will not deny, I hope, that you have neglected your opportunities. Will you?"

"No, sir." I lifted my eyes just enough to see the sack of marbles on his knee.

"Now man to man, Charles, don't you think it only fair and just then that I reduce the expenses of bringing you up?"

"You mean, poppa, you're gonna stop feeding me?"

"Get your hat, my boy. You'll find out soon enough what I'm going to do, though I warn you that tonight you'll only get a sample."

As I passed my mother and sister who were standing near the bamboo portières, I gazed pleadingly into my mother's eyes. She shook her head sadly. I did not fail to notice that my sister, who also claimed to be devoted to me, was absent-mindedly stroking the beautiful imitation-leather schoolbag which she held in her arms. She appeared speechless with horror but this I put down as a mere pose.

I did not fail to notice that poppa carried the bag of marbles with him as we went out. Always an optimist, I leaped upon this as a good omen. Perhaps he was going to forgive me and hand them over secretly. Poppa frequently did things like that after forcing me to vow I would say nothing about his kindness to my mother or sister.

Without a word, he led me around to the barber shop around the corner. There he snarled,

"Get in that chair, stupid!"

Al, the Italian barber, beamed at me.

"Cut his hair off with the clippers, all of it!" my father instructed him. "Nothing like keeping cool of a summer, not to mention the money for haircuts I'll save."

I put my hands protectingly over my head. "But, poppa, every kid in the neighborhood will be socking me over the head if I'm a baldy! You know how they do it. They grab your hat, and yell 'Noble dome!' and then they sock you with all their might."

The barber, clippers in hand, looked at my father. Poppa pulled my hands down roughly. "Go ahead, Al," he said, "give him your Sing Sing special!"

I steeled myself, gritted my teeth. Poppa still had the marbles. Surely, I thought, the prison type of haircut would satisfy him. He just *had* to feel sorry for me when he saw me looking like a criminal.

But no trace of pity showed on his stern features as he surveyed me in my hairless state. Leaving the barber shop we encountered Frankie McLarry, the police lieutenant's son. I was grateful that it was too dark on the street for him to see what I had become—a noble dome.

"Were you promoted, Francis?" my father asked him. I tried to squirm away but he reached out and held me firmly by the collar.

"Of course. Everybody in the family got promoted and Arthur, my youngest kid brother, was skipped."

"Hm," mused my father. "By the way, Francis, your father tells me you're a swell ball player."

"Well, I'm pitcher and manager of our team. You know—the Daisies."

Poppa turned me around so I had to face him. "What are you on the Daisies, Charles?"

"Gee, I told you that a million times," I said indignantly. "I'm fielder and assistant captain."

"Assistant captain, eh. Just how many men have you on the team?"

"Seven."

"We're looking for two more heavy hitters," added Frankie hopefully.

I don't think poppa heard him. "So!" he said to me. "You're fielder and assistant captain on a seven-man ball club. I should have known from the beginning that you'd never get anywhere."

Once more, he turned his attention to Frankie McLarry. "Whole family got promoted, eh? You were head of the class, I suppose, Francis."

"Nope. Only the second smartest."

"Second smartest would be good enough for me. My family doesn't even manage to get by by the skin of their teeth. Some time you might give some tutoring to Charles here."

Frankie looked at me speculatively.

"I don't suppose your father disapproves of you playing marbles for keeps, Francis?"

"He never said nothing against it."

"I suppose you can beat the ears off this numbskull of mine at marbles also."

"Well, at marbles we're about even-steven."

I thought that was swell of Frankie. Actually, he was the best marble shooter on the block.

"Well, here's some marbles for you, Francis, my lad," said my father, handing the huge bag to him, "that's for getting promoted."

Without waiting for Frankie to thank him, he started away, yanking me with him before I could so much as whisper "Halfsies!" to Francis McLarry. ##

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Daughter of Danny the Red

Continued from page 70

whichever it is, should bring a hundred dollars. And the other fifty. He said a hundred dollars would be very cheap."

My uncle stared back at her. He looked away—at me, at the ground, at the dogs, at the sky, then at the dogs again. "Too cheap," he said in a low voice. I knew what he was feeling—it would have been a good game to have made a hard bargain with a man who knew what he was doing. But this was obviously different. "I think—well, I will give you a hundred and fifty for her. Fifty now. The rest when I come for her, in about ten days. I have to be away that time. I suppose the people here will be willing that she stay. I'll pay them."

Mrs. Byrnes was still thanking him, to my uncle's embarrassment, when a man's voice behind us said, "Good afternoon."

We swung around. John Forest stood there, his hat pushed back from his forehead. I heard my uncle draw a quick breath. And my uncle's voice when he said, "Good day, Forest," was polite and level and colder than the Arctic. Forest and my uncle had always been enemies, for no reason I understood. They had argued, and once they had fought. My uncle had said that John Forest was a no-good and a crook. And John Forest had said the time would come when the words would be returned with interest.

Forest turned to the widow. "I'm told you have a bitch of Danny's here. I came to see her."

My uncle answered for her. "I've bought her," he said. "But she's another good bitch to sell. She should get seventy-five for her and she'll make a mistake if she takes a cent less. And—don't touch my dog, Forest."

My uncle strode away and I followed him. I said something about Forest maybe making trouble—after all he had money and was a power in the county. "He won't be making any trouble," my Uncle said. "Not unless he wants it back double, with interest. And now I got to hustle and raise that other hundred. I tell you, Bub, she'll make a dog like you never saw before. I could feel it, looking at her."

My mother sniffed when she heard I'd been with Uncle Ned. She spoke to my father. "If he wasn't a relative, you'd never think of letting Joe near him."

"He's my brother and he's the boy's uncle," my father said. The way he spoke, not looking her in the eye, I knew he half-agreed with her, and it made me sick sorrowful to see it.

I didn't go to sleep right off that night. I kept thinking of how surely my uncle had told Danny's bitch from the other, when they looked to me like a pair from one litter. And I kept thinking along with that of how I'd fallen down last year. It was dark thinking, and just before I went off to sleep I wondered if there would ever be happiness in me again.

I was working in the barn when Mr. Selfridge, our nearest neighbor, came by and asked where my father was. I could tell by the grave look on his fat, kindly face that he had bad news. I told him my father was in the house, then went slowly about my work again, wondering what it was he had come to say. Suddenly I was sure it had to do with my uncle. We had been expecting him for three days and I knew he would stop to see us before going to his own ranch.

In half an hour Mr. Selfridge reappeared on the porch, my father with him. I saw my father shake his head, then shake hands awkwardly with Mr. Selfridge, using his left hand. He had broken his right arm a week before and it was still in a splint.

Mr. Selfridge walked out to the road, got into his buggy and drove away. As soon as he had gone my father called, "Joe!" in a high-pitched angry voice, and I dropped my work like hot lead to leg it for the house.

Both my parents were in the kitchen. My father's thin, leathery face was dark as a winter night, and even my mother had lost her usual *optimistic expression.* But she was trying to cheer him up. "After all," she was saying, "it isn't as if Ned had committed a murder. And there may be a mistake."

My father turned on her furiously. "It may not be murder, but a man who'd steal a dog in this county—" he broke off and lifted his hand in a tired gesture. Then he swung on me. "We're going to town, now. Hitch up. With this blasted arm of mine I can't even drive. Get going."

I said weakly, "What's wrong—is it about Uncle Ned?"

My father's eyes burned hot. "Move!" he said. I moved.

I was ready with the buggy in record time. I drove to the house and sat waiting, my nerves pumping at white heat. At last my father came out, pulling on his hat, my mother following. She handed up my jacket along with a package.

"Be back as soon as we can," my father said shortly. "This may take a while. Don't worry—not that there's nothing to worry about." He kissed her quickly, in the half-embarrassed way he always did, and climbed into the wagon, cursing his bad arm methodically and in sulphurous terms. He lit his pipe and settled back. "We're off," he said then. "And don't think because I can't drive you're going to do any showing off. I'm here to tell you what to do and when to do it and how, and you're listening and doing it."

I was burning to know the story Mr. Selfridge had brought. But for a long time my father sat still, smoking in silence, staring straight ahead with his eyes half shut. Then at last he began to talk. It was curious talk, the sort of a monologue a man makes to himself in times of mental stress. I listened, still as a mouse. Little by little the situation became clear.

My uncle had returned from his trip and gone to get his dog. According to his story there was a dog there all right, but it wasn't Danny's bitch. It was the other, which he learned had been bought by Forest. He'd had no proof, of course—the tags had disappeared. But he swore over and over again that he'd stake his neck on it. The upshot was that he'd gone to Forest's place, beaten him badly and taken the dog which Forest claimed. And now my uncle was in jail and Forest was prosecuting him for assault and battery, which was a small thing in our county, and for the deliberate theft of a valuable hunting dog, which was a very serious thing indeed.

I listened. Finally I couldn't keep silent any longer. "Uncle Ned wouldn't steal a dog, and he couldn't make a mistake like that!" I cried. "Forest's the man they should have arrested."

My father laughed. It was a mirthless laugh. "Easy said. You prove it, boy. You prove it so a judge will believe you. You've got quite a job cut out for you. Particularly after some of those mistakes Ned's made in the past. A man makes so many mistakes and then—well, you can hardly blame people if they come to thinking that maybe he's just a crook."

My voice was shaking when I spoke again. "But look—Uncle Ned knew that dog. He had his choice. I was right with him. Even if he'd been wrong, there were tags to show which dog was which. If he'd wanted the other dog he could have had her. He'd paid his money down before Mr. Forest ever showed up."

My father looked at me with sad impatience in his eyes. "Proves nothing. People would be prepared to believe Ned might make that kind of a mistake—that he'd picked the wrong one. And that when he'd found it out some way he'd tried to repair it by beating up Forest and taking his dog. As for the tags—hell, they don't prove a thing. Anyway, they're gone, according to Selfridge."

I stared at my father's profile, and it was hard and thin. A little muscle moved nervously in his cheek. And there was only one thing left to say. "He knew that dog soon as he saw her, even if the two of them were almost twins," I said. "All he had to do was run his hands over them and watch them move around a minute and it was all over. He said to me it was something anybody could see."

"He was always a great talker," my father said. "Always a man to blow his own horn. And—did you see it too? What he saw?"

I almost said "yes." But my father was looking at me and I knew I never could make him believe me. So I said weakly, "No, but I don't know about dogs the way Uncle Ned does."

Already, I thought, Ned was half condemned in my father's mind. He didn't believe what I said—and no wonder, after the incompetent I'd proved myself when it had come to the showdown last year. There hadn't been a thing I'd been able to do the way they had wanted it. The worst thing of all was my failure to keep from blubbering when I'd cut myself with the axe and they were pouring iodine into the wound. I could remember yet the look in my father's eyes. And I could hear my uncle's flat voice saying, "After all, Fred, he's only fourteen." And my father's voice, "What's that got to do with it? What's fourteen or forty got to do with it?"

I wanted to press right through to town but my father insisted we stop to eat the lunch my mother had hastily put together for us. He sat with his back to a tree, eating awkwardly because of his stiff, useless arm, and his eyes were dark under a furrowed brow. I had a hunch what he was thinking. This might cost money, and money was a thing of which we had mighty little any more. And worse than that it would make a scandal that would speed like lightning through the county and tar all members of the family.

My father finished his lunch and climbed into the buggy. I took my place in the driving seat. "A man could," my father said slowly, and when I looked at him I saw that his teeth were clenched hard on the pipe stem—"a man could talk to Forest and sort of appeal to his better nature, as they say. A man could do that if he had to."

And I knew my father could perform no more bitter task.

We came into town, a worried and woe-begone pair, and drove sedately down the dirt street. "We'll go to see Judge Tolliver," my father said. "Then we'll see Ned, and figure out what to do."

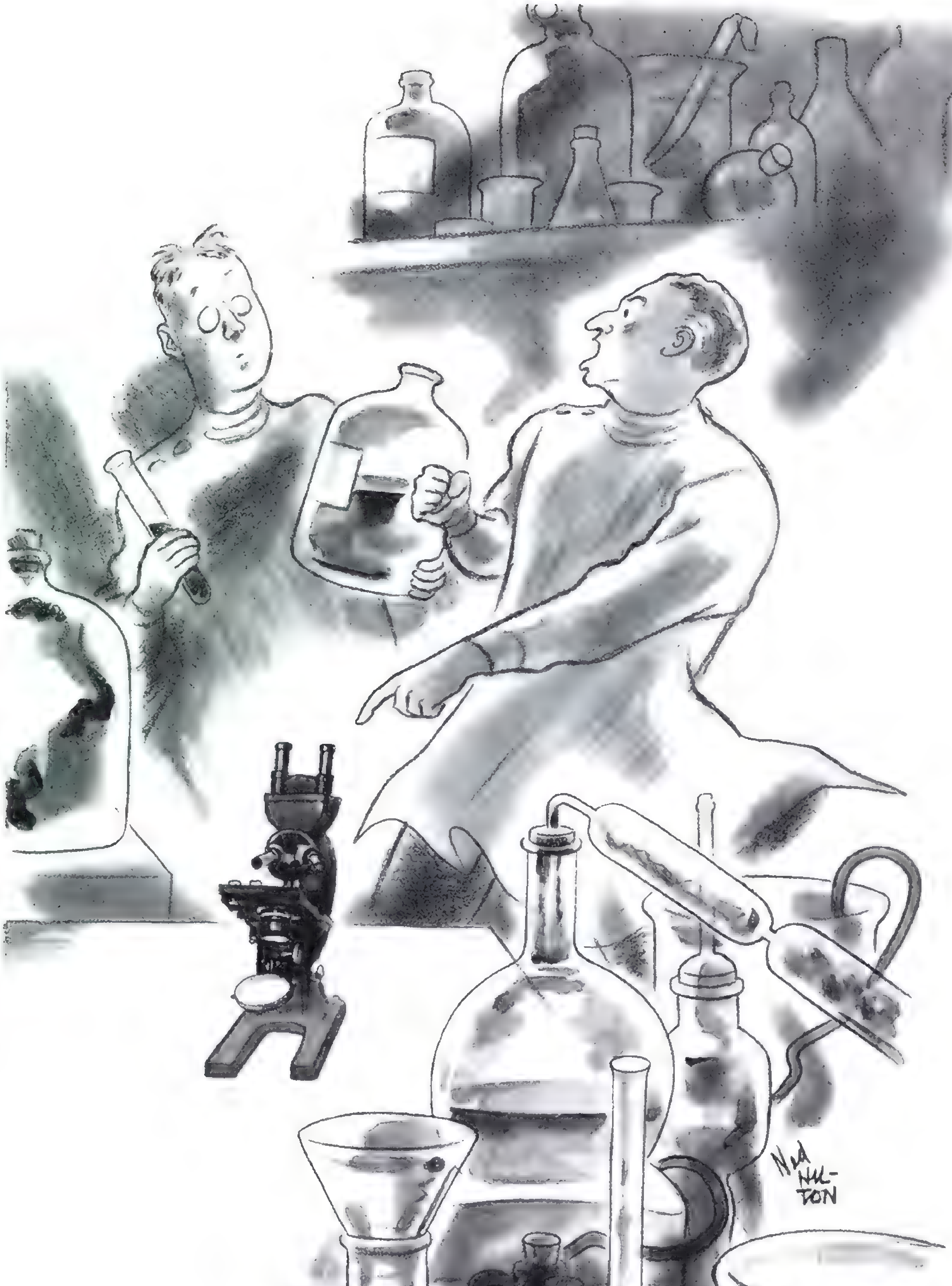
Judge Tolliver was in his office, working over some papers. He stood up and shook hands enthusiastically with my father—a little too enthusiastically, I thought. He spoke cheerfully to me and offered us chairs. He asked us our business, though obviously he knew perfectly well.

"Not that I'm not always glad to see you, business or no business, George," he said, rubbing one side of his big red nose with a forefinger. "But this time I take it, it's a professional call."

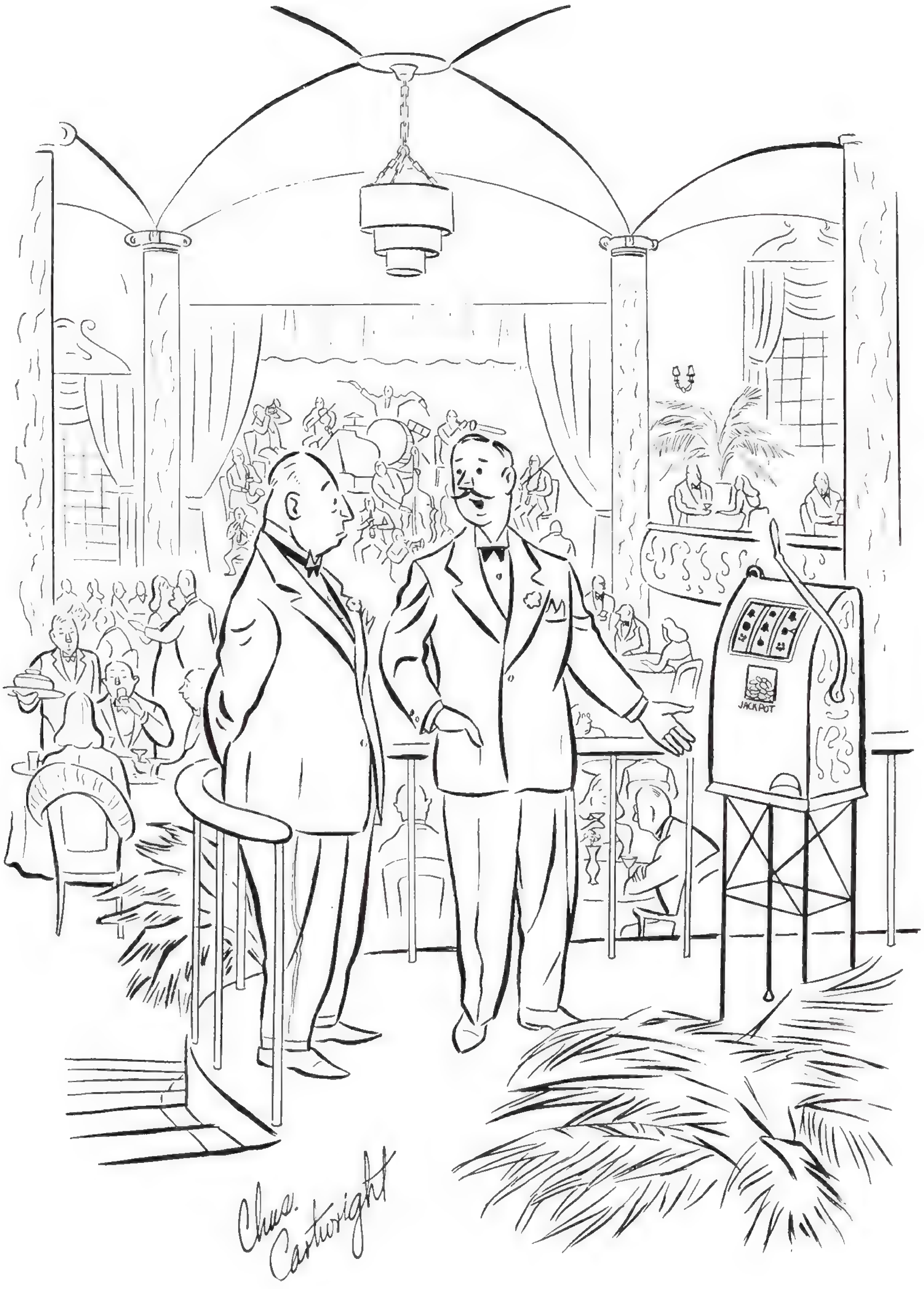
My father sat down in one of the old pine chairs. I leaned against the wall. "It's about Ned," my father said.

Judge Tolliver looked at the ceiling. He and my father were old acquaintances and it was obvious that he was uncomfortable. "Yes," he said. "Regrettable. A damned shame. Frankly, I can't understand it. I tried to talk to Ned and all I got was curses and wild state-

Continued on page 165



"The government urges more speed and they stop to make love"


JACKPOT
Chas. Cartwright

"Here's my real meal ticket—the rest is just a front"

Daughter of Danny the Red

Continued from pages 70-162

ments about what he was going to do to Forest."

"I know," my father said. He stood up and walked the length of the room and back. "What kind of case has Forest got?"

"A good case," Judge Tolliver said quietly. "After all, Ned took the dog from him by force. I understand no one can tell one of these damned bitches apart. And that's hardly the point anyway. The burden of proof is on Ned. And if he can't furnish satisfactory proof—well, you know how people feel about such matters around here."

"Do you feel he's guilty, Judge? That he decided he'd slipped in the first place picking a dog and tried to fix it up that crazy way?"

The judge looked at the ceiling again and my father nodded. "We won't take any more of your time, Judge, thanks. We'll go see Ned now, if there's no objection."

"None at all. You know the jailer."

In the doorway my father paused. "When'll the case come up, Judge?"

"Tomorrow at one. I'll grant a delay if you want."

"Don't know what good that could do. Well, thanks, Judge."

Ned was lying on the jail bunk, smoking cigarettes. He looked at us and gave no sign of recognition.

"Ned," my father said, and his voice was hot and sharp.

"So they called out the reserves," Ned said. "What the hell do you want?"

"Did you steal Forest's dog?"

Uncle Ned laughed loudly and I saw my father clench his fists.

"I asked a question and I expect an answer." My father's voice shook with anger.

"Go ahead and expect," my uncle said.

"I see," my father said softly. "I understand. I might have figured it. The truth is, I did, only I tried not to believe myself, my own reason. Just a damned dog thief!"

Ned sat up and his chest swelled beneath his thin shirt. "You're my brother," he said. "But I've a mind to break your damned neck."

My father made a contemptuous sound. He grabbed me hard by the arm, his fingers biting like steel bands into my flesh, and we started for the open cell door. I looked back and saw Ned lying down again, rolling a cigarette.

My father did not speak as we walked down the street toward the hotel, and his manner when he demanded a room said plainer than words that he wanted no conversation from the clerk. I'd seen him in black moods before, but none so black as this.

That night I was a long time going to sleep, and when I finally did I dreamed a dream more vivid than any I had ever known. It was a dream of two bitches, alike as peas in a pod so far as I could see, at work in the field. And I was trying desperately to find the difference that was between them, the difference I could not see, for my uncle's future depended upon it. He was accused of a great crime and no one had faith in him save me. But no matter how hard I tried they still seemed alike as those two peas in a pod. Sometimes I felt for an instant that I saw something that set one apart from the other. But always, when I tried to pin it down it went away, leaving me lost and discouraged.

The dream was fast in my mind when I wakened. My father was already up and it was then that I made the suggestion. He at once dismissed it as useless and I argued with him as I rarely had before. It could do no harm, I pointed out; it might do good. And when he laughed ironically and asked me just how I expected it to do anything save make us ridiculous and emphasize the pathetic feebleness of our defense, I had to admit it was all a cloud of an idea. But still, I said—I wished he would. I wished it tremendously.

"All right," he said finally. "I'll do it." He stood up and threw his cigar savagely away. "You go get your own breakfast—I don't want any. I'll take a little walk and do some thinking and I'll drop in on the Judge to ask him if your idea's all right with him."

My father came back a little before noon and that black look was blacker still. The Judge, he said, had agreed to my request that the hearing be held out of doors, with the dogs on the scene.

Promptly at one my father and I drove the two miles out of town to the Judge's little ranch. The Judge and Forest were already there; Forest was smoking a big cigar at a fast rate and complaining about the idiocy of being dragged out here for an open-and-shut case. Ten minutes later a surrey turned in at the gate. My uncle was in it, sitting next to one of the deputies. Another deputy rode in the rear with the two dogs.

I watched my uncle get slowly down from the seat and walk toward Forest and the Judge. He walked past my father and myself without a sign of recognition. He walked straight up to Forest and stopped a half-dozen feet away. He stood with his hands on hips, smiling a little, and stared at him. For a long time Forest stared back. Then he shrugged his shoulders and swung around to say something to the Judge. And my uncle's laugh, hard and bitter, rang out across the hot, level fields.

The deputy took the dogs from the buggy and put them down, leashed together. I looked at them, and normally it would have been an ecstatic, exciting thing. Now it was anything but that. I looked them over carefully and I'd never seen two dogs more perfectly matched. There were minor differences of marking, but you had to look hard to find them. I went to them and stroked their sleek bodies and they quivered with pleasure. I was hoping for something harder than I'd ever hoped for anything before. Maybe it was hoping against hope, but I told myself that the daughter of Danny the Red wouldn't let us down. I told it to myself over and over again, fiercely.

Then the Judge spoke and I turned about toward the little group of men. "This shouldn't take much time," he said slowly. "We all know what the case is about, so there's no need for me to go into it. Mr. Forest, have you anything to say?"

Forest took his time about lighting a fresh cigar. "Only this," he said, and his voice had a dark, hard note about it. "I bought a dog and paid good cash for her. This man Bristol came to my place and said I had stolen his dog. I told him he was crazy and he attacked me. And he took my dog. He claimed that I had taken the wrong one of the two Mrs. Byrnes had sold us. It's true he bought Danny's bitch, as he says, and that I bought the other. Maybe he decided afterwards the other was the better dog. I don't know. I do know what he did."

"You don't deny that Mr. Bristol bought Danny's bitch?"

"Of course not. Maybe he did not know that the best dogs will produce worthless dogs, sometimes."

The Judge nodded. "You can identify your dog, Mr. Forest? Or shall I say, the dog you believed to be yours, the dog whose ownership Mr. Bristol contests?"

Forest pointed to the dog at the left. "You'll notice she has more black on her chest than the other."

The Judge turned to my uncle. "That is the dog you say is yours?"

"Yes. I know that dog is mine."

"At the time of purchase did you notice the slight difference in chest marking?"

"No, but I know the dog. She's from Danny the Red."

"Can you prove the dog is yours?"

My uncle's jaw hardened to a tight, dark line. "I'm not a lawyer. But I know what I know. I was never fooled on a dog."

The Judge drew a long breath and looked around. "Has anyone else anything to say?"

There was a silence. When I spoke my voice sounded to me like thunder and I flushed. "Judge Tolliver," I said, "if you don't mind—it's an idea I got—would you have those dogs turned loose?"

Forest shouted, "I object to this folderol! It's as open and shut a case as you ever saw. Let's put an end to it."

The Judge faced him quietly. "I'll thank you not to interrupt, Mr. Forest." He turned back to me. "All right. I can't see where that can do any good but then it can do no damage either. The dogs are yours, boy."

We were in fine pheasant cover, and I took the dogs from the deputy and led them away from the men toward some long rows of corn. They bounded against me, tangling in the double leash, obviously pleased at the chance to move about. A few feet from the corn I unsnapped the leash. They tore across country exhausting some of their boundless energy. Then they steadied down.

I walked ahead and they walked with me, following erratic courses of their own. They were completely untrained, guided only by instinct, only by the deep, sure knowledge which was as much a part of them as their coats, and as natural and untaught. Suddenly they both paused and stood with noses lifted, sniffing hard. There was something in the wind, their eyes said—there was something there calling to them, something that went far back into the blackness of time and was filled with mysterious meaning and a great compulsion. What it was they did not know—they only knew that it was there, lovely and thrilling and demanding. It was there ahead somewhere, reaching out to them, touching them almost physically, the strongest thing they had ever known.

They charged in, starting together, a pair of wild puppies, driven by instinct as by the lash to where the pheasants crouched. They both had the quality known as style, that which a dog is born with or goes his whole life without. And for me to say one was better or worse than the other would have been the same as saying that there is a difference between hats of the same make and quality and style ranged in a row in a showcase. I remember that my heart was pounding and that I stared until my eyeballs burned and hurt with strain, looking for something, anything, that might distinguish them. I was very close to admitting that it was not there, for me. Oh, it was there for others, all right, for men like my uncle. But not for me. And if that branded me as a failure, it was not a thing to occasion wonder. It was simply the hard, undeniable fact.

Almost, I think, I turned away, heavy with shame for another failure, sick with myself for having made fools of us all, for having even further prejudiced an impossible case. But it was then that a cock pheasant rose, cackling hysterically, and flew away. One dog broke, going wild, raising her voice. And the other dog—well, the other dog followed the pheasant's course too, going fast and hard. There was a way she did it — a thing above and beyond the fact that she was untrained and a puppy. It was a way that went back a long way to an ancient greatness. There are no precise words to describe it. And still, I knew then, it was a thing that any man who knew dogs could never miss. Suddenly I felt a great deal older, and a great deal wiser.

Two more pheasant rose; the field was rich with them. And out there was a good dog, that after proper training would honor any shoot. And out there was another

Continued on page 166

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THERE'S A
DIFFERENCE
WORTH KNOWING

BACARDI

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

Daughter of Danny the Red

Continued from pages 70-162-165

dog that was the raw stuff of greatness. There was the young, small shadow of Danny the Red out there; a hundred youngsters could have been working with her and knowing eyes would have followed none but her.

Then I turned and the Judge was beside me, not five feet away. His eyes were bright and years had gone from his face. "Look," I said, "look at that dog." She was going on now, through the corn, taking it swiftly but thoroughly, covering it all as surely as a blanket covers a bed. "Look!" and now my voice was high-pitched, almost a scream. "Danny the Red was like that—I only saw him once but I know now. There was a man showed me—a man who was handling him at the trial last year." And I said again at the end, there being nothing else to say, "Look!"

The Judge smiled and breathed deeply. Back a little way Forest's voice said, "What damn foolishness is this?" and the Judge acted as if he had not heard it. The Judge said to me softly, "I remember—it's almost like Danny over again. And which dog of the two is it?"

I said, almost whispering, "I don't know." Then I raised my voice, appalled at my own conviction. "But it has to be the one with the blackest chest!"

"Which one," the Judge muttered to himself and then the dog turned toward us. Her chest was very black.

The Judge nodded to the deputy and he went after the dogs. The Judge and I walked back together to Forest, who stood a little away from my father and uncle. "You saw it, Mr. Forest," the Judge said. "The boy knew. It took him to make me see, even, and I've spent more of my life with Springers than a sane man would. I'm glad I'm not that sane, however, which is beside the point. She's Danny's girl."

Forest's face was flushed. His cigar had gone out. He cleared his throat and made a wide gesture. "And you're a Judge!" he said. "A lawyer, and you call that evidence. I'd like to know what a higher court would say."

"Oh, it would say it wasn't evidence," the Judge said. "If you want an appeal it's your right."

Forest looked away and I knew what he was thinking. He might win a case on appeal where only the cold, unseeing letter of the law would apply, and it would be the emptiest victory any man ever won. For in the county the people would know and they would hate and despise him. They would know him for a dog thief and if the law backed up his theft it could not make him less the criminal in the eyes of those who knew the truth.

The Judge's eyes were on Forest. "Well, Forest, what is your decision?"

Forest looked at the Judge, then turned his eyes for a fleeting moment on my uncle and my father. When he spoke his voice was faltering, an old man's voice. "A man can make a mistake," he said. "An honest mistake. Something happened to those tags—I don't know what, but that was the trouble. And if I'm wrong I'm the first to admit it and say I'm sorry. Anyone can make a mistake." He paused, his voice still on a rising note, and looked again around the little circle. The eyes that met his own were level and impassive. He made a little gesture with his left hand, turned and walked rapidly toward his buggy.

The Judge smiled, but there was no laughter in the eyes that followed Forest's progress across the field. "He forgot his dog," he said. "One of the boys can take her to his place. Anybody want a ride back with me? I'm going to town and wind this case up officially."

"I guess Ned will be going with us," my father said, and left.

The deputy brought the lovely bitch over and gave my uncle her lead. The three of us stood in a little circle looking down at her. I knelt and ran my hand gently along her back, and her warm wet tongue touched my cheek.

"You know," my uncle said, "I've been thinking."

"About time," my father said sarcastically. "That'll be news to the whole family."

"Shut up," my uncle said good-humoredly. "I've been thinking about two things. First, I guess I sort of owe the boy here an apology."

"Me?" I said, startled.

"Yes. I sort of had the idea you might turn out to be—well, not up to scratch the way I'd like. Shows how wrong a man can be. I know better now, and so does your father."

Hot blood surged up into my face, and I felt a happiness greater than I'd known in all my life.

"And the second thing I've been thinking. Well—I haven't the time a man should give to a dog like this. I've got an awful lot of work piled up at the place. I'd like to see her belong to a man who'd really bring her up the way she deserves."

I felt suddenly as if I'd been slapped, hard. "You mean—you are going to sell her?"

My uncle shook his head. "Couldn't do that. The truth is, I was thinking—oh, hell—" he thrust the lead toward me. "Take her. And you make her into the best pheasant dog this county ever saw or I'll skin you alive."

I looked at him with unbelieving eyes. I tried to speak and failed, I said feebly, "Gee—thanks—"

"Never mind," he barked. "My return will be what you make of her. And remember what I said I'd do if you let us down, me and her. And never think I don't mean it." #

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Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 85

South La Salle, near the New York Central tracks. A hundred times a day the big engines roared by, whistling shrilly, making the entire house shake. It was natural for young Lux to work out a train piece. For a while it had no special name; then one night he tried it out at a house party. When he tore into it, some fellow shouted in:

"What kind o' man is that! What do ya call that thing?"

Lux answered, "That's a train blues."

The other guy said, "Well, we're all together here. You ought to call it the *Honky Tonk Train Blues*."

And so the name was born.

The original disc was made for Paramount, a small company in Wisconsin. It was recorded even before *Pine Top's Boogie Woogie*, but not released for two years. The Paramount Company went broke when the depression struck, and Lux's record was unobtainable. He dropped back into complete obscurity; even his friends almost forgot that he played piano.

Russell tells the story of his rediscovery. John Hammond, who had a "beat-up" copy of the Paramount record, couldn't find a clean one or have more copies made; so he began to search for Meade Lux. For two years he couldn't locate him, although he asked everyone he knew, and advertised in the papers. Finally, in the fall of 1936, he met Albert Ammons in Chicago's Club De Lisa. Ammons was the first person who had ever heard of Lux. In a week Meade Lux was found in a south side garage washing cars. He thought he could still remember the *Honky Tonk*, and after a few days' practice recorded it again for release on Parlophone in England.

The descriptive qualities of *Honky Tonk Train Blues*, with its suggestion of latent power in the introduction, the signal to the engineer, the wheels clicking over the rail joints, and the furious journey as the train rushes through the various stations, are no more remarkable than the musical skill with which Meade Lux improvises. His power of invention seems unlimited; in developing a theme, he always gives an unexpected twist to the melody. A new technical idea is used for each chorus; one composed of high tremolos and repeated chords is followed by a variation based on light glissandi, and that by one strongly rhythmic, with heavy bass figures for contrast. From the drive and complexity of rhythm one might imagine that *Honky Tonk Train Blues* was played by two pianists.

But Boogie Woogie didn't get going until Lux Lewis came off Chicago Relief rolls and, after three attempts, cracked New York. He, with Ammons and Pete Johnson of the Kansas City school of Boogie Woogie, scored the hit of the famous December, 1938 concert of American Negro music in Carnegie Hall. Then, nightclubs, radio and the recording companies besieged them.

And dance maestri found it profitable. Bob Crosby's band orchestrated *Yancey Special* with Bob Zurke at the piano. That started things.

When Zurke left to form his own band, he featured Boogie Woogie tunes, but it was Will Bradley, the radio trombonist, who cashed in on it and became the dean of the faculty. Ray McKinley, his drummer, and actually a co-owner of the outfit, once heard a singer in a Harlem joint yell "Beat Me Daddy!" He yelled this phrase accidentally during a drumming break one night, while they were playing at the Famous Door on 52nd Street, and the audience roared. That gave Don Raye and Hughie Prince the idea for the tune. The "Daddy" is supposed to be Peck Kelly, a pianist in Houston, Texas, who drew enthusiasts from miles around to juke joints where he played. He featured eight-to-the-bar music and was nicknamed the Daddy of them all.

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar did for Bradley what *Begin the Beguine* did for Artie Shaw and *Oh Johnny* for Orrin Tucker and Bonnie Baker. His band, organized less than two years ago, is now in the money and he's lecturing music appreciation classes on *The History and Origins of Boogie Woogie*.

Good commercial Boogie Woogie records are: Jim Yancey's album (Victor P-25), Columbia's Album C-44, Earl Hines's *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues* (Bluebird 10674), Benny Carter's *Boogie Woogie Sugar Blues* (Decca 3558), Woody Herman's *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* and, of course, Will Bradley's *Beat Me, Daddy; Scrub Me, Mamma;* and *I Boogied When I Shoulda Woogied.*

You can play it yourself if you read music. Take a look through Forster's *Boogie Woogie Piano Styles*, which shows you how to use Boogie Woogie Bass Figures, Treble Variations, and Walking Bass, and gives easy illustrations. When you start getting treble notions of your own, you've got it.

Be careful! The Boogie Woogie will get *you* if you don't watch out.

GEORGE GERSHWIN

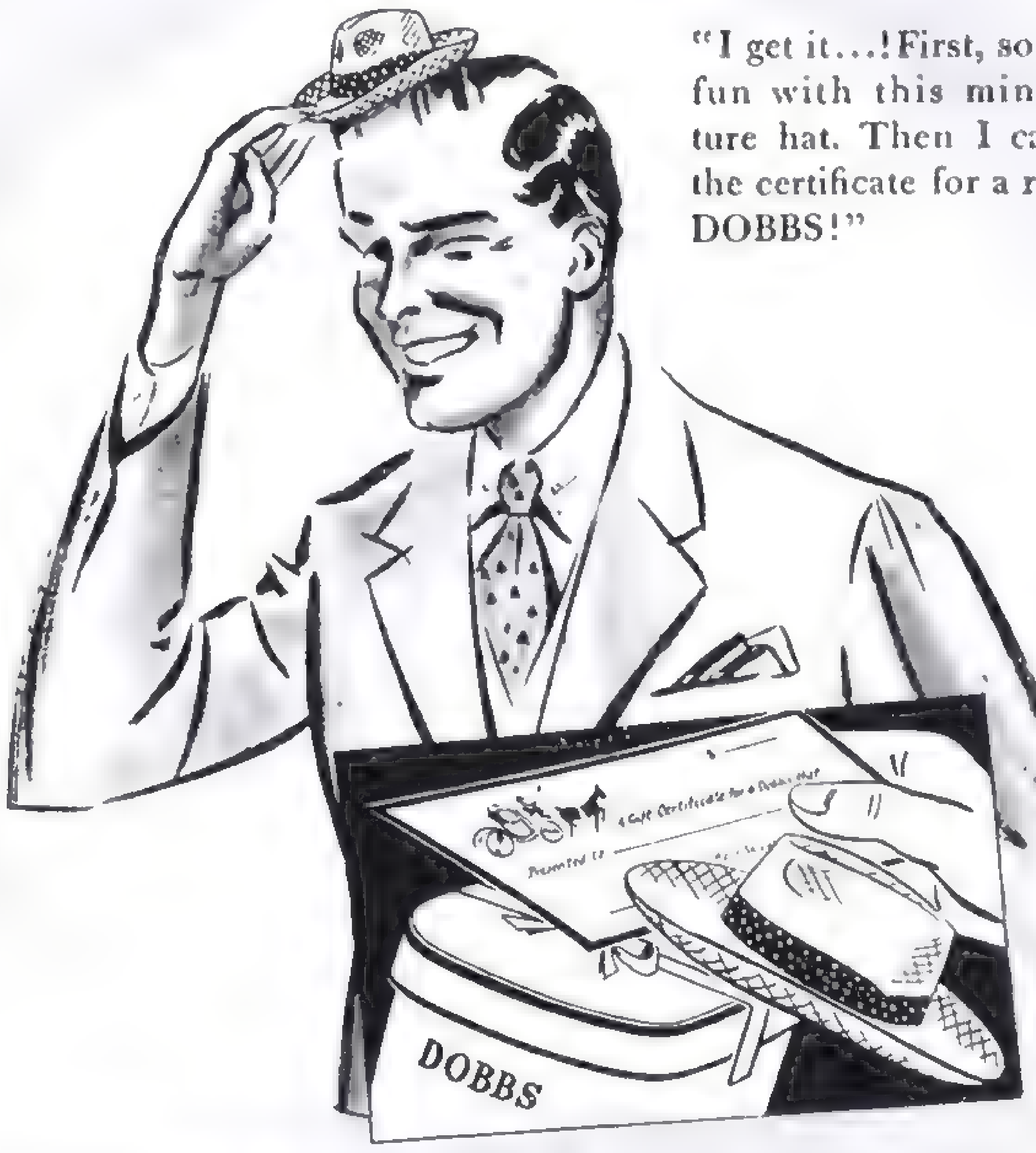
July brings another anniversary of the death of America's greatest composer of jazz, George Gershwin. His life story is being filmed in Hollywood. No other has come to take his place.

Columbia issued recently two unsurpassable Gershwin albums. Eddie Duchin plays inimitably *The Man I Love, Someone to Watch Over Me, 'Swonderful, Somebody Loves Me, Summertime, They Can't Take That Away From Me, Love Walked In*, and *Embraceable You*. André Kostelanetz has made a definitive recording of the *Rhapsody in Blue* with Alec Templeton

Continued on page 168

DOBBS

For Father's Day



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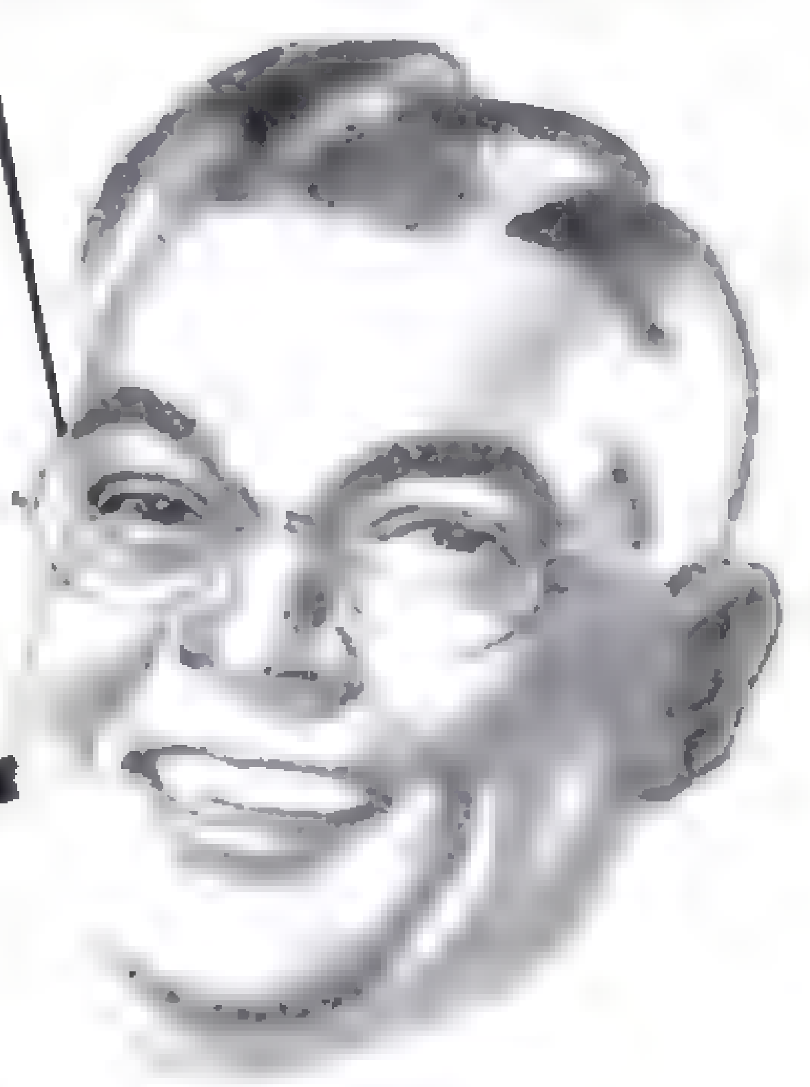

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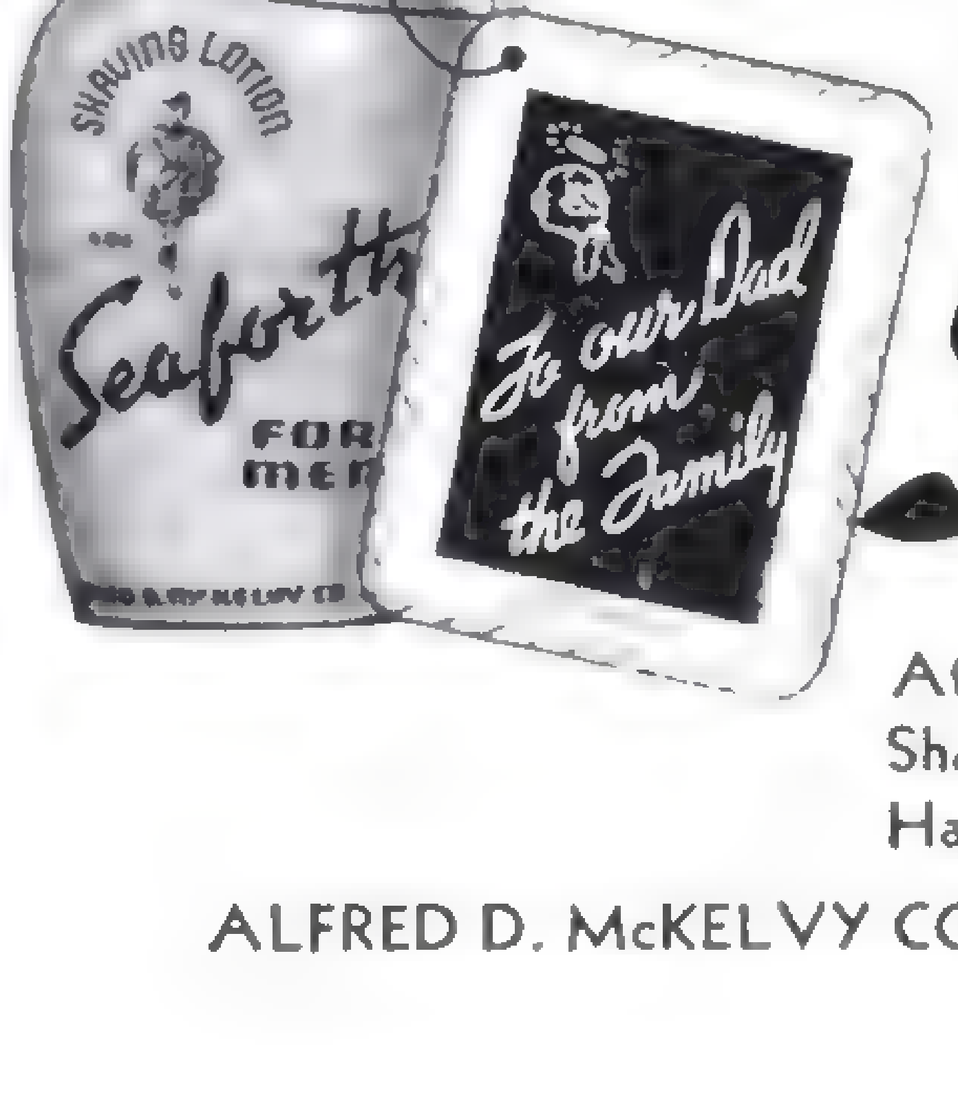

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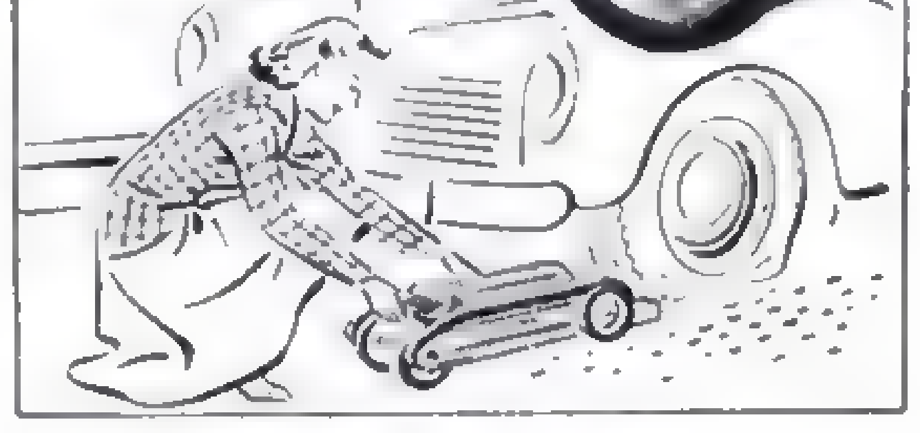
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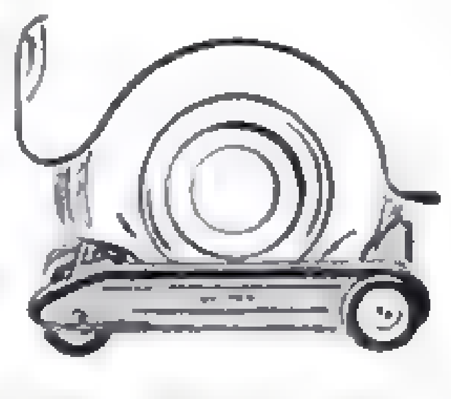
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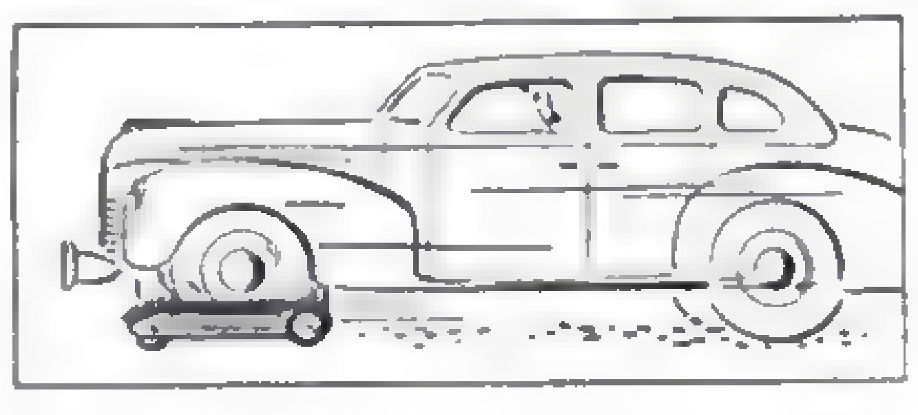
3. Continue on your way. Change tire later easily, quickly, safely in your own garage or any service station.

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 85-167

at the piano (Columbia X-196). Played in a crisp, brittle manner, as Gershwin himself played it, this is a miracle of interpretive re-creation.

For years André Kostelanetz refused to make records. He didn't want to compete with himself on the air. Lately he has been won over and disc libraries are the richer. He has recorded melodies of Stephen Foster, Victor Herbert, and musical comedy favorites. As we told you years ago, though he is not satisfied with them he gives the finest of all performances of popular music.

SOUTH AMERICANA

"I think I'll do away with our diplomatic corps and start a school for Carmen Mirandas," President Getulio Vargas of Brazil told me last year. And well he might! Carmen Miranda has done more to bring the two continents together than a thousand politicians. Her personality comes over even on discs and, though you don't understand Portuguese, you'll get what she means. On Decca No. 210—titled *A Night in Rio*—she sings *I, Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi; Alo Alo; Chica Chica Boom Chick; Cae Cae; Bambale; Arca De Noe.*

It would take a guarantee of $3,500 per week to bring Pedro Vargas to New York. As the prime favorite south of the Rio Grande, he packs casinos on the Atlantic and the Pacific.... Hear him on Victor's Album S-37.

NEEDLE NOTES

Tony Pastor's Bluebird tallowing of *Let's Do It!* is such a hit, he's doing a second platter with even more Dwight Fiskeish leer-ies.... Three of the ten best-selling dance records just now were made by Jimmy Dorsey. . . . Abe Lyman, who owns a string of California drive-in restaurants, orders a round of pastrami sandwiches from Lindy's for his boys during needling dates.... Harry James's waxing of *Eli, Eli* is O.K. but his press agent would have us believe he consulted a Brooklyn rabbi in the interests of authenticity. . . . Louis Armstrong always blows trumpet with a handkerchief because he wants to conceal his fingering technique.

Ernest Bloch, who asked Toscanini to record the *Eroica*, got the first album off Victor's presses. It's a recording of a Saturday night broadcast performance. . . . Leo Reisman and Sara Horn have turned out the best *Saga of Jenny*. . . . Columbia's Sir Thomas Beecham scored the success of the season when he directed the New York City Symphony. . . . Mlle. Dinah Shore, diva of the blues, has two diplomas gathering dust: a B.S. in Sociology from Vanderbilt University and a certificate enabling her to engage in social service work.

You never can tell where hit lightning will strike. Those of us who have heard *Amapola* since childhood and wore out Tito Schipa's disc ten years ago never thought it would lead the Hit Parade. . . . They say Benny Goodman has a new slant on life, a fresh philosophy. Must be good, for it's given him a new band, a new commercial, better recordings

Orchestra Leaders' Choice

Asked for a selection of favorites from among their own recordings, these band leaders named the following discs:

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Skeleton in the Closet (with Jimmy Dorsey)	Decca 949
Shadrach (with Lynn Murray Choir)	Decca 1913
I Can't Give You Anything But Love	Decca 2042
Ain't Misbehavin'	Decca 2042
Confessin'	Decca 2615

WILL BRADLEY

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar	Columbia 35530
Scrub Me, Mama, With a Boogie Beat	Columbia 35743
Celery Stalks at Midnight	Columbia 35707
I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance	Columbia 35376
In a Little Spanish Town	Columbia 35566

CLYDE McCOY

Sugar Blues	Decca 381
Bugles in the Sky	Decca 3581
Maple Leaf Rag	Decca 681
Blue Sugar	Decca 833
Riding to Glory on a Trumpet	Decca 758

COUNT BASIE

One O'Clock Jump	Decca 1363
Baby Don't Tell on Me	Okeh 4747
Blue and Sentimental	Decca 18125
You Can't Run Around	Okeh 5673
Tuesday at Ten	Okeh 6071

EARL HINES

Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues	Bluebird B-10674
Tantalizing a Cuban	Bluebird B-10792
Body and Soul (Piano Solo)	Bluebird B-10642
Blue Because of You	Bluebird B-10835
Number 19	Bluebird B-10674

BERNIE CUMMINS

There'll Be Some Changes Made	Okeh 4181
Ragtime Cowboy Joe	Bluebird 10815
The Lady Is a Tramp	Vocalion 3714
Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm	Vocalion 3714
Seems Like a Month of Sundays	Bluebird 10777

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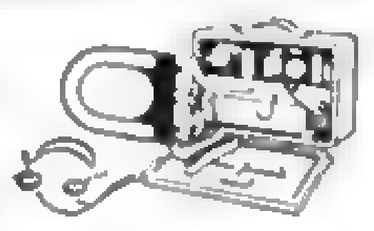

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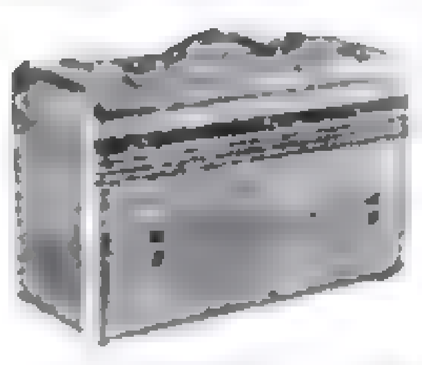

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A Corporal Under Protest

Continued from page 52

it puzzles me how they ever come to make such a man a corporal."

"Lissen," said Smoot, now thoroughly aroused. "Never mind how ignorant I am. The fack that I am sittin' here talkin' to you two dog-face soldiers is enough to show that I am ignorant. What I like to know is what the hell wearin' pajamas to bed is got to do with the Defense Program?"

"It's got this much to do with the Defense Program," Ortwingle said, "that if a guy is caught interferin' with national defense it is treason."

"That's right," said Corky.

"So I am still waitin' around to find out how goin' without pajamas is treason."

"If you would ever read up about this here Defense Program you'd know about it without bein' told," Ortwingle patiently explained. "I guess if this new battalion commander figgers it is a good thing for these draftees to sleep in their pajamas then it's a good thing."

"You said it," said Corky. "The battalion commander oughta know if it's a good thing."

"The idear of this Defense Program," Ortwingle continued, "is everybody to pull together and co-operate and not go around bustin' down morale and so forth. Okay, so everybody is gonna co-operate and wear pajamas to bed except you. These here draftee guys see their own corporal disobeyin' the regulation by sleepin' raw, so they figger they can sleep raw too. It don't haff to be no mental giant to see how a thing like that can bust morale all to hell. Well, if bustin' down morale ain't interferin' with the Defense Program then I certainly like to know what it is!"

Smoot scratched his head absently. "A fine thing the army is comin' to when sleepin' raw in bed is treason. If ever I would of knew what the army was comin' to I never would of reinlisted. All I am lookin' for in the world is a little peace, so I goes and I joins up in the army. And then what happens? War breaks out all over the place and along comes the Defense Program. Well, if you will ask me for my honest opinion, I would say that these draftee guys is maybe okay to fight a war with but they sure make lousy soldiers."

"So suppose you would of not re-inlisted when your time was up?" insisted Ortwingle. "What good would that of did you? You'd ony have been drafted into the army anyway."

"That's right," echoed Corky. "You would of ony been drafted into the army anyway."

"Well, I wouldn't of been made into a corporal against my will. These draftee guys sure is got the gravy." The more Smoot thought about it the madder he got. "A man that waits around until he is drafted is like a hero who he has to sleep in pajamas and have his puttees rolled up for him and anybody that don't co-operate and kiss him goodnight and tuck him in bed and loaned him cigarettes is guilty of treason. Whereas a person like me who don't wait around to be drafted but reinlists up to get a little peace out of life, why the first thing they do to him is make him into a corporal."

"That is the Defense Program for you," observed Ortwingle solemnly. "It is a sad plight of affairs when the safety of the whole nation is more important than Smoot here gettin' a little peace out o' life."

"Yeah." Smoot gazed through the windows at the busy cantonment activity going on around him. "When the safety of a whole nation depends on one corporal goin' to bed with pajamas on it certainly is a sad plight of affairs."

"Goin' to bed with pajamas is the lease of it, accordin' to what I hear," Corky added.

"The lease of what?"

"Oh, well. It is ony a rumor. I guess it is not my place to be the first one to go spreadin' rumors around."

"Then what the hell you want to be bringin' up the subject for? What rumor?" Smoot cried.

"Should I tell him?" Corky asked, turning to Ortwingle.

"I dunno. After all, it is ony a rumor."

"That's right," said Corky. "That's the trouble with these rumors that is always comin' out. You never know if to believe them."

"Look," said Smoot, at the end of his patience. "What is this, a plot or something?"

Ortwingle and Corky both registered astonished innocence. "He thinks it's a plot," murmured Corky.

"Why would it be a plot?" said Ortwingle. "You are our buddy."

"Sure," said Corky. "Why would we get up a plot on our closest friend?"

"I figger a person that would accuse his buddies of gettin' a plot up on him ain't such a close friend after all." This from Ortwingle.

"Yeah," said Corky. "Maybe bein' made into a corporal has gave him a swell head."

"Maybe first-class privates ain't good enough for him no more."

"That's right. Authority invariably almost never fails to go to a person's head."

"Yeah, but I never figgered ole Smooty would be that way."

"Lissen, you dog-face dummies. Any rumor you guys brang around I wouldn't believe after I seen it happen with my own eyes."

"Now he's accusin' us of bringin' around a rumor," muttered Corky sadly. "He astes us what the rumor is, and when we won't tell him because it is ony a rumor, he says he wouldn't believe it anyhow. What are you

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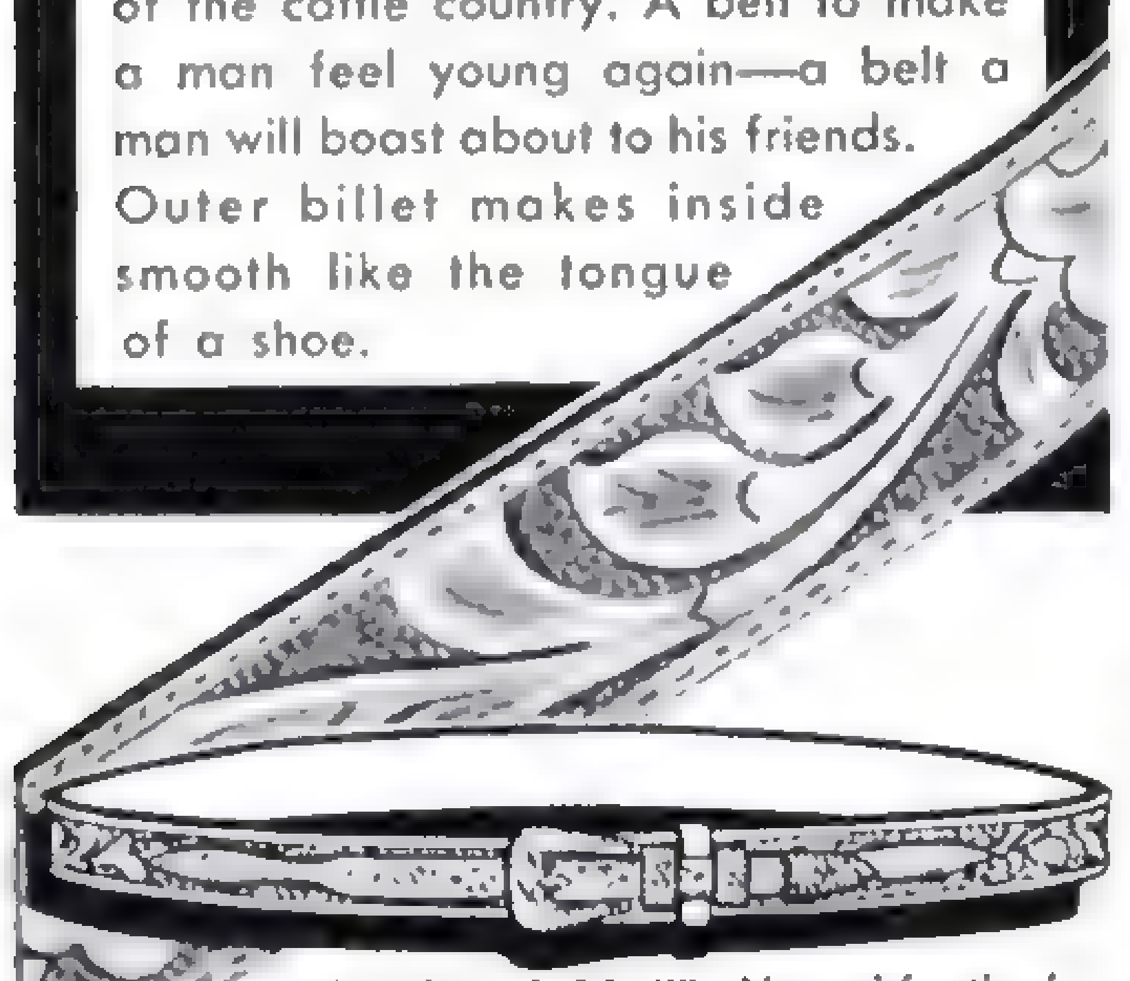

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gonna do with a guy like that?"

"With a guy like that you can't do nothin'," said Ortwingle with finality.

"All you can do is jist keep to yourself this rumor which I overheard the lieutenant sayin' that on account of so many new draftees bein' drafted, all noncoms is probly gonna be stepped up at lease one grade. There is no use to bringin' such a rumor around, because if Smoot here ain't promoted into a sergeant he will come and put the blame onto us. A rumor like that I figger it is best to keep to ourselfs."

Smoot fumbled with his collar as though fighting for air. "Is this a true rumor or ony a fake one made up by you guys?"

"It is a fine friend indeed," said Corky, somewhat hurt, "that would accuse a buddy of makin' up a fake rumor."

Smoot's ears had turned red. "As far as I am concerned, I will shoot myself before I will let somebody make me into a sergeant."

"What's the matter with bein' a sergeant?" inquired Ortwingle.

"Yeah. What's the matter with bein' a sergeant?" asked Corky.

"What's the matter with bein' a sergeant? Nothin', because before I will become a sergeant I will shoot myself. A sergeant is one thing I will never be in the army because I would rather shoot myself first."

First call for Retreat sounded shrilly outside the newly-built barracks, the bugle call being repeated along the battalion street.

"Well, all I have got to say, Smooty boy, is jist watch out before you go shootin' yourself." Ortwingle got up to go back to his bunk to dress for Retreat formation.

"Watch out for what?"

"Don't forget, this ain't like the old army."

"This ain't like the old army," said Corky, shaking his head.

"Times is changed," Ortwingle went on. "In the old army if a guy shot hisself all they had to do was to go out and inlist up another guy. But this is the Defense Program now. A guy shootin' hisself nowadays it is treason against the Defense Program. Suppose everybody that was made into a sergeant shot theirselfs, where would the Defense Program be?"

"All right, you guys—shake the lead out o' them britches!" Smoot bellowed at the members of his squad. "Don't you know first call for Retreat when you hear it?" He slid into his parade uniform dejectedly. "Yeah. That's jist the whole trouble. It is so now in the army that a man can't even shoot hisself without they go and accuse him of bustin' down the morale of the Defense Program."

"That's right," said Corky sympathetically. ##

Within the Arena

Continued from page 63

Arabs mounted on silver studded saddles rode single file around the arena course. A deep hush fell upon the audience for all knew that these men were captains in the vast legions of the Arabian king now encamped on the very border of Judea.

"Ah!" said one. "It is no easy thing to put aside an Arabian girl when her father is a king, and when that king is Aretas."

The present Herod was the son of the old tyrant Herod who slew the innocents in Bethlehem. And putting aside the Arabian girl to marry the wife of his half-brother had roused the anger of the Arabian king.

The Arabian officers riding proudly around the arena before the start of the main race reminded the vast audience of the threatening invasion. But as the audience consisted mainly of Romans and Greeks, with a sprinkling of Egyptians, and as the wrath of the Arabian king was directed only against the ruler of the Jews, they regarded these swift warriors before them coldly and with indifference. Yet silence, as if announcing some impending doom, fell over the entire arena.

They rode once around and then out through the gate where they dismounted and were ushered into the main stand directly behind the Governor's box. When some of the Arabs expressed surprise at the good places reserved for them, the usher replied that such had been the order of the Procurator.

"But we came to Jerusalem without sending word ahead. How could the Roman Governor have known?"

"As you passed through the streets this morning your presence became known to him. And these seats have been reserved for you."

"Our king shall know of this courtesy when we return," said one.

"We will thank your Governor when the races are over," said another.

But a third asked anxiously: "How does the betting stand?"

"It's between the Greek and the Jew," announced the usher. "The Roman teams are not very popular," he quickly added.

No sooner had the Arabs taken their seats when four Roman trumpeters standing at the very top of the arena wall sounded their instruments. This was a signal for the field events to draw to a close and also the signal for running up the flags on the top wall, as well as the two flags at the two great marble pillars in the center of the arena. These two columns marked the ends of the inner oval. Field events took place within this inner oval but the track was outside the inner oval and the columns marked the ends around which the chariots had to swing.

Again the trumpets sounded and now the oxen dragging the track scraper were hurried off the

Continued on page 172

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Within the Arena

Continued from pages 63-171

course. The light dust of the roadway raised by the oxen soon settled and the air became crystal clear.

The third blast of the trumpets announced the arrival of the Governor of Judea. He wore his purple toga with its great golden clasp representing two lions with locked jaws. Beside him walked his personal guard, a secretary and the little old dwarf woman servant carrying a small roll of white napkins.

The Arabs who were seated directly behind his box all stood when they saw him arrive and touched their foreheads with their right hands in true desert salaam. Pilate acknowledged this greeting and quickly took his seat so that those standing might also take their places.

Several athletes who had finished long contests begun on previous occasions and only on this day concluded stood before the box of the Procurator to receive their ribboned wreaths of palm. The tellers with their wax-coated tablets were beside them and when Pilate motioned to them they mounted the stair and each received the prize from his hands.

While this little intimate scene was going on in the arena's main box, the horses and riders for the saddle race entered the arena one by one. Each rider walked his horse once around the ring and stopped before the Governor's box.

When the fawn-colored mare with her four white stocking legs came through the gate with the slave boy on her back, the Arabs stood up and cheered. They recognized this animal as one of their own desert breed from halfway across the arena. Some had imagined that Lazarus, the son of the wealthy Ben Shaba, would himself ride in this race. The announcements had not been clear on this point. But now seeing the slave boy mounted on the small Arabian steed, wearing a crimson and white shirt, they understood that Lazarus was saving his energy for the second and main event.

The Arabian mare was a little nervous at the great assembled crowd and she stepped sidewise and reared her head. The boy held her in check and allowed her to walk or sidestep as she pleased, feeling certain that she would very soon calm down. Lots had already been drawn and the little white-stocking mare stood third from the rail. There were six altogether.

When all were ready and drawn up to the line in a fairly even group, Pilate let drop a white napkin from the edge of his box. This was the signal for the start.

The heavy Roman horses, well accustomed to this contest, shot forward. Those on the outer side cut across in an effort to reach the rail before the turn, while those already at the rail drove ahead in an attempt to hold this valuable position.

In the excitement the Arabian mare was left behind. She started slowly and badly and at the first turn was next to last of the entire field. This racing in an arena was entirely new to her and she did not understand how to maneuver for position.

The slave boy tapped her lightly with his slender whip and at the straightaway she dashed ahead and was ready to pass several when they struck the turn and swung out before her. Again she was held up. And again at the next stretch she gained ground but managed badly at the turn.

Now one lap had been made and one golden ball was knocked off its pedestal and one golden dolphin also taken down.

On the second lap the fawn-colored mare was still next to the last but getting into her stride. Now the rider seemed content to let her hold her place and get accustomed to the sharp turns. The Arabs in their seats behind the Governor's box seemed very sad and could not bear to see this blond desert girl lag so far behind.

But when the fourth ball was taken down, and now the field was stretched out single file with the leader almost half a lap ahead, the slave boy leaned forward and touched the whip to the mare. She lunged forward and passed two of the Roman horses before she struck the curve. The crowd shouted and some stood up in their seats. On the next lap she passed one more and now she was running second. She followed close behind on the curve and they ran neck and neck along the straight. Then on the next curve she started pulling ahead and soon she was several lengths ahead and took the inner course.

The Arabs now were up on their feet, shouting for joy. There was still another lap to go, and now the desert mare, without any strange horses flanking her, felt more at ease and truly extended herself. During this last lap she gained upon the field steadily and crossed the line a good dozen lengths ahead of her closest rival. And in finishing she almost caught up with the last horse who was a full lap behind.

All this Lazarus saw from the main portal. But as soon as the race was over he hurried back to the stable. The two white horses which he had already chosen to run in the main contest were standing waiting. They pawed the ground impatiently. The great event would soon be on and there was little time to lose.

Beside the stable in a small space between two sheds stood the bronze chariot. It had been covered over with a large tent cloth to keep the sun from heating up the metal parts and making them unbearable to the touch. This cloth he quickly removed and taking hold of the light shaft, drew the chariot forward. The stable boys brought the harness and soon both horses were in place.

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the contestants into the arena. Lazarus quickly threw off his mantle and put on a long toga of crimson silk. This was the color he had chosen for the race. By Roman custom, only four colors were permitted: white, red, blue and green. And never more than four chariots took the field at one time. In the great arenas of Rome and Alexandria four chariots had ample room but in smaller ovals such as this one in Jerusalem four chariots abreast filled almost the entire width of the track.

Lazarus tightened his belt and jumped into his very narrow and light racing chariot. The reins and long whip were handed tc him and he started for the gate.

As soon as he was seen to enter the arena a great shout came from the multitude. The Arabs again stood up and waved. They did not know Lazarus and had never seen his face but they knew the legs of these white horses and could recognize them from a great distance.

He rode around the ring at an even trot and waved his whip high in the air, acknowledging the cheers of crowds. The other three chariots were already in their places before the box of the Roman Governor. The lots had already been drawn. Lazarus was second from the rail. The Greek lad dressed in a white toga had drawn the inside position and the two Romans in blue and in green were outermost. This seemed fairly lucky.

"It is good you didn't get between the two Romans," said the Greek youth as Lazarus came into line. "Remember the scissors squeeze."

"I won't forget."

"And I will give you room if you can pass me," added the Greek.

"Good. My horses are accustomed to the open desert and need lots of room on the track."

At each end of the arena the seven golden balls and the seven gilt dolphins glistened in the afternoon sun.

Once more the trumpets sounded their notes. Four whips were raised high. Pilate held the white cloth over the balustrade for but an instant and then he let it drop. The chariots plunged forward and for the brief half-length before the curve was reached all were abreast.

As they struck the curve the Greek, who had the inner track, pulled ahead and Lazarus closed in behind him. But the Greek swung out wide in rounding the curve and this gave Lazarus an opening while holding the inner track to plunge ahead. He cracked his whip first in the air and a second lash across the backs of his horses. They leaped forward. Before the second turn was reached Lazarus had pulled a full length ahead of the Greek. But he was going too fast to take this sharp turn and his car swung out almost to the very outside of the track. The wheels scraped the gravel with a side stroke. For a moment they seemed to stop turning.

Now the Greek, pressing close behind, had his opening and he took the curve gracefully and came into the inner track with a slight lead. Lazarus recovered from the force of the outward swing and coming into the straight track again, cracked his whip and again his white Arabian horses plunged forward.

The crowd stood up and cheered. One lap was done and at one end one golden ball was removed and at the other end a dolphin was knocked off.

Half way round again and it seemed certain that the race was between Lazarus and the Greek in the white toga. The two Roman chariots, the blue and the green, were already a quarter of a lap behind.

Once more Lazarus took the curve with too much speed and his wheels scraped the ground and this gave an opening for the Greek but the Greek could not overtake him. Lazarus gave him room and ran his horses down the center of the track.

Then the Greek shouted: "Watch your wheel. The one on the left."

But Lazarus did not hear this warning.

"Your left wheel!" he shouted again.

And many in the stands began to notice also that one of the wheels of the leading chariot was behaving strangely. It was turning at an odd angle and the hub was half-off the axle. A deep murmur ran through the crowd. Disaster was certain. All were now standing in their seats.

But Lazarus saw and heard nothing. Once more he cracked his whip and this time he pulled up a bit to take the curve more gently. Then suddenly the axle came down and the free wheel rolled ahead of his horses. He dropped his whip and held on with all the strength in him.

The Greek, true to his promise, had given him plenty of room. And now he swung in and avoiding the wrecked chariot only by the space of a hand, cleared out into the open.

In the meantime Lazarus was hanging on and bringing his horses to a stop. The axle end scraped the ground and raised a cloud of dust. The two Roman chariots were now almost upon him. He saw them coming and for a brief instant tried to steer to the outside of the track but there was not time. The four horses were upon him and in another instant all were in a terrible tangle: horses, traces, cars and men.

The two Roman charioteers were badly bruised but Lazarus was lifted from the ground in a very serious condition.

An hour later while Pilate stood at the rail of his box and watched the Arabs lift Lazarus upon one of their horses to conduct him to his home in Bethany which was several leagues outside of Jerusalem, he noticed the Greek youth standing close by. But he did not speak with him until he saw this sad procession leave the arena in single file. He saw the pale face of

Continued at top of page 174

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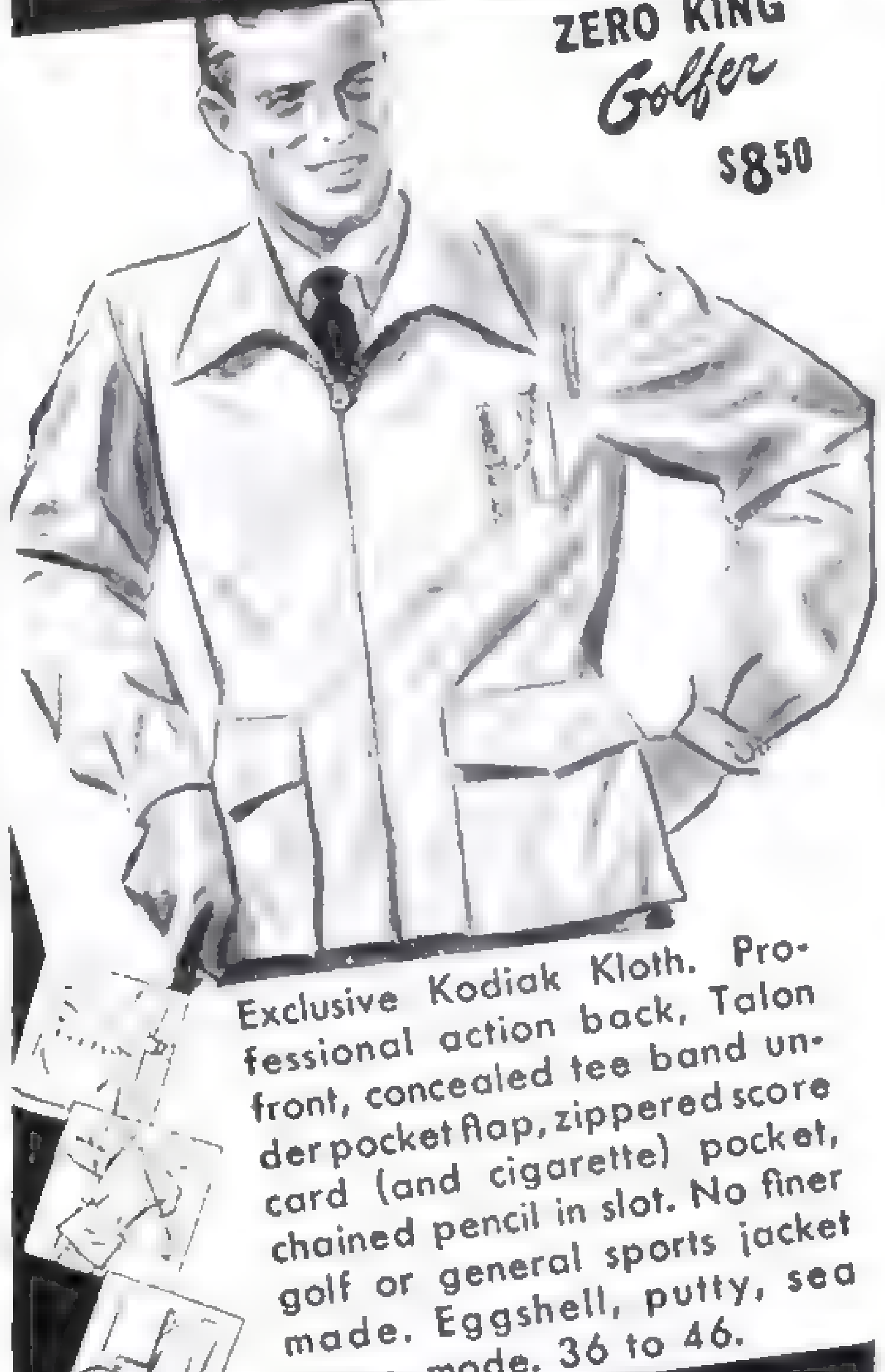

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Within the Arena

Continued from pages 63-171-173

Lazarus turn for a last look at the arena before they passed through the portal.

"Your excellency," said the Greek youth. "There is something I cannot explain."

"What is it?" asked Pilate.

"I have examined the wheel and the axle of his chariot and I pulled this out of the axle slot." He held something in his hand.

"What is it?"

"There was no iron wedge key in the axle and the hole was filled with this old piece of leather. It was enough to hold the wheel for two laps and then . . . How did the leather get there? And who removed the key?"

Pilate's face turned red with anger. The rage in him mounted.

"Who removed the key!" he shouted. "You may well ask. Will there be no end to all this! I sent guards to watch the horses but . . . They! They did it."

As he shouted these last words he turned and shook his fist in the direction of the Temple—the Holy Temple of Jerusalem. ⌗

Songs for Times of Jeopardy

Continued from page 65

for Americans.

This is a pretty fine job. Most recently I heard it with a chorus of a hundred or so, all dressed in street clothes or the common uniforms of messenger boys and nurses, telling the story which had been written first as part of a radical show, had somehow slipped into radio, had been sung by Paul Robeson on CBS's *Pursuit of Happiness* program. It is a little repetitious and arty. But basically it is sound. It makes an argument for democracy, not too logical, not too balanced—but you're absorbed in it, you feel yourself part of it. The dramatization, the "who are you" and the mumbojumbo annoy me a little; and then the song gets going and my annoyance doesn't count; something important is being said to music.

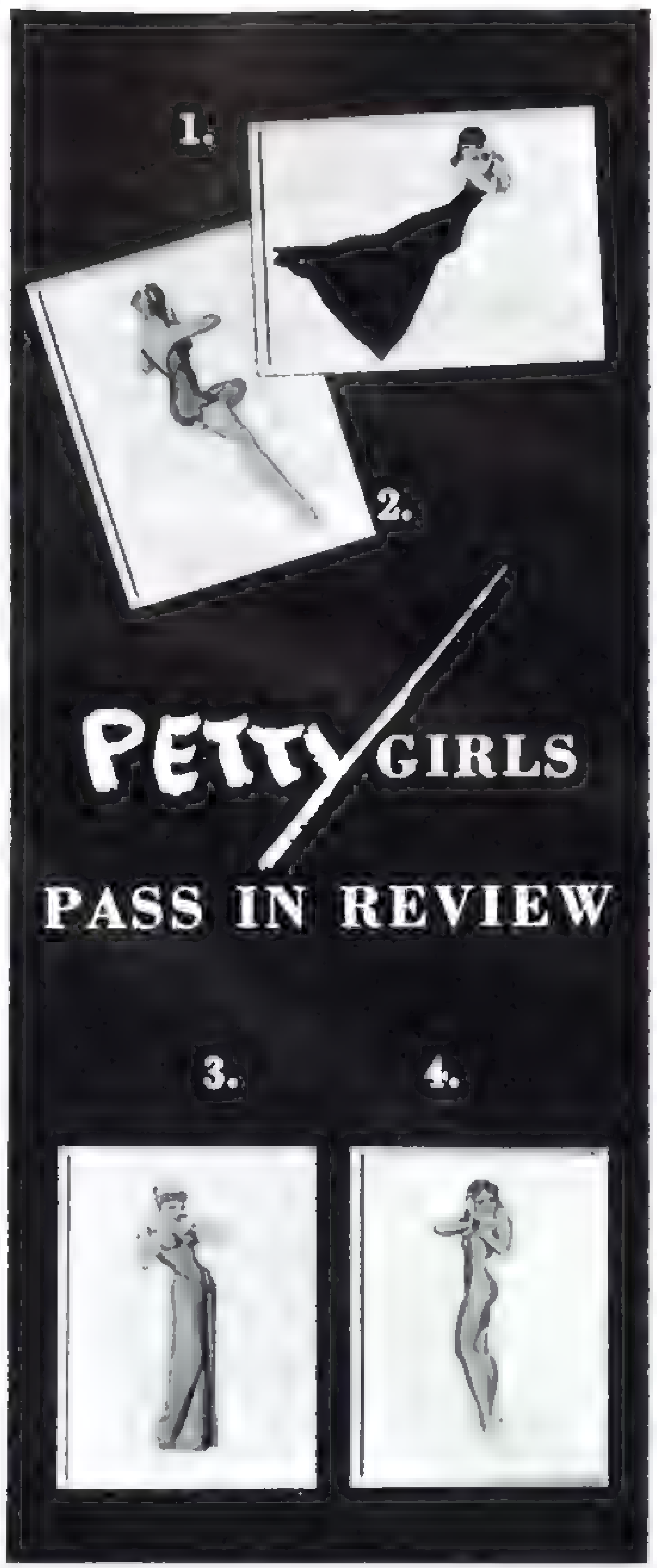
The Ballad is the work of John Latouche and Earl Robinson; the statement by Abraham Lincoln is set to music by Earl Robinson; the Bill of Rights was presented by Henry Meyers and Jay Gorney; and I think all of these owe something to some forerunners: the producers of *Pins and Needles*, particularly Harold Rome who wrote words and music, made cheerful fun, in a fairly conventional musical pattern, of stuffed shirts, but also managed to sing a song of social significance; and back of that even, something is owing to a solitary and attractive figure, Marc Blitzstein who wrote *The Cradle Will Rock* and had it thrown out of a theatre, although it was a kind of Federal project, and sat down at a piano and played and talked it while his actors sat in the front rows and said their parts. This is an opera, to be sure; but it created a mood for statement to music from which, I feel, others have drawn much.

The political shading is from radical to liberal-patriotic. No one has yet put reaction to *recitative*. But the important thing is the forming of a new way to say things people ought to hear. It is no more connected with radicalism than the Gilbert and Sullivan pattern is connected with conservatism; the Savoy operas are stuffily reactionary in political point of view (with the exception of *Iolanthe*) but *Strike Up the Band*, in the same form was radical and *Of Thee I Sing* was, too. At present, whenever you hear a baritone begin to speak a song, you are inclined to say, well, this may be New Deal, but it sounds terribly like Jeffersonian doctrine to me; later the shade of opinion may not be so discernible.

A dreadful prospect opens out, as Gilbert put it; for you can't tell what will presently be put to music: the nebular hypothesis, the second law of thermodynamics, the Hippocratic oath. People who have tried to sing it tell me the second verse of *The Internationale* has a line about "unearned increment," and if you can sing that, you can sing anything. We may be in for an intervening period when the commentaries of news analysts will be hummed, if not exactly sung; and if this happens, the words of sentiment and love will, of course, disappear from melody. Obviously, you can't have an economic situation and the private personal emotions of one man appearing in the same medium. Prose, yes; because prose is the universal matrix of all expression; poetry, hardly; music, certainly not. An ancestor of Charles Darwin wrote in verse about Nature, and not unscientifically; and the essence of the nature of things was discussed by Lucretius in what is called a poem, but is certainly not a lyric utterance. But when Mozart wanted to say something about Free Masonry, he put it into the libretto and action of *The Magic Flute*, not into the music; until now, music has more satirized the people who believed certain things than troubled to state the beliefs.

I find a certain excitement in the new words to which music is being adapted; for this is what is happening; the words are not being put to the music; the words are often important, sometimes imperishable. If you want to bring the end of the Gettysburg Address into a composition, you are not free to alter them; you must cut your musical pattern to fit their noble, and inflexible, bronze.

It's a warning to composers. It is also an opportunity. And when the composers have set all the great words, maybe new men will rise who can create new words, not altogether negligible. ⌗



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Bygone Big Shots

Continued from page 77

in sight by any means. The athletes will continue to drive them down. Some records, such as Wykoff's time for the century, may stand for years. In the shorter races human ability reaches its absolute maximum quicker than in the distance runs. But it is a cinch that the marks such as Wykoff's will be tied from time to time.

It is significant to note that the great Charles Paddock, the hero of my school days, is not in the book. And the great Finn, Paavo Nurmi, the "greatest runner the world has ever known," has had all his records in standard events wiped out except his time in the 10-mile race, a distance that is seldom run.

In swimming you find a situation that is about the same. Likewise you find the same upward trend in other sports where the records really tell the story. The only moderately old swimming record still in the books is that of Johnny Weissmuller for the 100 yards, made in 1927. Here we have again the story of the short distance being hardest to top. All the other records in swimming were set between 1934 and the present day.

Now it is fairly easy to explain this continued improvement in the quality of athletes. For one thing there are tens, even hundreds, of athletes today for every one who went after records a few years ago. Outdoor sports have become a major American industry only during the past generation.

Second, the athletes of today are trained with much greater care and ability than those of a generation ago. And, third, the incentive to develop into an outstanding performer is greater since the reward, in money or prestige or both, is considerably greater.

But this is somewhat beside the point, which is simply that athletes of today in their particular fields are considerably better than those of the Good Old Days.

Now once you admit the truth of this statement—this superiority of today's golfers and today's track performers over those of yesterday—then where is that leg you were going to stand on when you set out to prove that yesterday's boxers, baseball players, football players, were head and shoulders above those of today?

You're just standing there on nothing, and you're like the fellow who had a leg bitten off by the shark while he stood in cold water—he didn't feel it at the time, but he felt mighty strange when he started to take a step. You're going to feel it when you get off that phony leg of legend and get down to fact.

Cold logic and common sense, then, should indicate that our football of today, our baseball, tennis, basketball, and so on, is infinitely better than that of a generation ago. Let us search out the factors which bring about a general belief that the Bygone Big Shots were far superior to anything we have now.

In those early days of sports there were really few men who were extraordinarily proficient. There were not very many people trying seriously to achieve perfection in sports, and the training was indifferent or non-existent. Those who really stood out, then, were what might be called naturals—men who had the natural ability to achieve a degree of proficiency without much guidance.

Jim Thorpe was such a man. And he loomed up like a burning building above the landscape, not only because of his own ability, but because of the relatively poor quality of those who played with him and those who played against him. It should be remembered that back in Jim's day a coach frequently considered himself lucky if he could put eleven men on the field. Some of the players may have been runts weighing around 130 pounds—and you can readily realize what the situation was when you take into consideration that men weighing no more than that, playing in the line, managed to achieve national fame.

A coach of that day would probably have dropped dead in his tracks if you had run out on the field in front of him a squad of 75 to 150 fine physical specimens, weighing from 165 to 250 pounds, and told him to pick out a team. Yet such is the picture in many colleges today.

The teams which Thorpe and his Carlisle Indians met were picked from slightly larger squads than the Indians, it is true. Yet they could not compare with the average prep school squad of today when it comes to material, just as the average college track and field team of that day could not compare with the average prep school team of today. The latter can be proved by the records.

Thorpe was a natural. He would be a first-rate performer on any man's team today. And in his own day he was a sort of superhuman miracle man, partly because of the caliber of his competition. Some of his performances, such as drop kicking goals from around midfield and so on, sound astonishing. But it must be remembered the drop kick has been generally abandoned as a scoring threat, and any backfield man who tried a stunt like Jim's today would probably be kicked off the field and maybe off the squad.

As for Jim's long runs through the line, they are being duplicated year after year, and through lines of a vastly different caliber from those which the rugged Indian faced.

No line was found in 1939 or 1940 that could stop the mighty drive of John Kimbrough of the Texas Aggies. And on a dry field few teams could cope successfully with that modern Miracle Midget, Jack Crain of the University of

Continued on page 177

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IN THE MOUNTAINS

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Bygone Big Shots

Continued from pages 77-175

Texas. Take a look at one of his stunts. In the University of Texas—Texas Christian game in 1939 he took the kick-off and ran it for a touchdown. Somebody was offside, so they all started over again. On the first play from scrimmage Crain took the ball and ran for a touchdown again. This wasn't an isolated stunt—it was a sort of hobby with him.

Yes, the outstanding performances of Thorpe's day, and of the days of Red Grange are being duplicated today throughout the land, and against much stronger opposition. But it's just like the case of the woods being full of Bobby Joneses. You can't select a good All-American football team without leaving out a dozen other teams about as good.

When you turn to baseball you find a similar situation. You hear of such stunts as Rube Waddell calling in the outfield to watch the show while he fanned three batters in a row with the bases loaded, none out in the ninth, and his team one run ahead. You argue that it doesn't happen today.

Well, it does happen today in rare cases where circumstances permit a pitcher to try it. The great Negro pitcher "Satchelfoot" Page has done it in recent times. There are many others who could do it, by bearing down for all they had, as Hubbell did when he retired the three Big Bambinos of the American League in order, not many years ago.

But any major league pitcher trying such a grandstand stunt as old Rube pulled would be sent to the showers with a hundred dollar fine draped around his shoulders for consolation.

The pitcher of today has to work harder than the pitcher of yesterday. He has a faster ball, he can't do anything to it except throw it, and the chances are about ten to one he faces a much better crop of batters than did the pitchers back in the Good Old Days.

It is a pretty iron clad cinch that such mound stars as Feller, Lyons, Rowe, Ruffing, Derringer, and so on ad infinitum would have made those Old Boys look pretty puny at the plate. And it's just as certain that today's DiMaggios, Greenbergs, Mizes and others would have worked over those pitchers of some forty years ago.

They are trained better, they are the cream of a huge industry which includes literally hundreds of thousands of youngsters as against a handful from which the club owners of the past could pick. And they have to take the game more seriously or out they go.

But I'll leave it to you to convince any old-timer that they could have played in the same league with Matthewson, Walter Johnson, Waddell, Tris Speaker, or any of the men of the past.

The same harping back to the Grand Old Days is found in practically every sport. In some it is so absurd on the face of it that you begin to see the whole thing is phony. Take rifle shooting, for instance.

Now this country is full of people who are convinced that nobody of today can shoot anything like the Deadeye Dicks of the Bygone Era. Why those old-timers with their .44 Winchester carbines could set a playing card up at 100 yards and cut it edgeways, time and again.

If you want to know something about this stunt, you just put that old carbine in a machine rest and try to group a few shots on the *face* of the playing card at 100 yards. If you do it, even on a dead calm day, then write me about it. The .44 Winchester was a fine gun in its day. But it simply is not in the same class with the target rifles or hunting rifles of today. Where the finest shot of those old days might have hit the face of the card once in a while, the modern expert can take a target rifle and group the shots all within the *spade* on the face of the ace of spades.

Yet you still hear the remarkable stories of those old-timers, and most people believe that good rifle shooting died out with that older generation.

Then we are told that modern athletes are sissies and have to be nursed and pampered and doctored for any trifling injury. They can't take rough treatment.

I am a little sick and tired of hearing about the Iron Men of earlier days—the fighters who trained on whiskey with beer as a chaser and fought seventy rounds until the blood flowed off the planks and ran on down the alley; about ball players who finished out the game with a fractured knee, who would just laugh off a broken finger—hell, he had nine other fingers, didn't he? And about the football player who wouldn't let a broken back stop him—not when Dear Old Varsity needed that extra touchdown.

Fighters back in those really olden days of forty- and sixty-round fights didn't fight the way boxers go about it today. They stood flatfooted, so there wasn't much strain on the legs. The real science of boxing had not been developed then, and any moderately good pug of today with his better technique could have blasted one of those old flat-foot fighters off the boards.

Those bare knuckle fighters had no weights on their dukes, and if you think swinging your bare fist and swinging a four-ounce glove are all the same, just go try it for fifteen or twenty minutes. Maybe the bare fist did cut fighters up worse—but I doubt if it had as much shocking power as a fist wrapped up in a chunk of leather and hard padding.

They boxed in those days at a slower pace—they must have. And if a man got tired, all he

Continued on page 178

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Bygone Big Shots

Continued from pages 77-175-177

had to do was fall when his opponent made a pass at him. That constituted a round, and everybody rested and probably had a drink.

Fifteen rounds of boxing as the modern boxers go at it is just about the endurance limit of the human animal, and there are few of them who can keep it up for twenty rounds at a really reasonable clip—one that gives the paying customers a show for their cash. Fighters of today are putting on a show, don't forget that. They can't just stay out there for an hour or two, trying with various tricks to wear down an opponent, and to hell with the gate.

The situation in boxing is somewhat the same as that in golf. The competition is so keen it is difficult for one man to stick at the top long. Hence we conclude the fighters are no good. Notable exceptions in recent times are Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis.

I doubt if there has ever been a boxer any better than Armstrong at his prime, or one of any weight better than Joe Louis.

There is no reason for believing yesterday's fighters were better than those of today. And there is ample reason for believing just the reverse.

The athlete of today is taken out of the game and given careful medical treatment when he is injured because he is a valuable piece of property. Maybe he's worth $100,000, and a manager would be out of his senses to take a chance on such a pile of dough.

They're just as tough today—maybe tougher. Certainly they're worth more, so they have to watch those broken bones.

Viewing this whole sports picture logically we can be certain that as a general rule today's athletes are better than those of years ago, no matter what the sport.

Let's take a look at those men who stand out in our minds as heroes of the sports world.

My list runs about like this:

Football—Jim Thorpe, Bo McMillan, Red Grange, the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame.

Baseball—Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Rube Waddell, Christy Matthewson, Babe Ruth.

Tennis—Maurice McLoughlin, Bill Tilden, Little Bill Johnson, Cochet, La Coste.

Golf—Vardon, Ray, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen.

Boxing—John L. Sullivan, Fitzimmons, Bat Nelson, Joe Gans, Stanley Ketchel, Jack Dempsey.

You're saying, "What sort of nonsense is this? You prove that today's performers are tops; you almost have me converted; then you turn right around and tell me that your heroes are the Old Boys you've been ranting against."

They are. And therein, I believe, lies the key to the whole picture. The heroes in the sports world are those who were doing their stuff when you were a boy or, who had done it before that time. They don't have to be better to be heroes—they have to be older.

No athlete who is younger than you can ever be a hero to you unless you happen to be one of those perennial boys that blossom here and there, and never grow up. And, conversely, any athlete who was a hero to you when you were a boy will remain so right on down to the end, no matter what succeeding generations do to his record.

You think of that athlete of your boyhood as being a huge, powerful, somewhat mythical figure, literally clothed in a blaze of glory. And you think of that remarkable youngster of today as a fairly clever boy—a sort of child prodigy who may develop a good curve some day to go with that fast ball of his. No twenty-year-old kid can ever be a hero to a normal 40-year-old man. No 30-year-old, in fact, can be a hero to a 40-year-old man.

I find an explanation of this in my attitude toward certain persons in other walks of life. There are a few people whom I address as "Mister." I knew them when I was a boy and they were grown men. One of them is a mail carrier. Another was my teacher in school. Another is a house painter. They will always be "Mister" to me. Yet I run into the rank and file of men in the professions, business, and elsewhere, men considerably my senior, and they're just Harry or Jim, or Doc. They are older than I, but I didn't know them when I was a boy, so we are, to all practical purposes, the same age.

It works conversely. Those men younger than I and whom I knew as boys will always be boys to me.

The situation is about the same in relation to athletes. I know that Eddie Tolan was a greater sprint star than Charlie Paddock. But to me Eddie was just a fast young man. The spectacle of Paddock flying at the tape in that dramatic leap of his always stands out in my mind when I think of runners, because I was in school when he was turning that trick.

I may feel certain that Tom Harmon is a better football player than any one of the Four Horsemen. But I can't do a thing with my sub-conscious.

I have a feeling that Budge is probably the best tennis player the game has produced so far, but he'll always be a red-headed boy to me. Why it hasn't been any time since he was running around only a kid in high school.

And while the chances are that Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, Ralph Guldahl, Ben Hogan, and a flock of other golfers could go out any day and top Bobby Jones at his best, to me Jones is still the outstanding man in the golf world. He will always be.

Maybe it doesn't make sense. But it's a form of hero worship we all have, and I guess there is nothing you can do about it. ⌗

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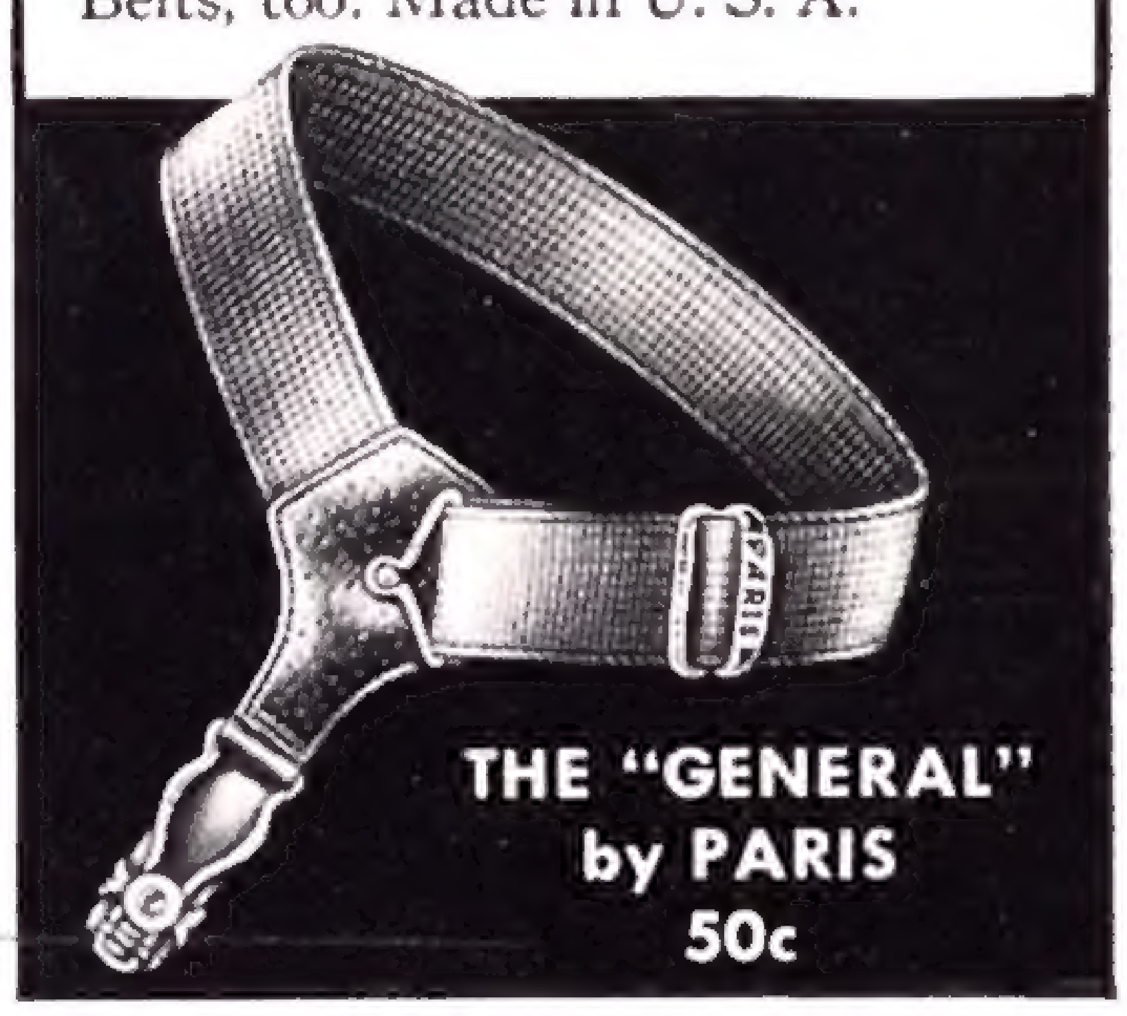

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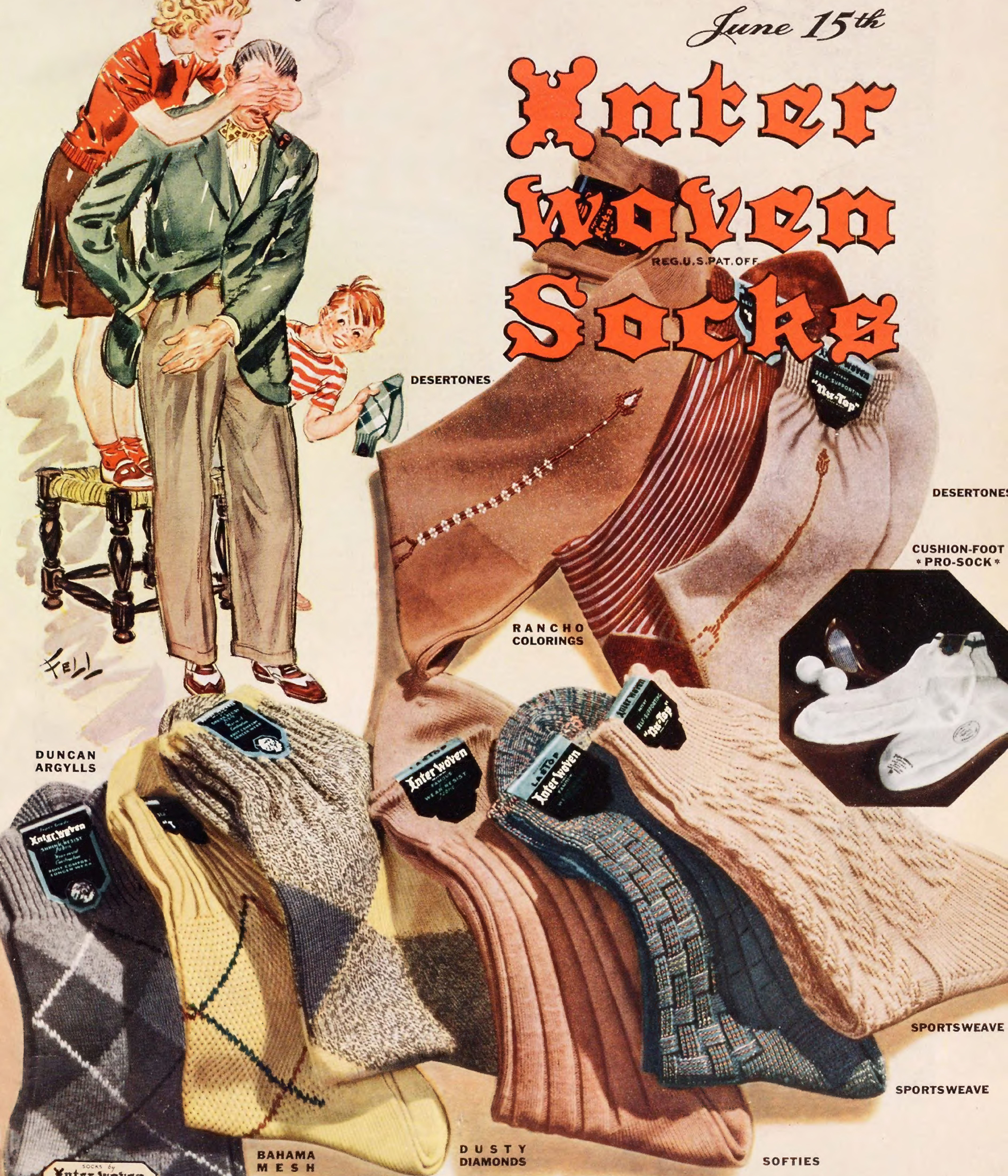

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